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SKETCHES OF SOCIETY

IN

14
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

BY C. S. STEWART, M. A.

OF THE U. S. NAVY,

AUTHOR "OF A VISIT TO THE SOUTH SEAS," &c. &c.

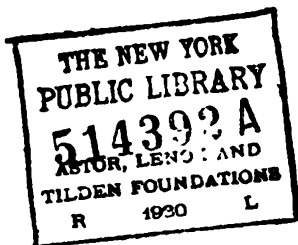
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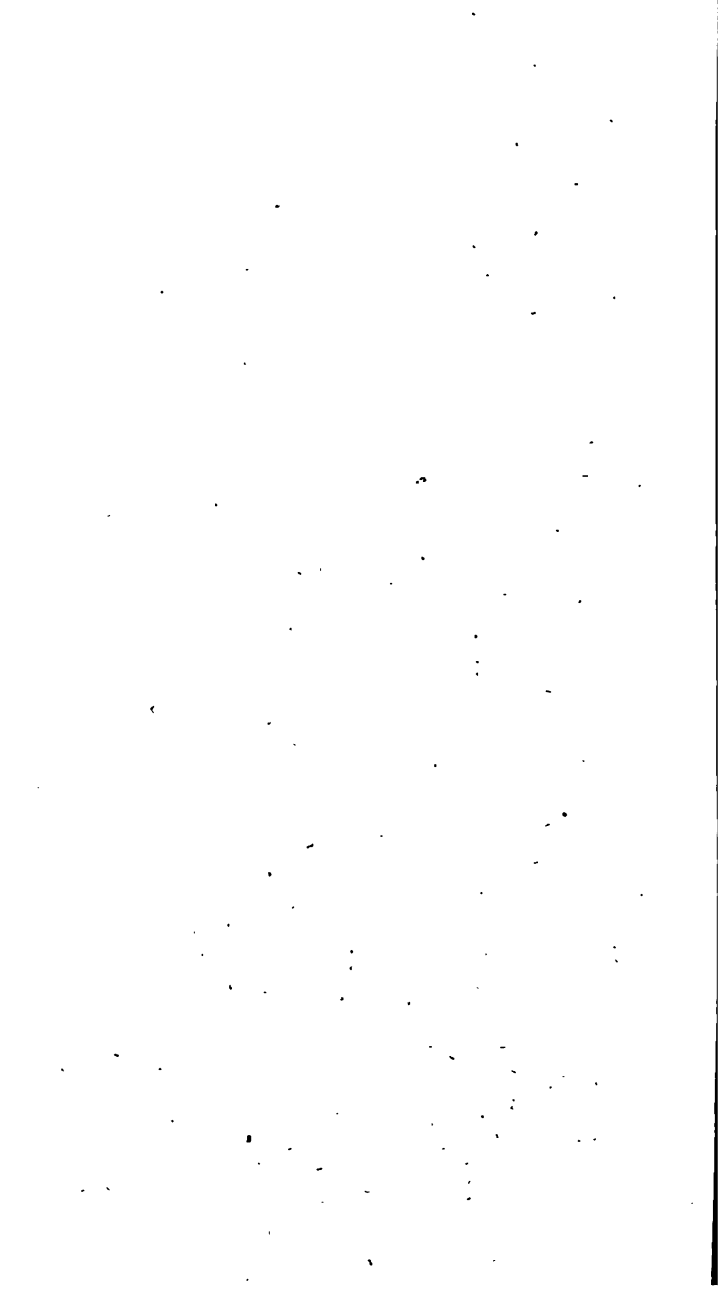
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SKETCHES OF SOCIETY,

&c. &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

THE PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE.

Departure from Newstead—Mary Chaworth—Amesley Hall, her paternal estate—Its present condition—The house-keeper, her garrulity and superstition—Hardwick Hall—Arrival at Belper—Hospitality of Mr. Strutt and family—Inspection of the manufactories—Drive to Matlock—Willersley Castle, the seat of Sir Richard Arkwright—Matlock—Haddon Hall—Chatsworth—Travel to Castleton—Middleton Dale—Anecdote of the rector of Eyam during the plague—Castle of Peverel of the Peak—The Devil's Cave and the Speedwell mine.

*Barlborough Hall, Derbyshire,
July 19th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

THE early and unavailing love of Byron for Mary Chaworth, the beautiful heiress of Annesley, has thrown an interest around her name and memory which extends to the Hall of her father, and draws many of the visitors of the Abbey to the inspection of its deserted and now desolate apartments.

The estate immediately adjoins Newstead; and the house stands just beyond the swell of an elevated and uncovered height of ground, two or three miles

south-west of the Abbey. We determined to visit it for a half hour the morning we bade our kind friends adieu. A farewell to Colonel and Mrs. Wildman proved a suitable preparative for such a pilgrimage. It was accompanied with a sincerity of regret, on our part, that amounted to painfulness; and it was anything but ungrateful to us to perceive that our host and hostess too, were reluctant to believe our departure from their mansion to be final, and were anxious to banish the impression by soliciting a pledge that we would again give them at least a day before we should quit the kingdom.

The Colonel took leave of us only at the extremity of the lawn, and with a warmth of salutation which added doubly to the feelings of kindness and of blessing with which, for a mile and more, so long as it remained in view, we cast many a lingering look upon the magnificent pile, presenting two of its noblest fronts to the eye amidst the lovely lawns and gleaming waters by which it is surrounded.

The road we followed, under the guidance of a stable-boy, was one used only in the work of the home farm, rough and grass-grown, and forming an appropriate approach to Annesley,—itself neglected, moss-covered, and solitary. Associated as it is with the youth, beauty, and loveliness of its late mistress, as described by the poet, when, in his boyhood, he first became a lover in its groves and bowers, it exhibits, in its whole aspect, a melancholy and saddening illustration of the mutations, the disappointments, and the sorrows of life. It was then the well kept abode of taste and elegance, and the scene of youthful en-

joyments and gaiety. But the hand of the destroyer has been heavily upon it; and desolation, silence, and decay are now its chief and almost exclusive characteristics.

A few clumps and groves of majestic old trees alone remain of an extensive and noble park; and the gardens, shrubberies, and ornamental grounds, laid out in the formal and precise style, once so general, are now all matted and tangled, and covered with briars and weeds.

The mansion itself is an irregular, low, and antique structure of brick—an interesting specimen of the residence of a country squire a century ago. The gate-way leading to the principal entrance appears, in its rusted hinges and knocker, as if it had been unopened for an age: and it was in vain that our postilion attempted to make himself heard from it. Alighting from our carriage we at last made our way into an out-house, used as a barn and stables, but without perceiving any evidence of a living creature being near, till, after repeated calls and knocking, a little urchin, of ten or twelve, bare-foot and bare-headed, flew past us with wild looks and streaming hair, and, by suddenly disappearing in a hedge between us and the house, made known one way at least of access to the interior. Though unbidden, we lost no time in following him, and soon found ourselves at a kitchen door just as an old house-keeper of three-score years and ten had made a hurried appearance to ascertain who the visitors might be that the lad seemed so eager to escape.

The originality of character in the old woman her-

self, as we soon discovered, other considerations apart, is almost worthy a visit to Annesley. She has grown gray in the Hall, and, from her childhood, has been in the service of the Chaworths—one of those faithful, affectionate, and devoted creatures, who for life give all their strongest feeling and interest to a family they love. The honour of the house and name seemed still foremost in her thoughts; and she appeared greatly chagrined that we had come in by the kitchen and found her there—especially as she was superintending the operations of a chimney sweep, who was up in the chimney at work, the fire-place being curtained with old blankets and coverlets.

It was evident that we were far from being unwelcome, but “oh la !” and “oh me !” were for a time her only exclamations, as she fluttered about adjusting her cap, smoothing her handkerchief, and unpinning an apron which had been fastened up to keep it from being soiled by the soot, with many a sorrow that she had not known we were coming, that she might have been better dressed, and have let us know how to enter the house by the hall door.

She is deaf and infirm, but alone occupies the house, I believe; and is ignorant and amusingly superstitious. The building is cut up into many apartments and passages, a large old hall on a level with the ground in the centre, and a wainscoted parlour or dining-room, to which you ascend from it by three or four steps in one corner, being the chief on the first floor, and a drawing-room and large bedroom adjoining it on the second. The hall, with a neatly and freshly scrubbed oaken floor, and

ceiling of beam and board, and a few articles of old, heavy, and rude furniture, blazing fire, and large chair on either side, at once carries you back to an age more simple and more rude than the present, in the accommodations and style of life among the gentry of the land, and reminded me forcibly of some dwellings in America, erected a century and more ago, by colonists of leading influence and wealth.

In the dining-room there are several family portraits; among others, that of the Chaworth who had the fatal quarrel in London with the fifth Lord Byron. Our old Cicerone gave us the whole history of the rencontre, interspersed with many a "you see," with as much interest to herself as if she were rehearsing it, as she no doubt thought was the case, with those who had never read of it or heard of it before. Among the pictures is one of an uncommonly handsome female, concerning whom she had some wonderful tales to tell. Among others, that the poor lady "could not rest in her grave," but had haunted the Hall after her death, till the inmates were obliged to have her **CONJURED DOWN.**" One exorcism, however, proved insufficient, it appears, to secure the desired effect: and it became necessary to "conjure her down a second time;" after which, according to the old woman's belief, they "never comes no more," and she has no fear of sleeping alone in the old pile.

The drawing-room and the adjoining apartment on the second floor have a more modern air. They were fitted up and furnished by Miss Chaworth in her youth, and in the remains of their stained and

faded hangings of blue silk, a piano in the fashion of the day, unstrung and untuned, and other remnants of ornament and decoration, intimate a delicate and refined taste in the mistress. "Here my young mistress, poor dear lady, loved to be," said our old conductor, with a sigh, as she entered upon many details of the beauty, amiability, and kindness of heart of the individual referred to, and intimated more by her expressive and deep-drawn sighs, than by her words, that her fate in life and her death had been sadly different from those promised by the beauty and brightness of her youth. She rejected Byron to marry a man unworthy of her, one who wasted her fortune, neglected her affections, and broke her heart !

The singularity of the old structure, the superstitious garrulity of its keeper, the beauty, ill-fortune, and touching end of its late mistress, as associated with everything around it, amply repaid us for the circuit of five miles through an uninteresting country, added to the distance from Mansfield at which we were at Newstead ; and left impressions and feelings which kept us in a silent and musing mood till we found ourselves passing through that town.

Among the company at the Abbey the day previous had been J. Strutt, Esquire, and family, of Belper, a beautifully situated manufacturing town of Derbyshire, principally owned by this gentleman, his father, and brothers, and we had engaged to dine with him, and pass the night at his residence on our way through that county. A short deviation from the direct course brought us to Hardwick Hall, an old mansion of the Duke of Devonshire, worthy a

visit, from its peculiar architecture, and the relics of a ruder time, contained within it.

It is a lofty square structure of stone, rising into conspicuous view, at a great distance, in many directions, and stands unaltered, as built towards the close of the sixteenth century, in the reign of Elizabeth, by the famed Countess of Shrewsbury, exhibiting a full specimen of the predominating architecture of the time and of a mansion becoming one of the most princely peeresses of the realm. It is broadly shaped, with perpendicular lines of immense windows, giving to it the appearance of a gigantic lantern, and which, when lighted within at night, must have presented a flaming beacon to the whole surrounding country. Another striking feature in it is a widely cut parapet of open stone-work, in which a principal figure is the recurrence of the initials of the proud founder of the pile.

The general character of this noted female is familiar to you. Lodge in his *Illustrations of British History* gives the following summary of it: "She was a woman of masculine understanding and conduct, proud, furious, selfish, and unfeeling. She was a builder, a buyer and seller of estates, a money-lender, a farmer, and a merchant of lead, coals, and timber. When disengaged from these employments, she intrigued alternately with Elizabeth and Mary, always to the terror and prejudice of her husband. She lived to a great old age, continually flattered but seldom deceived, and died immensely rich and without a friend. The Earl was withdrawn by death from these *complicated plagues*, on the 18th of November, 1590."

She had three husbands before her marriage with the Earl of Shrewsbury, and by her second, a Cavendish, is an ancestor of the Dukes of Devonshire. It is thus that Hardwick Hall and its estates came into their possession.

The interior is lofty and spacious, and in its day must have been magnificent. A state room, hung with old tapestry, having a throne of state at one end and a state bed at the other, a picture gallery a hundred and seventy feet in length, containing some portraits of interest, that of the Countess herself, Queen Elizabeth, and Mary Queen of the Scots, Lady Jane Grey, Sir Thomas More, Cardinal Pole, &c, and a room furnished with a bed, a set of chairs and hangings in needle-work, said to be that of the unfortunate and beautiful Mary while a captive, attract the chief attention within.

It is supposed by many, that Hardwick Hall was for a time the prison of the Scotch Queen; but if such was the fact, it must have been an old ruin standing near the present edifice, and not itself, it having been erected after her execution.

From Hardwick Hall to Belper, by Alfreton, a town deriving its name and said to have been founded by Alfred, the country is more interesting and much more picturesque than in Nottinghamshire. Owing to an accident to our carriage, we were late in our arrival at Mr. Strutt's, and had time only after dinner for a short walk about the town before dark. A fine mansion of Mr. Strutt, senior, with embellished and beautifully kept grounds, the residences of his sons, and a handsome new Church, are the most

conspicuous objects in the place. These stand on the higher grounds around, while the principal part of the town, and the manufactories of cotton for which it is distinguished, occupy the lower part, along the waters of the Derwent, which ornaments the little dale in which it stands, and keeps in motion its varied machinery.

In the morning, we were politely conducted through the manufactories by the father and sons. From their celebrity in this section of the country, I had anticipated something more extensive and more impressive in their arrangements and operation than what we found. The whole establishment does not differ in its extent, the ingenuity of its machinery, or facility and skilfulness of its operations, from many of a similar character which I have visited in the United States, and thus afforded little novelty to us in its inspection. The proprietors seem deeply interested in the comfort, health, and welfare of the work-people. Some entire streets of the town are lined by the cottages of these, around which appeared an uncommon degree of neatness and respectability.

I was forcibly struck, by one incident, with the trifling remuneration here expected, and usually received, for the time and services of the labouring-classes. In the expectation of passing through the town of Derby, when we should be in this part of the country, I left orders for any letters that might arrive for me in London, within a certain date, to be forwarded to the post-office in that town. It is eight miles from Belper; and the cholera existing there at present, we determined not to go ourselves, but to

despatch a messenger for any parcels which might be waiting our arrival. A boy of twelve was engaged for this service, and on his return from the walk of sixteen miles, which he had performed in a few hours, a shilling was thought an ample remuneration, and more than could have been secured by him in any other way in the same time and with the same degree of labour.

After luncheon, we took leave of our host, his amiable lady and daughters, and with much kind feeling for the hospitality and attentions we had received, pursued our way to Matlock. The drive of some nine or ten miles through the valley of the Derwent, is beautiful and romantic. It leads by Crompton, where Sir Richard Arkwright laid the foundation of his fortune, in the erection of his cotton mill. Willersley Castle, the beautiful and stately mansion erected by him, is in the same neighbourhood, and forms one of the most ornamental objects in the wild and picturesque scenery of this section of the Peak of Derby. An immense rock, which cost him many thousand pounds to remove, once occupied the site of the structure, and pointed out to him the peculiar beauty and advantages of the situation. Associated with the history of the gifted artizan, as it unavoidably is, it presents a noble proof of what genius cultivated and rightly applied, may accomplish for its possessor, though labouring under every disadvantage of poverty and obscurity.

It stands on an elevated terrace bank above the Derwent, backed by hills and rich woodland, and while it commands from its lawn and grounds all

the finest scenery in the neighbourhood of Matlock, it, in itself, forms a picture of taste, wealth, and elegance not readily to be effaced from the imagination.

Strangers to the company which might be at Matlock, and in no need of the restorative qualities of its baths and waters, we made no stop in it, further than to take a general survey of its scenery, the accommodations it affords for visitors, and a view of its museum and public rooms. The scenery at this season of the year is picturesque and lovely; but much less striking in its features of wildness and romantic beauty to an American than to an English eye. Every-day's travel in the more beautiful parts of the Northern and Middle States with us, would furnish to those seeking them, sections along our streams and in the uplands, rivalling and surpassing it. The Tors or bare cliffs constituting such prominent points in it, are very similar to the least lofty of the basaltic rocks on the Hudson, a few miles above New York; their bases like these last being thickly covered with wood and entangled shrubbery, and their summits and brows mantled with similar drapery, hanging gracefully over the naked and perpendicular surface of the middle and upper sections.

Beautifully ornamented cottages sticking in the sides of the abrupt and wooded hills, handsome hotels and lodging-houses, retired and rural walks, and various artificial embellishments, with the changing courses of the Derwent, its springs and caverns, make it a very delightful resort, no doubt, to the visitor for pleasure, as well as to the invalid.

We reached Chatsworth, the celebrated seat of the Duke of Devonshire, some ten miles farther, in time to order dinner at an inn in the vicinity, while we should pass over the mansion and view its grounds. We had previously diverged a mile or more from the direct road to Haddon Hall, an old baronial residence of the Vernons and Manners' families, and at present a possession of the Duke of Rutland. It is one of the most singular old mansions in the kingdom, now long unoccupied, and in its whole construction and the remains of its furniture, such as it appeared, in the height of its honours, centuries ago. I have seen nothing yet in the kingdom which has given me so strong an impression, and one so correct, I doubt not, of the comparative rudeness and half barbarism in manner of life of our forefathers, even a hundred and fifty, or two hundred years ago.

The rudely constructed oaken hall for banqueting, with an elevated end for the table of the baron and his equals and friends, while the vassals and dependants ate on the level below; the heavy gallery for the minstrels, and from which the females of the household witnessed the revelry beneath; the fixtures and furniture of the kitchen and larder, still remaining, with cutting benches of massive oak deeply excavated by the repeated chippings of the axe, and seemingly better fitted for the purpose of a slaughter-house than those of a culinary department, all afford a demonstration of the hardy habits and coarse mode of life then prevailing in the most knightly houses. All the joiners' work, the doors and windows, latches and fastenings, and floors exhibit evidences of belonging to a

far removed from the birthday of the art, while old and faded arras filled with grotesque figures and covering the entire surface of the walls brings to mind the fearful stories of romance-reading with the preternatural movements of the hangings, the concealed doors, and secret springs associated with it. It is said indeed that Mrs. Radcliffe borrowed much of her imagery in the Castles of her "Mysteries of Udolpho" from this old mansion.

Chatsworth is beautifully situated in the midst of its Park on the borders of the Derwent. The principal structure now some hundred or more years old, is of stone, in Ionic architecture, square and enclosing a quadrangular area. An extensive and magnificent addition consisting of a conservatory, museum, and grand entrance and gateway, is now just being completed by the present Duke, and greatly increases the beauty and stateliness of the pile. The house stands upon an open terrace along the bank of the river; and, not far distant behind, a finely wooded mountain, with a hunting tower on its summit, from which the banner of the Duke floats during his visits at this seat, rises to a height of some seven or eight hundred feet.

The court within the quadrangle contains a fountain with a statue of Orion upon a Dolphin in the centre, and is furnished with a colonnade on the north and south sides. The interior is less replete with articles of interest and value than we had anticipated. The paintings of merit are few; but some of the statuary is uncommonly fine. One of the most impressive pieces is that of Madame Mère, the mother of Buonaparte executed by Canova. It presents

in feature and form, the very *beau ideal* of the Empress matron; and bears an air of dignity and elevation of mind and character which speaks to the feelings of the observer, even in the silence and coldness of the marble in which they are traced. The walls and ceilings are principally painted by Thornhill, Vezzio and Laguerre. Some of the carvings in wood are exquisitely wrought, so much so as to have led to a supposition that they are the workmanship of Gibbons, so celebrated in that art; but we are told, that they are principally, if not all, from the hands of a less famed, but scarce less meritorious artist, who lived and died in the neighbouring town of Bakewell.

The surrounding scenery is beautifully diversified by hill and dale, and in the north presents some of the naked and uncultivated eminences of the Peak. I had been led to suppose that the Waterworks for which this seat was once so noted were childish and ridiculous in their exhibitions; but I did not find such to be the fact. Some of the *jets d'eau* are singularly lofty and beautiful, and the play of the fountain and artificial cascade down the declivity of the hill in the rear of the house, in which columns of water are made to spout from all parts of a temple through the gaping mouths of dolphins, sea nymphs, and other appropriate figures, is rather impressive than otherwise in its effect.

The mansion of Chatsworth, occupying the ground upon which the present edifice stands, was for thirteen years the prison of Mary of Scots. Some of the rooms of the building still bear her name, probably

from being in the same section of the pile distinguished by them in the former.

Another name and character associated with the place are those of Hobbes, the celebrated political and philosophical writer of the seventeenth century. Though all his writings on these subjects have a tendency to infidelity and atheism, he was himself filled with superstition and childish fears, and while endeavouring to shake the foundations of the manly and heavenly confidence which religion, and the word of God inspire in the human bosom, he could find no substitute by which to shield even his own mind from the apprehension of ghosts and sprites, and the terrors arising from the thoughts of death. Though he could challenge the wisdom of Heaven in his investigations of truth, an animadversion in parliament on the tendency of his "Leviathan," and a bill introduced for the punishment of infidelity and atheism at once brought him to tremble and deny any purpose of advocating the cause of either. And he could find no greater consolation in the hour of approaching dissolution, than that intimated by the expression, on being informed that he might obtain some ease but no remedy, "then I shall be glad to find a hole to creep out of the world at." He was early a tutor in the Devonshire family, passed much of his life at Chatsworth and Hardwick Hall and died at the latter place in 1679.

The evening drive of twelve or thirteen miles from the Inn of Edensor to Castleton, the heart of the Peak, was one of the most peculiar in its scenery we have yet taken. The first sections of it through

Middleton Dale, a wild and narrow defile of naked rocks presenting in their outline a succession of seemingly ruinous and embattled pinnacles and towers, two and three hundred feet in abrupt and many places perpendicular height, were particularly impressive in their loftiness and solitude. From this Dale another branches off leading to the village of Eyam, the birth place of Miss Seward, of literary reputation, whose father was a rector of the place, and still more noted for having shared with London in the horrors and devastations of the plague of 1666. The disease was transmitted without communicating the affection elsewhere, in a box forwarded from the metropolis to a tailor of the town, whose family first fell victims to the virulence which in the course of a few months swept three-fourths of the inhabitants of the place into the grave.

A noble instance of christian fortitude and fidelity was exhibited by the Rev. William Mompesson the rector at the time. He resisted all inducements to desert his post, and with his family remained in the indefatigable discharge of the duties of his office, in visiting and comforting the sick and dying, and in preaching and praying with his people in the clefts of the rocks, when it was no longer thought prudent to assemble in their church. Ward's Guide to the Peak, contains the following pious and affecting letter to his friend Sir George Saville: after an amiable and lovely wife, the mother of two infant children, had fallen a victim to the destroyer, and he was himself in hourly expectation of following her to the grave.

Eyam, Sept. 1st, 1666.

HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

“This is the saddest news that ever my pen could write. The destroying angel having taken up his quarters within my habitation. My dearest wife is gone to her eternal rest, and is invested with a crown of righteousness, having made a happy end. Indeed had she loved herself as well as me, she had fled from the pit of destruction with the sweet babes, and might have prolonged her days. But she was resolved to die a martyr to my interests. My drooping spirits are much refreshed with her joys which I think are unutterable.

“Sir, this paper is to bid you a hearty farewell for ever; and to bring you my hearty thanks for all your noble favours. And I hope you will believe a dying man, I have as much love as honour for you, and I will bend my feeble knees to the God of Heaven that you, my dear lady, your children and their children, may be blessed with external and eternal happiness.

“Dear Sir, let your dying chaplain recommend this truth to you and to your family, that no happiness or solid comfort can be found in this vale of tears, like living a pious life; and pray ever remember this rule, *Never do anything upon which you dare not first ask the blessing of God.*

“Sir, I thank God I am contented to shake hands with all the world; and I have many comfortable assurances that God will accept me on account of his Son. I find the goodness of God greater than

ever I thought or imagined; and I wish from my soul that it were not so much abused and condemned.

"I desire, Sir, that you will be pleased to make choice of a humble, pious man, to succeed me in my parsonage; and could I see your face before my departure hence, I would inform you in what manner I think he may live comfortable among his people, which would be some satisfaction to me before I die.

"Dear Sir, I beg the prayers of all of you that I may not be daunted by the powers of hell, and that I may have dying graces. With tears I beg, that when you are praying for the fatherless orphans, you would remember my two pretty babes."

This good man lived, however, to see the pestilence overcome, and to behold himself so much honoured for his merit in this case, as to receive several handsome benefices from the church, in the enjoyment of which he closed a long and useful life.

For some miles before reaching our destination for the night, our way led across the bleak and dreary summits of the mountains forming the high Peak.

These are now unwooded, though once covered with a heavy forest, and are unadorned by hedge or any other agreeable relief to the eye. The character of this scenery, prepares one to be the more forcibly impressed with the beauty and striking features of the deep valley and high hills amidst which Castleton is situated. The grey of the evening was already spreading over the landscape, but still enough re-

mained distinct to gratify our admiration as we walked down the abrupt declivities over which the road descends, in preference to trusting our safety to the postillion and his horses.

By sunrise the next morning, I was at the ruins of the old castle of "Peverel of the Peak," overhanging the tower, and which gives to it its name. One tower still remains in tolerable preservation. It is situated on an angle of the hill, one side of which is formed by a tremendous chasm of several hundred feet in depth, near the bottom of which is the famed "Devil's Cave." Two others are almost equally inaccessible, and, in the days of its power, it must have been unassailable except through starvation by a protracted seige. It is the site of much traditional romance; and is said once to have been the scene of a tournament at which the prize was the beautiful daughter of Peverel, Lord of Whittington. Partaking of the martial spirit of her race, she determined to have no one for a husband not possessed of great military prowess. Her father encouraged her in the resolution; and invited a great number of young men to enter the lists at his place in the Peak, with the proclamation that the victor in the combats should have the hand of the fair one; and with it his castle of Whittington. Many gallant knights repaired to the contest; among others a Scotch Prince and a Baron of Burgoyne, both of whom a young noble of the house of Lorraine vanquished in the trial of strength and skill, and thus won the person and the fortune of the lady.

My next excursion was to the Cavern of the Peak

or the Devil's Cave. This is classed among the principal wonders of this section of the kingdom. It is approached from the town by a path along a babbling rivulet which flows from the cavern; and near which are scattered several cottages, occupied by persons who manufacture and have for sale various articles of ornament and use, formed of the spars and marbles for which Derbyshire is so noted. The path leads into a deep and wild recess of rocks, mantled at their bases by trees and shrubbery, and rising boldly above on one side to the bastions and crumbling walls of Peverel's Castle. The entrance to the cavern is opposite. It consists of a lofty and widely spread arch in the rock, receding and gradually diminishing in height to the distance of near a hundred feet—the space forming a large sheltered area in which a company of twine spinners, men, women, and children have taken up their quarters in the labours of their business. The unnatural sounds of their voices in the echoings of the rocks, the shaded and ghastly light reflected around, their dress and whole appearance produce a singular effect, and bring to mind a company of witches and wizards engaged in some unearthly work.

The descent into the cavern is behind a projecting rock, at the farther extremity of this opening, where the light of the day which has been gradually fading in your approach to it, is entirely lost, and your farther advance is by torches. The whole length of the cavern is seven hundred and fifty yards, at two points of which you are obliged to enter a boat and lie down while it is propelled through apertures some

yards in length, with a few inches space only above your head. In other parts it is very spacious and lofty, and its various sections of this kind marked by particular names, such as the Bell House, Roger Rain's House—from a constant dripping of water—the Half-Way House and Chancel. In this last, which is among the most wild and lofty of these apartments, there is a gallery or natural offset at an elevation of some fifty or sixty feet, accessible in one corner by rugged stairs of broken and fallen stones, in which as in an organ loft a choir of singers are stationed with lights, whose chauntings as they burst suddenly upon the ear, swelled and reverberated through the vaulted canopy above, have an impressive and delightful effect. Blue lights are also burned at different points to disclose the extent and wild formation of the phenomenon, and pistols and muskets discharged with a concussion of sounds seeming for the moment as if the whole mountain above were tumbling in ruin upon your head.

I also passed into the Speedwell mine, a shaft driven to the distance of six or seven hundred yards into a range of the hill called Long Cliff, in search of lead ore. The work was commenced by a company and carried on, for seven years, with unavailing labour at a cost of some 15 or 20,000 pounds. The descent to the level is by a hundred and more steps, at the bottom of which you enter a boat and penetrate the mountain in a kind of canal beneath a low arch blasted in the rock. The boat is propelled by wooden pegs fastened in the side-walls till at the distance mentioned above, you come suddenly upon a hideous

gulf whose top and bottom are totally invisible—a natural cavern called “the bottomless pit,” into which the workmen, to their great terror, suddenly opened in blasting their way, in prosecuting the undertaking. A bridge was afterwards thrown across the chasm, in the continuation of their operations. It is furnished with an iron railing; and from it, you can now glance into the fearful depth below, with comparative security, while blue lights are burned, to exhibit the appalling features of the pit, and a cascade of water, by the lifting of a gate, is thrown into its depths, to show by the feeble returns of the distant concussion, how far it plunges, before it meets with an impediment. Forty thousand tons of rubbish were thrown down this gulf by the labourers, in the continuance of their excavations, without the slightest perceptible effect on the capacity and unfathomable depth of the stygian pool, forming its bottom. The height of the cavern above, is in some degree, at least, proportionate—rockets of sufficient strength to be projected more than four hundred feet, have been fired within it, without disclosing its roof.

LETTER XXIX.

ARRIVAL AT BARLBOROUGH AND VISIT TO SHEFFIELD.

Extent of the Peak of Derbyshire and its ruined objects of interest—Drive to Chesterfield—Its twisted and flaming spire—Distant view of Barlborough Hall and manner of arrival at it—Reception by the Rev. C. H. Reaston Rodes its proprietor—Description of the Hall—The Rodes family—Dinner and entertainment of the evening—Drive to Sheffield—Renishaw, the Seat of Sir George Sitwell—Show-shop and manufactory of Rodgers and Son the celebrated cutlers—Luncheon at the Inn and electioneering scene—Montgomery the poet—Return to Barlborough.

*Barlborough Hall, Derbyshire,
July, 21, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

Till our travel through Derbyshire I had supposed "the Peak" to consist of a simple elevated mountain or of an unbroken range of limited extent, in reference to its particular appellative. But the term applies to much of the northern and western portions of the shire, and is divided into the low and high Peak, each of which embraces a wide circuit of mountainous and bleak country.

In the variety of its attractions it is scarce surpassed by any single section of the kingdom. In their seasons, Buxton and Matlock, both within the limits of the name, are favourite resorts of the gay and the fashionable, as well as of the invalid. Its

hills and dales present much to delight the traveller for pleasure, and its phenomena afford abundant room for the observations of the naturalist, in mineralogy and geology.

We should have been happy to give several days, in place of a single one, to it, but an engagement to meet the family, whose hospitality we are now enjoying, on the 19th inst., obliged us to hasten from Castleton, without viewing, except at a distance, some of its principal curiosities, in addition to those mentioned in my last letter. Particularly Mam Tor, or the Shivering Mountain, so called from the constant sliding down of the shale and micaceous grit, of which its acclivities are chiefly formed, and the remains of a Roman camp to be traced upon its summit; the Odin mine at its foot; the Eldin Hole, and other points of similar interest. In the Odin mine, is found in the greatest quantities, the beautiful fluor, usually called "Blue John," so highly valued as an article for the formation of ornamental urns, vases, &c.

In the Peak too, are many Druidical and Roman relics, with Rocking Stones, and an ebbing and flowing well. The action of this last, is explained by some, on the principle of the syphon, by supposing the existence of a reservoir in the hill above, and that a channel or duct, proceeding from the lower part of it, rises in its course to some length, but not to a level with the reservoir itself, and afterwards, descends to the pool at the foot of the hill. When the reservoir begins to fill, the water flowing into this duct expels the air, when the pressure of the air in

the subterranean basin, forces the water through, till the supply is exhausted, when the water ceases to flow, till the reservoir again begins to fill,

We returned from Castleton, through Middleton Dale, till we came again in sight of Chatsworth, and then passed round the northern walls of its Park, up a mountainous road, to a wide moor, lying between it and the town of Chesterfield, at a distance of some ten miles. The most singular feature of this place is, the pointed and lofty spire of its church. It deviates very considerably from a perpendicular, and its covering of slate or lead exhibits the appearance of having been almost completely twisted around. Some suppose that, like the tower of Pisa, it was originally constructed in this manner, but others believe it to arise from some warping or contraction of the timbers.

Some time before reaching this town, at which we changed horses, our attention was arrested by three lofty and conspicuous objects, on the distant and elevated horizon, some nine or ten miles beyond it; which, on inquiry, we ascertained to be Hardwick Hall, which you will recollect, was visited by us on the way from Newstead to Belper, Bolsover Castle, an old seat of the Duke of Portland, and Barlborough Hall, from which I now address you, the noble mansion of the Rev. C. H. Reaston Rodes, proprietor of Barlborough and of the estate surrounding it.

Lord Byron is on terms of intimacy with this gentleman, and it is to his kindness that we are indebted for an introduction to himself and family. In the expectation that Colonel and Mrs. Wildman

and party from Newstead, would meet us for a day or two here, we forwarded our letters from the Abbey, appointing the day before yesterday for our arrival. Before we came away, our friends there were obliged to give up a visit to the Hall, for the present. My note, however, to Mr. Rodes, apprizing him of the intended call of Captain Bolton, had reached him, and we were received by him, with a true English welcome.

I had risen so early at Castleton, to accomplish the observations above and below ground, of which I have given you a hasty description, before it would be necessary to set off for Barlborough, in order to meet the appointment for dinner, that I felt drowsy during the drive after leaving Chesterfield, and dosed in a corner of the carriage, till roused by its stopping at the lodge, till the gate of the Park should be opened. Captain Bolton was in a sound sleep, and neither of us had noticed our passage through the neat village of Barlborough, at the end of a cross street, in which is the principal entrance leading to the Hall. The approach is by a lofty and beautiful avenue of old lime-trees, a half mile and more in length, over a gravel drive, gently descending to the house. It was not till this came into full view, that I roused my companion from his slumbers, that we might not be found napping by our host.

Mr. Rodes received us with much cordiality at the carriage front of his mansion, and ushered us into that which, in every respect, may be taken, as it is by some believed to be, the prototype of the BRACEBRIDGE HALL of Washington Irving. In

its architecture, it is one of the most beautiful and perfect specimens remaining in the kingdom, of the favourite style in the reign of Elizabeth, and though not so extensive, is in better proportion, and in better taste, than the structure at Hardwick already described, built about the same period by the Countess of Shrewsbury, and now a possession of the Duke of Devonshire. It is square, massive, and lofty, of a light-coloured stone, and in its principal fronts is furnished with projecting bows, filled with large transom windows, and terminating above, in four octagonal embattled turrets, filled with glass, rising some ten or twelve feet above the balustrade of the roof, with a skylight of similar shape and altitude, to correspond with them in the centre.

The family of Rodes is of great antiquity in the county, the estate here having been in its possession near eight hundred years. The present edifice was erected by Sir Francis Rodes, a justice of the kingdom, by Queen Elizabeth's appointment, and had the honour of receiving and entertaining that stately dame shortly after its completion, in one of the progresses she was accustomed to make in various sections of her dominions.

The entrance, at which we were received, is by a vestibule opening into a billiard-room on the basement floor, surrounded by cabinets of glass, containing specimens in various branches of natural history, and decorated with trophies of the chase, and the various equipments of the huntsman and sportsman. The billiard-room leads into a hall lighted from above. This communicates in various directions

with the servants' hall, butler's pantry, housekeeper's room, kitchen, &c., and with Mr. Rodes' private apartments on the same level, and by a fine old staircase of stone, conducts to the second floor. The landing, here, is lighted and ornamented by an immense projecting window of stained glass, in which are the portraits of Sir Francis, the founder of the edifice, and of his lady, and the crests, arms, and quarterings of his various successors, and their wives, down to those of the present occupants. From this the drawing-room opens on one hand, and the dining-room on the other, an ante-room and library communicating with the former, and leading to the garden front of the house, constituting the suite of principal rooms.

We were presented in the drawing-room, cap in hand, as we had alighted, to Mrs. Rodes; her sisters and brother—Gossips, of Hatfield House, in Yorkshire—and to the other company at present at the Hall: Mr. Hemlocke, of Wingerworth, and a young baronet, his nephew; Lieutenant Russell, of the 93d regiment of Scotch Grenadiers, and four or five others. There was time for a half-hour in the grounds and garden, and for a visit to the stables, to view the coach and riding horses, and the hunters, (always a favourite part of the show of an establishment,) before dressing for dinner; and before this customary round, on a first arrival, was accomplished, we found ourselves quite at home with the kind-hearted and hospitable lord of the manor.

A party of ladies and gentlemen from the neighbourhood, had been invited to meet us at dinner.

The equipages by which these arrived, soon began to roll down the avenue, and on descending to the drawing-room, we met, in addition to those to whom we had already been introduced, the Rev. Mr. Yates, the rector of Barlborough, his lady, and daughters, near relatives of Sir Robert Peel, so distinguished in the modern politics of the nation; Mr. and Mrs. Bolton Peel, and Mr. Robert Peel, of the same family; Mrs. Sachverell Chandos Pole, of Park Hall, the mother of Lady Byron; the Misses Fancourt, Alderson, and others, with Sir George Sitwell, of Renishaw, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, at present canvassing for parliament.

The drawing-room is a fine lofty old apartment, furnished with much taste and elegance, and in good keeping with the venerable character of the mansion. It is remarkable for a massive and beautifully carved mantel of oak, a part of a state bedstead given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Francis Rodes, after her visit to him,—or more probably, brought by her majesty, and occupied by her during the time she was at the Hall, and left as a memento of the honour conferred upon her host, and his residence, by her presence.

The dining-room, also, is a noble and spacious apartment, hung with old tapestry, and ornamented by a beautifully carved mantel of stone, of the date of the house. It is covered with devices, and contains a full length figure of Sir Francis, and has his arms and motto in the centre. The entertainment was profuse and elegant. When the cloth was drawn, Mr. Rodes gave the "United States of Ame-

rica," in compliment to his guests, with an apology to us, that his private band, stationed beneath the windows, on the terrace below, had not the notes, and could not play "Hail Columbia;" in acknowledgment of which, Captain Bolton gave "His Majesty, King William the Fourth," when the band struck up the national anthem, "God save the king," in very good style, and continued to play a succession of fine airs till the ladies retired. The performers were then introduced to the dining-hall, ranged along one side of the room, and after being served with a glass of wine, commenced a series of catches, glees, and ballads, which were continued till coffee was announced. They were then dismissed to the servants' hall till ten o'clock, when they again took a station near the entrance to the drawing-room, and dancing was commenced, and continued in quadrilles and waltzes till twelve.

Early yesterday morning Mr. Rodes proposed for us a drive to Sheffield, ten or eleven miles distant; and soon after breakfast, a party of gentlemen, filling a landau and four and a phaeton, was on the way to that town. We took Runshaw, the seat of Sir George Sitwell, at which we were expected to dine, in the route, entering at one park gate, and, after stopping for a few moments at the house, driving out by another. The mansion is a fine modern structure of stone, but so entirely embowered by groves, and thick plantations, as to have an air rather dark and gloomy.

The country between Barlborough and Sheffield is undulating and hilly. The general character of

the place, as a manufacturing town, is fully intimated long before reaching or coming in view of it, by the many coal-pits in the route, and the lines of coal carts filling the road, and dusting its whole surface with blackness. It is prettily situated upon an eminence, at the confluence of the Don and Sheaf; but the view of it was almost entirely obscured, in our approach, by the clouds of smoke sent forth by its furnaces, and numerous manufactories.

We drove immediately to the show-shop and manufactory in cutlery of the Messrs. Rodgers. Mr. Rodes, after introducing us to the gentlemen of this firm, and inviting them to join us in a luncheon at the Angel inn; after we should have viewed the various departments of their establishment, excused himself to us on the ground of business, which he wished to attend to, till we should join him at the hour appointed at the hotel. The gentlemen to whose guidance we had been committed were most kind and polite in their attentions. Their show-shop presents some astonishing samples of the art in which they are so celebrated, both in its miniature and mammoth forms. Some of the articles brought under their inspection, as mere matters of curiosity, require the power of a microscope to be fully scrutinized in the minuteness and exquisite finish of their details. The examination of the varied processes through which every article of plated ware and cutlery passes, from the raw material of copper, steel, and silver, to the most elegant and finished article of usefulness and ornament, was highly interesting; and the manner of polishing each, by instruments pointed

with bloodstone, after being completely formed, was particularly interesting and beautiful.

One fact communicated to us, in connection with the preparation of the ivory handles of knives and forks, from elephants' teeth, was entirely new—that of the extensive use made by confectioners of the dust collected from the sawings of the ivory, as a substitute for calves' feet, in making jelly. These gentlemen informed us that the demand was far beyond anything which they could meet, though bushels of this material were constantly accumulating in the processes of their manufactory.

Every article manufactured by them, passes through a variety of hands in its formation and finish,—those in plate, tea and coffee-pots, urns, candlesticks, dishes, and their covers,—all being cut according to their different patterns from flat pieces, and then struck into their particular shapes by dies formed for each respectively.

I improved a half-hour, while the workmen were at their dinner, in calling upon Montgomery, the poet, a resident of this place, of whose writings and character I have long been an admirer. He was not at his lodgings at the hour, and I left my card, with a letter of introduction to him, stating, in my desire to meet him, that I should be at the hotel till after three o'clock.

On completing our view of the manufactories, we, in company with the Messrs. Rodgers, repaired to the inn, at which we were to take luncheon, and to join our carriages to return to Barlborough. We here discovered the reason why Mr. Rodes had ab-

sented himself. He is deeply interested in the success of a gentleman who is at present canvassing in Sheffield as a candidate for parliament, and had been occupied in writing a handbill, and having it struck off at a printing press—advocating the claims of his friend, and inviting those of the townspeople disposed to support him to the hotel, to hear an address from him, and to partake in a distribution of beer, which he had ordered to be served in the street. While we were at table, the handbills were brought in,—their import soon communicated in the street, and a crowd as rapidly collected. Mr. Rodes addressed them from a window of the room in which we were, on the second floor—streams of beer were at the same time gushing from barrels which had been tapped below, and men, women, and children were rushing from every direction, with all manner of utensils, in which to catch a portion of the beverage,—while mingled cheers and hootings, and an uproar of rudeness and vulgarity, such as I have never before witnessed, were exhibited on every side to the ear and eye.

The specimen of electioneering thus furnished to us, and the picture of a scene at the hustings, of which it might be supposed the imagery, produced no very happy impression on our minds, of the purity of the political influence here exercised, in regard either to its principles, or the modes in which it is put in operation. The spectacle exhibited at the most crowded polls, during the most warmly contested elections I have beheld in the sections and cities of the United States, with which I am familiar,

would astonish both candidates and electors, accustomed to scenes similar to this now occurring.

In the very height of the tumult, Mr. Montgomery was announced. He seems one of the most meek, quiet, and retiring of men,—is full of the gentler qualities and humble spirit of christianity ;—and an interview under such circumstances could scarce be of much interest to either of us. The carriages had been ordered to a door, in the court of the inn, the spirited animals attached to them had already become restive from the excitement around ; and after a few moments' conversation he took his leave—not without a hope, on my part, of another and more propitious opportunity, before proceeding to the north, of further cultivating his acquaintance.

The crowd was so great, and the cheering and hurraing so loud, that grooms were necessary at the horses' heads for the whole length of the street, to keep them from plunging on the people ; and few of the party, I believe, thought their necks entirely safe, till we had nearly accomplished the distance of our return.

LETTER XXX.

PARK HALL, AND BOLSOVER CASTLE.

Hospitality of Mr. Rodes—Precision of time, and punctuality of meeting engagements, in an interchange of visits—Drive to Park Hall—Mrs. Pole—Her example and influence—A visit to her Sabbath School—Rev. Mr. Yates, and call at the Rectory—The Park at Barlborough—Bolsover Castle—Entertainments at it by the Duke of Newcastle, to Charles I. and his Queen—Preparations for leaving Barlborough—Impromptu of Captain Bolton—Mrs. Rodes.

*Barlborough Hall, Derbyshire,
July 23d, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

IT was our intention to leave Barlborough on Saturday, in the prosecution of our journey. Upon this, however, Mr. Rodes laid an absolute *veto*, by declaring, in his warm-hearted and candid manner, that his park gates were peremptorily closed upon us till Monday morning—adding, “but then we will turn you out, for we ourselves are to be off for Alton Abbey, by nine, for a promised week with the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury.” The Abbey, a residence of that nobleman, some forty miles from this place, is among the most tasteful and magnificent seats, in the country.

The manner, in regard to precision of time, and punctuality of arrival, in which the arrangements of a visit by one family, or families, to another, are made

here, differs in some respect, from the custom with us. Instead of the indefinite promise of being with a friend, sometime in the coming week, month, or season, as is not unusual in America, the exact day or which you are invited or are expected, is fixed even for months, in some cases, in advance. If any circumstance should in the mean time occur, to interfere with the engagement of the visitor, on the one hand, or with the convenience of his reception by his friend, on the other, both expect to be apprized at an early period, of the fact. Notwithstanding the great uncertainty in time of promised visits in general, in the United States, I have known individuals and families to leave all their own plans for a season, in a state of contingency from this cause, in a kind of courtesy to the convenience of their friends. The case is altogether different in England; and the utmost frankness is exercised on such occasions. For instance, if a family writes to another to whom a visit is intended, that they will be with them on such a day of the month,—should their arrangements be such that, at that time, their house would be full, or they themselves be going from home,—an answer is at once returned, that they cannot receive them then, or shall be absent till such a date. They never think of receiving guests, as is not unfrequently the case with us, beyond a number, which the accommodations of their establishments make convenient and agreeable, or of allowing any hospitality to those with whom they associate, to interfere with their own movements in reference either to business or to pleasure.

On Saturday morning, Mr. Rodes took me to

Park Hall, the residence of Mrs. Pole, whom I had promised to visit before leaving the neighbourhood. Her estate adjoins that of our host, and the walk across the Parks, is scarce more than a mile. The drive by the public road, however, is nearly three. Park Hall, is a fine old mansion of a yellowish stone, each front presenting a double pointed gable in the roof. It is not so large as this edifice, but is finely situated on a height of land, and the grounds beautifully kept. Mrs. Pole presents a delightful sample of the manners of the "Old School," and is a most courteous and high-bred lady. She retains much of the beauty for which, in youth, she must have been greatly distinguished, and, above all, exhibits brightly in her walk and conversation, the spirit of the sincere and practical Christian.

She is the patroness, and a regular teacher of the female Sabbath School of the village—both before the morning worship, and during the interval of an hour or two between the services. I visited it with great satisfaction yesterday; and could clearly perceive, that the girls of the village, in connection with more important acquisitions in morals and piety, were catching in their intonations and manner, something at least, of the gentleness and courtesy of their polished and excellent friend and instructress. She walks with them in procession, to the village church; and, thinks it nothing derogatory to her rank and position in society, thus openly to demonstrate, that she regards with deep interest, the youthful and immortal spirits within reach of her influence and example.

It did not escape my notice in the church, as you

will readily believe, that the pew of Mrs. Pole, in place of the silk or worsted hangings seen in others, was furnished with curtains of *tapa*, or native cloth of the Sandwich Islands, a present, no doubt, from Lord Byron, on his return from them, after his cruise in the Blonde frigate.

Mr. Yates, the rector of Barlborough, is a man of talent and learning. He is amiable and polished in his character and manners, and gave us two excellent and spiritual sermons on the Sabbath. The rectory to which Mr. Rodes took me, after our visit at Park Hall, is a handsome house standing on the street in the village, without an enclosure or shrubbery, but opening in the rear, upon a fine lawn, encircled with plantations of tastefulness and beauty, and communicating with retired and rural walks, along the borders of a small stream.

We also made a circuit of two or three miles, before returning to the house, around the Park. It is studded with many fine clumps and groves of old oak and other majestic trees, and is ornamented by two sheets of water—one quite extensive, and with many of the features of a small lake, in its long and tufted points and islets. The entrance, from the gate on the side opposite to the town is by a circuitous and pleasant drive, with a fine view, also, in this direction, of the house, in the approach to it.

Before dinner on Saturday, Mr. Gossip, a brother of Mrs. Rodes, took Captain Bolton and myself in a pony phaeton, to Bolsover Castle, a ruinous mansion of great celebrity in former days, some six or eight miles in the direction from this of Hardwick

Hall. In the time of William the Conqueror it was the site of a castle of one of the Peverel's. It was afterwards in the Cavendish family, one of whom, the Duke of Newcastle, gave a magnificent entertainment at it, to Charles I. when on his way to Scotland in 1633. The expense of the dinner was four thousand pounds; and Lord Clarendon in describing it, says, "It was such an excess of feasting as had scarce ever been known in England, and would still be thought very prodigious, if the same noble person had not, within a year or two afterwards, made the king and queen a more stupendous entertainment, which (God be thanked) though possibly it might too much whet the appetite of others to excess, no man ever after in those days imitated."

The Duchess of Newcastle, in her memoirs of her husband, remarks, that "the king liked the former entertainment so well, that a year after his return out of Scotland, he was pleased to send my lord word, that her majesty the queen was resolved to make a progress into the northern parts, desiring him to prepare the like entertainment for her majesty; as he had formerly done for him, which my lord did, and endeavoured for it, with all possible care and industry, sparing nothing that might add splendour to that feast, which both their majesties were pleased to honour with their presence. Ben Johnson he employed in fitting such scenes and speeches, as he could best devise, and sent for all the gentry of the country to come and wait on their majesties; and in short, did all that he ever could, to render it great

and worthy their royal acceptance. It cost him in all between fourteen and fifteen thousand pounds."

Bolsover is now a possession of the Duke of Portland. It stands on the brow of a steep hill commanding a wide extent of country, and embraces a view of Barlborough, while it overlooks the fine estate and mansion of Sutton Park, now the residence of one of the Arkwright family. A large part of the original pile is roofless and in ruins. A lofty embattled and turreted tower is still habitable, and is the residence of a curate whose living is in the gift of the Duke of Portland. The rooms in general are small, dark, and gloomy, and of little interest in their associations. Those sections of the mansion which were the scenes of the regal entertainments mentioned above, are now traceable only in their crumbling and roofless foundations. The precipices on two sides of the habitable tower are fearful, and the deep descent on every side, as beheld from the leads on its top, such as to cause an involuntary shrinking from a glance over its parapets.

I rose at an early hour to complete this last letter from Barlborough. Among the guests of the last day or two at the Hall, we have had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Knight, a physician of eminence and talent at Sheffield. He is among the most agreeable and intelligent of the gentlemen whose acquaintance we have made in Derbyshire. He was off by sunrise this morning. Sir Henry Hunlocke and his uncle, left yesterday. The gig of Lieutenant Russel is at the door, our chaise has been ordered for some time, and Mr. and Mrs. Rodes have already been

gone an hour. They set off in a chariot and four, with a tastefulness of dress in the postillions, and in the equipments of the horses, and an air of gentility in the valet and dressing maid in the rumble behind, which we have scarce seen surpassed in any equipage before noticed by us.

As a slight memento of our visit, I have transferred to a scrap book of our fair hostess, the outline of a sketch of Newstead, taken on the reverse of a visiting card, the last day we were at the Abbey, while Captain Bolton with his accustomed happy gift of the kind, in like intent has scribbled on a page of the same, an impromptu, in verse.

Mrs. Rodes fully merits all the compliment of the lines of my friend. She is a *fine* woman both in the English and American meaning of the term. The former apply it exclusively in speaking of an individual, to the style of the figure and face, while we in general understand by it, the moral and social character of the person in reference to whom it is used. The understanding of it in either sense, in application to this lady, would lead into no error. She appears most amiable and kind in heart, and with much beauty of face, possesses a noble and commanding figure. She is said to be a Plantagenet as a lineal descendant of Edward III., a blood which I am told Mr. Rodes also can boast, through the veins of Edward I.

LETTER XXXI.

JOURNEY FROM SHEFFIELD TO YORK.

General aspect of the Country—Beauty of the drive to Wakefield—The Parks of Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Howard of Effingham and Hon. Mr. Wentworth—Arrival at Leeds—Approach to York—The Cathedral—Its walls—Castle and Churches—Prevalence and mortality of the Cholera—Philosophic Gardens, and view from them—Ruin of St. Mary's Abbey—and the Museum.

*Black Swan, York,
July 25th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

THE recommencement of our travel northward, led us again to Sheffield. The wind, on the present occasion had driven the smoke which before concealed it, from the town. Though actually situated on an eminence, it has the appearance of being in a hollow, in the descent of a long hill, in the direction of Barlborough, and though dingy in its general aspect, it is surrounded by a beautifully uneven, and tastefully improved country.

While waiting a half hour for the arrival of a coach which we intended taking at twelve o'clock, I made an unsuccessful attempt to secure a second interview with Mr. Montgomery. He was not at his lodgings, however, and was not expected at home, till a later hour than we could remain in the place. Our stage for the day, was the city of Leeds; and the travel of forty-eight miles, intervening between it and Sheffield,

was delightful—the day, though cheerful and bright, being of a temperature sufficiently cool, to render our cloaks comfortable around us. The country, for the first thirty miles to Wakefield, is peculiarly lovely in its general features and improvement, and ornamented at the distance of every few miles, by the parks and mansions of the Earl of Fitzwilliam, Lord Howard of Effingham, Lord Wharncliffe, and several of the Wentworth family. We were struck with the bad taste and folly of some very considerable expenditures, exhibited at one of the last, in objects of intended ornament, erected many miles from the house. One on a hill, at the distance we saw it, had precisely the appearance of a colossal hay-stack, though intended, probably, for a pyramid. It reminded me in its effect, of the rocks and tower, and miniature fortresses, erected on the lakes at Newstead, by the eccentric predecessor of the poet, in the Barony of the Byrons.

As we approached Leeds, the face of the country became more tame and uninteresting. The smoke arising from the numerous manufactories of the city, was seen at a great distance, spreading over the whole horizon before us, with all the blackness of a midsummer thunder-storm. We observed nothing in the place to invite our stay beyond the night, and not having at command, in reference to engagements we were desirous of fulfilling, a day for the celebrated ruin of Kirkstall Abbey, and other objects of attraction in the neighbourhood, took the coach at eight o'clock in the morning, for this city.

The Cholera has been prevailing with great mor-

talities for some time here ; and but for the magnificent Minster, for which it is famed, we should not have slept within its walls. We arrived early, the distance from Leeds to it being only twenty-five miles, over a level and not particularly attractive country.

The majestic and lofty towers of the Minster, present an imposing feature in the approach to York; and almost the only object connected with it, seen at any considerable distance. On the road to it, after leaving Tadcaster, a height of land was pointed out to us on our left, as famed for a memorable battle between the houses of York and Lancaster, in 1461; and not many miles distant, on the right, stands Bishopsthorpe, the palace of the archbishops of York.

We lost no time after our arrival, in repairing to the Cathedral; and remained two or three hours within and around it—gazing upon its different fronts, pacing its nave, next in extent in the world, to that of St. Peter's at Rome, with an admiration momentarily increasing as we contemplated again and again, from varied points of view, its lofty and graceful arches, its clustered and massive pillars, and inimitable proportions, examining the exquisite workmanship and carvings of its choir, and the antique architecture of its chapter house, and ascending its principal tower, the leads and turrets of which, command the entire panorama of the city, with many miles on every hand, of the richly cultivated country around.

The west front is indescribably beautiful, and the effect upon the eye and feelings, of the great eastern

window of richly painted glass, seventy feet in height, and of proportionate breadth, cannot even be imagined by one who has never gazed upon it. The choir is screened from the side aisles, by frames of richly carved stone work, in keeping with the general architecture, filled in with massive plate glass, of the most perfect translucency. The thickness of the glass is such, that a curious and most beautiful optical effect in the reflection of the painted windows at the sides opposite, is produced—such in airiness and transparency of colouring, as no effort of art upon the glass itself could secure.

The walls of the city, are in a much more imperfect and dilapidated state, than those of Chester. They do not form an uninterrupted promenade, and we walked around them, only in part. The castle is said to have been originally built by William the Conqueror. It has lately been surrounded by new walls, and contains within the enclosure, an antique structure, called Clifford's Tower, thought to be of Roman origin. On ringing at the gate of the Castle, with the intention of asking permission to enter it, a porter informed me, that all ingress had been interdicted, from the terrific disease prevailing within. On asking whether it was the Cholera, he replied he did not know what it was, only that it was most fearful and appalling in its ravages among the prisoners and other inmates.

There are many exceedingly antique and venerable old churches, scattered over the town. But all sink into comparative insignificance beside the Cathedral; and we have already seen so many of a

similar character, in different sections of the kingdom, that we have made no application for admittance to any one of these.

Mr. Gossip kindly furnished us with a card of admission to the Museum and Philosophical Gardens of the city, of which institution he is a member. My curiosity was somewhat dampened at the entrance of these, by the good portress at the Lodge, who, after I had placed my name, according to custom, in an album in her keeping, pointed to a street immediately adjoining the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey,—a principal attraction within,—and told me that the cholera had been very fatal there, and that three persons had just been buried from a house in sight. A glimpse at St. Mary's, however, presented a temptation which I could not resist, and I passed forward.

The gardens, as the grounds are called, are small, but embrace objects, in a single view, of as varied beauty and interest as are often found in the same grouping. Immediately adjoining the gate, stands the remains of an old wall, and massive round tower, which is attributed to a Norman age. Directly in front, across a lovely lawn, of an extent just sufficient to give all the effect of a suitable perspective, are the beautiful ruins of the Abbey; while midway, on the right, is seen the Museum,—a handsome modern structure, of Grecian architecture,—and on the left, opposite to it, at the distance of some hundred yards, the river Ouse, backed by a section of the walls of the city, with several spires and towers of beauty in the distance.

The remains of St. Mary's consist principally of a range of beautifully defined arches, mantled with ivy, which now in every part,

“with rude luxuriance bends
Its tangled foliage through the cloistered space ;
O'er the high window's mouldering points ascends,
And fondly clasps it with a last embrace.”

Nothing of the kind can present a more perfect picture than this. It is not so bold and majestic, so heavy and so stately as Kenilworth, but more symmetrical, and more finished. The stone of which it is formed is almost purely white ; and even at noon-day there is a moonlight softness about it, that irresistibly conveys an impression that it is but an artificial structure, but lately placed in the situation, for the embellishment of the scene. I scarce know when I have been more delighted, than during the hour I spent in examining it from different points, and in contrasting the various objects in view, with one another. In the admiration excited by it I soon forgot the cholera and its ravages, and lost all thoughts of an infected atmosphere.

I afterwards visited the Museum. The edifice—a fine building,—has been recently erected, and the collection contained in it yet small, and not fully arranged in the various apartments. The cholera, indeed, has placed everything at a stand for the last month ; and the city is almost deserted by the more wealthy and respectable of its inhabitants.

LETTER XXXII.

CITIES OF DURHAM AND NEWCASTLE.

Journey from York to Durham—Duncombe and Studley Parks—Approach to Durham—Beauty of its situation—Its castle, cathedral, promenades, and bridges—Interview with the Bishop of Chester—Drive to Newcastle—Lumley Castle—Lambton Hall, and Castle Ravensworth—Effect in the scenery of the collieries and forges, near Newcastle—General aspect of this city—General remarks on English society and manners.

*Turk's Head, Newcastle,
July 27th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

YESTERDAY morning, at eight o'clock, we bade adieu to the venerable city of York. The day was again one delightful for the traveller; and we found ourselves, by five o'clock, at Durham, sixty-six miles farther on our route to the north.

For some miles after leaving York, the country is low and unvaried, but afterward becomes quite bold and romantic, with hills, and even mountains, both on the right and left in the distance, projecting at some points, in abrupt cliffs over the flatness of the adjoining sections. It is on one of these lofty prominences that Duncombe Park—a seat of Lord Feversham,—is situated. It is remarkable for its fine scenery, the beauty of its grounds, and an elegant mansion, erected by Wakefield, from designs of Vanbrugh. Mrs. Vernon, whose acquaintance

we had the pleasure of making at Newstead;—a lady of great intelligence and interest of character, is a near relative of the noble proprietor, and was an inmate of his family previous to her marriage. She urged us much to take the Park in our route, as being almost unequalled in the kingdom. The beautiful ruin of Rievaulx Abbey is within its boundaries; and Studley Park and ruin, not less attractive, in the immediate neighbourhood. But our engagements in Scotland would not allow of the delay; and we passed on by a more direct course, leading through to Easingwold, Thirsk, North Aylerton, and Darlington, to Durham.

Mr. Backhouse, already made known to you as my fellow-passenger from New York, has a seat at Darlington. It presents a handsome aspect at the entrance of the town. I had been kindly invited to make him a visit; but not having it in my power to appoint any specific time, regretted now to learn that he was absent, in a distant part of the kingdom.

The Cathedral, and ruinous towers of the castle of Durham, constitute the leading features in a first view of it. A principal portion of the town itself is old, and uninteresting, but so situated, as scarce to be noticed in connection with its smaller though more imposing sections. The river Weare winds through and around it, so as to make a perfect peninsula of the central parts, constituting a rocky promontory on which the Castle or Bishop's Palace, and the Cathedral are situated. The banks, though precipitous, are covered with verdure, and laid out into walks, and hanging gardens, by which every appear-

ance of a town is cut off, except the towers and the pinnacles of the stately edifices by which it is adorned. The opposite side of the river is overhung, in its windings, by delightful groves filled with walks of gravel, cut through their embowering shade, and accessible at different points from the town, by three beautiful bridges thrown across the stream. We have scarce visited a place presenting equal attraction, in the venerable and antiquated aspect of its public structures, and the varied interest and romance of its environs.

The Cathedral presents a magnificent pile. It was founded in the year 1093, and the predominating style of its architecture is Norman, though it was not completely finished till some time in the thirteenth century. The site had been chosen by the monks of Lindisfarne, in the early part of the tenth century, as a safe depository for the remains of their patron St. Cuthbert, during the predatory incursions of the Danes, and these with the bones of the venerable Bede, other sacred relics, the holy vessels, ornaments and jewels of the shrines and altars, were removed here at the time. Malcolm king of Scotland was present and, assisted in laying the corner stone of the present edifice. The Castle or Bishop's palace is on one side of the pile, and the College, a range of buildings appropriated to the dean and prebendaries of the cathedral on the other.

The Bishop of Chester is a prebendary of Durham, and with his family passes two or three months of each summer here. Notes had been interchanged between this gentleman and myself before I left

London; and I called upon him last evening. Learning, however, that he was occupied with company, I merely left my card, with a message that I would pay my respects to him again this morning. This I did just before we were about commencing the travel to this place. - I was received by him in the most kind and gratifying manner. He expressed his regret that I had not sent my card up to him the evening previous, that he might have introduced me to the friends then with him; and learning that it was necessary for me to proceed without further delay to Scotland, most hospitably extended an invitation already given to Durham, to a visit to the palace of Chester, on my expected return from Ireland in October, where he will be for the remainder of the year.

The drive from Durham to Newcastle of fourteen miles was pleasant, the day fine and cool, and the country as usual beautiful. Near Chester-la-Street, we had a view of the stately mansion of Lumley Castle, a seat of Lord Scarborough, and just after, a sight of the towers of Lambton Hall, a residence of Lord Durham. Two or three miles before reaching Newcastle, we also had a beautiful peep at Ravensworth Castle. Its towers and embattled turrets gleamed brightly on the eye in the morning sun, above the dark bowers and groves by which it is encircled, and almost hidden, as it rises romantically from the side of an abrupt hill. - One leading feature in the aspect of the whole region of country in this vicinity, is the smoke of its unnumbered furnaces and collieries. Every hill and rising ground is seen

reeking with it, and more than one million five hundred thousand tons of coal, are annually exported from the country, and seventy thousand of its inhabitants are engaged in the mining of its beds, while forges, foundries and manufactories of sulphate of iron, acetate of lead, bitumen, and other articles of the kind, whose elementary matter is found in the mineral kingdom, are scattered on every side around.

Newcastle, as you are aware, is the grand mart for these articles, and for coal. It possesses many respectable public edifices and institutions, and some of the more modern sections of the town are cheerful, and well-looking; but as a whole it is a smoky, black, uninteresting place. Much to our disappointment, we are obliged to tarry in it the remainder of the day. No coach leaves for the north, till the coming morning; and by posting, we should scarce arrive earlier in Edinburgh than we shall by the first coach of to-morrow.

Admiral Collingwood, Akenside the poet, Lord Chancellor Eldon, and his brother Baron Stowell, were born in this city, and received their early education at its grammar-school. It is not improbable that by seeking for it, we might find much to interest us within its boundaries. But we are weary of the excitement springing from an endless succession of objects of novelty and the associations connected with them, and I will improve an hour of our detention here, in throwing together a few general and desultory remarks and impressions concerning the kingdom proper, whose boundary on the north we are

ust about to cross, for a few weeks amid the wilderness and romance of "the *land o' cakes*."

Any one after having traversed England by the routes and in the manner we have, would not hesitate for a moment I should think in pronouncing it, in the high perfection of its agriculture, in the extent, beauty, and taste of its ornamental exhibitions of park, pleasure grounds, and domains, and in the cultivated and artificial aspect of its whole surface to be, as a nation, the very garden of the world. While the unnumbered palaces and mansions of its nobility and gentry, scattered thickly around in every part, the perfection of elegant keeping, and varied evidences of splendid life presented by them, the unrivalled excellence of her roads, her canals, her railways and her bridges, her edifices of science, of religion and of philanthropy, and an almost universal neatness and comfort in the cottages of her peasantry and her poor, equally claim for her the epithet and the standing of the most magnificent section of Christendom.

These fruits of the wealth, which for a century and more, has been pouring and concentrating in her bosom, from all parts of the globe, and the refinement and high state of civilization, in the superior grades of society which have accompanied it, are manifest to the most careless observer, and acknowledged by all. In most imposing and distinctive exhibitions, are of course, to be found in the classes constituting the aristocracy of the land. Of these, from the little opportunity I have had of forming an opinion, I am disposed to think, that we Americans, as a people, generally entertain a mistaken sentiment. The En-

lish, are too much inclined to believe that as republicans, we must unavoidably be destitute of all refinement, polish, and elegance of character and habits, and, on the other hand, the Americans are equally ready to imagine, that the necessary results of a hereditary aristocracy must be, and are, a degeneracy of mind and body, and a corruption of character and heart. The impression in either case, I believe to be equally erroneous and unsupported by facts. I could prove, I think, to entire satisfaction, a truth which is now daily being demonstrated in our country, that the direct and necessary tendency of a republic, enjoying the moral and intellectual blessings which we possess, is to a refinement of national character, more general and more entire, than can, or ever will exist, in any nation where the equality of rank, and the descent and distribution of property, are not the same. This fact, our friends here are slow to receive; and those across the Atlantic, I am persuaded, will be equally incredulous of the truth, that we find little evidence of any general and characteristic degeneracy here, mental, moral, or physical, among those possessing the privileges, and hereditary distinctions of the peerage.

There is no question, that there are not only individuals of both sexes, but circles of those of the highest rank in the kingdom, who are corrupt in principle and habits, to a most lamentable, and, what in the United States would be thought, a most disgraceful degree. But the mass of the nobility and gentry, I am persuaded, do not differ in morals or in character, from the classes of worldly and fashionable people in our

own country, who hold a similar standing in wealth and influence; while no inconsiderable portion of them of all grades, exemplify in their whole manner of life, many of the most attractive and delightful qualities of our nature, and blend the purity and spirituality of Christian piety, with the polish and gracefulness, the mental culture and accomplishments incident to the affluence and leisure at their command.

General conclusions cannot be drawn either very correctly or very justly, from such wide extremes. A foreigner passing one or two seasons in London, almost exclusively among the ultra fashionable peers and peeresses of the west end, a witness only of the rounds of dissipation, intrigue and vice, which may exist there, would draw a picture of society, very different in its outlines and colouring, from that which would be sketched by one whose chief intercourse had been with circles of the same grade, but of habits of life and character as widely different, as well can be.

But this is not exactly the point I intended scribbling upon, when I took my pen. The manners and forms of life, rather than morals of the aristocracy, were in my mind's eye. I say, "of the aristocracy," meaning by it, the most polished society—the manners of ladies and gentlemen, not those of any person of either sex, whom I may casually have met, and might choose to make, the original of the Sketches transmitted to you.

On this point, I find no very distinctive traits. The grand difference here existing between this country

and our own, is that in England, they have in large and entirely separate masses, what in America, is found only in more limited and widely scattered numbers. The rules of good breeding and the usages of polished life, are in both nations the same, but where there is one individual or one family, in the United States, trained and habituated to the highest refinement of manners, there are in England a hundred, and while with us, there is unavoidably in general society, a mixed association of the most polished with those who are less so; here the exclusiveness of the higher grades prevents in a great degree, any mingling in social intercourse of those habituated to different modes of life.

The exterior movements and address of individuals of the higher circles, differ as variously here, as on the other side of the Atlantic, from the most polished and graceful, to the most unbecoming and awkward, but if called upon to make any general comparison in the manners of the same classes in the two countries, I would unhesitatingly say, that there is less of the *suaviter in modo*—something more abrupt and blunt—in the address and manner of the English gentlemen, not unfrequently blended with a decided awkwardness of movement, and in the ladies, a manifestly greater precision and formality, than in those of the same standing in America.

The distance and stateliness of a first intercourse—so often made the characteristic of English manners—with those upon whose courtesy you are not particularly thrown, only continues for a short time; and in more cases than one, where these have been

most manifested on a first introduction, we have in a short time, found the greatest affability. A period of formality appears in some to be a settled kind of probation through which all must go, before any intercourse more grateful can be indulged in. So much has this been the case, that Captain Bolton and myself, after finding ourselves just as we have been taking our leave, delighted with the intelligence and agreeableness of character of those, who for a day or more previous, had been our fellow-guests, with the interchange of scarce a word beyond the salutations of civility, have laughingly come to the resolution, that in any after visits we may make, we will at once say to those we meet under the roof of our hosts, "my dear Madam, or my dear Sir, we must be off in a day or two, and have not an hour to give to *unbending*; therefore, let us be friends at once, that we may not have to lament just as we must bid you adieu, that we did not sooner discover you to be the affable, intelligent, and delightful persons; which you really are."

I have said that there is a greater precision of manners in the ladies, than with us—more stiffness of air, and a more mechanical movement of the figure; but with it, there is a propriety of attitude and action which is never in fault, and which more than counterbalances any disadvantage arising from the former. Whatever else may be said of the English ladies, those we have seen have exhibited the clearest proof in their manners, that they believe, with Hannah More, that "propriety is the first, the second, and the third highest quality of the sex."

LETTER XXXIII.

ARRIVAL IN EDINBURGH.

Departure from Newcastle—Picts' wall—Coachman of the "Chevy Chase," and anecdote of a Scotch traveller—Harwood Moor—Scene of the hunt and conflict of Chevy Chase—Cheviot hills and crossing of the border—Impressions in entering Scotland—Picturesque country near Jedburgh, and through Teviotdale—Banks of the Tweed, and Melrose Abbey—Abbotsford, the seat of Sir Walter Scott—The Pentland hills, and mountains of Fife and Perthshires—First view of Arthur's seat, and Salisbury Crags—The Castle Rock, and Frith of Forth—Splendour of the scene, and beauty of the evening—Entrance to the city.

*Crown Hotel, Edinburgh,
July 28th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

AFTER a most rapid and exciting journey, of a hundred miles, from Newcastle, which we left, after an early breakfast, we reached this noted city just at nightfall yesterday.

A first order was for a servant to be despatched to the post-office; and in a few moments we had the happiness of perusing large packets from America. Among the letters for myself were those from your father, designed by him to have anticipated my departure from New York. They are all in good time, however, except that to the British ambassador.

In leaving Newcastle, we had a glimpse for a

moment, of a small remain of the celebrated wall erected by the Romans to restrain the incursions of the Picts. It was built first of earth, by Adrian, and of stone and bricks afterwards, by Severus and Actius ; and extends across the island from near the mouth of the Tyne, in the east, to Solway Frith, on the Irish sea.

As we came north after leaving York, we began to perceive a gradual change for the worse, in the grooming and nice keeping of the horses, in the neatness and brightness of the harness, and in the character and dress of the coachmen, and would occasionally miss, in a stage, the portly figure and ruddy face of the real John-Bull Jehu, and in place of the well-smoothed beaver, the large calico shawl, or muffler, and the trimly fitted white-topped boots, characteristic of the class in most parts of the kingdom, would meet a slouched hat, an open-collared neck, and shoes and trowsers on the nether limbs of our charioteer. Such was the general costume of the driver of the "Chevy Chase," on whose box I became seated for a first day's journey in Scotland, — a fresh-complexioned, blue-eyed, and yellow-haired laddie of twenty, full of animation, and buoyant spirit, and with health and muscle to accomplish without fatigue, the daily drive, except on the Sabbath, from the beginning to the end of the year, of the distance between Newcastle and Edinburgh.

The first incivility we had met since the commencement of our travel, was from a Scotchman the day previous, when leaving Durham ; and I was

happy in having, on this occasion, one of the same country, so entirely in contrast, for my immediate neighbour. The coach in which we left Durham did not start, on its first stage, from that city, and we were obliged to take such seats as were vacant when it arrived from the south. Fortunately there were three places unoccupied in front, behind the coachman. One of these Captain Bolton took. A broad, stout, and hard-featured Scot followed, and became seated exactly midway between my friend and a person on the other extreme of the range, which, though intended for four passengers, was rather contracted in its dimensions—with such a display of frame and muscle, that there was room on neither side for myself. After getting up, and perceiving no disposition to move on his part, I asked him politely which seat he would prefer,—to which he very gruffly answered, the one he was in. But, sir, I continued, you are now occupying a part of two seats, and my question was to know which way you chose to move; and I was almost ready to debate whether it were not time, as the crabbed fellow very composedly replied, “I don’t know that I shall move either way, sir,” for my own Scotch blood to stir a little. I thought best, however, to turn my feelings into a happier channel, and, by remarking pleasantly, with a smile, “if we should find all your countrymen, my dear sir, as accommodating as yourself, our tour in Scotland will be much less extended than we now propose to make it,” at once touched the spring of his locomotive powers, and drew from him an apology for his rudeness, which gradually

fell, on his part, into much intelligent and interesting conversation.

Soon after leaving Newcástele, the country through which we passed began to differ in its aspect from that over which we had previously travelled, and before the end of many miles we entered upon an extensive region of moorland, called Harwood Moor. All the rich crops and luxuriant growth by which we had so long been surrounded, as we were hurried on our way, were gone, and the eye rested only, in every direction, upon a wild and naked expanse, covered with a coarse, dark-coloured turf, dotted here and there by flocks of sheep, and occasionally relieved by another sign of life in the smoke curling up from the lowly and rude cabin of a shepherd. Whether the effect of early impressions, derived from reading of deeds of tragedy and horror perpetrated amidst similar scenery, or not, I cannot say, but this, the first extensive moor over which we have passed, in its dreary extent and desolation, seemed to me just the place for acts of villany.

One fact, however, would rather intimate that robbery and murder occur here, at least, at very long intervals. The gallows of a murderer, hung and gibbeted on the spot where his crime was committed, and which may justly be considered the last incident of the kind which has taken place, still stands in the midst of the wide waste, presenting, *in terrorem*, to the passing traveller a wooden effigy, which in the distance I first supposed to be the real skeleton dangling in chains beneath.

On this moor, for the first time since leaving

America, we found a long straight road, one, the continuation of which we could trace for miles in a line as in many of the turnpikes in the United States. Whatever the effect may be, in shortening distances in this mode of laying down roads, there certainly is nothing in it which adds to the interest of the traveller, or tends to any association with the country, or the beautiful or picturesque. In England every road is beautifully winding and serpentine, and you scarce drive a hundred rods anywhere without some graceful curvature, by which every object in view is placed in a new position to the eye, and the attention and admiration arrested anew by the surrounding scenery.

Our coach, you will recollect, was the "Chevy Chase:" named after

"The woful hunt which once there did
In Chevy Chase befall."

The scene of the famed hunt and battle was in the midst of this moor; and the spot on which the proud Earls of Douglass and Northumberland met and fell is marked, at the road-side, by a cross called "Percy's cross," standing within a small enclosure and surrounded by a young plantation of trees. It was here

"They fought until both did sweat—
(With swords of tempered steel)
And till the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel,"

with such fatality too, that not only the heart's blood of both stained the moor, but while,

"Of twenty hundred Scottish spears
Scarce fifty-five did fly—
Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three ;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase
Under the greenwood tree :
And sure 'twas then a grief to see
And likewise for to hear
The cries of men dying in their gore
And scattered here and there !"

The Cheviot hills had, for some time previous, been in distant but beautiful view ; and at the rapid rate at which we were whirled along by our blithesome young coachman, we soon entered a defile through them, at mid distance in which, upon a bleak height, we passed the boundary stone of the two kingdoms and were in Scotland. As my friend of the box pointed to the stone, and with a joyous look proclaimed this fact, and gave fresh rein to his horses, a first impression, as I looked around me, was, that if the country in view were a fair specimen of the land, it was no wonder that so many of the sons of the bonnet and plaid had made their escape to other climes. The hills and mountains, swelling on every side, are as bare and uncovered as can be imagined, and the few dwellings scattered over them, as black and weather-beaten as if they had withstood the blasts and tempests of a thousand years. Still I felt, in every vein, that it was the land of romance, and of song, the land of heroism and of genius, the land of letters, and of religion, the land of my blood and of my name ; and gazed upon it with an enthusiasm

I have never before known, except in that which I consider emphatically to be

“The land of the free and the home of the brave !”

It was not long, however, that we were dependent upon association for thoughts and feelings of interest and admiration. Every mile we advanced over hill and dale, showed a rapid improvement in the features and aspect of the country ; and as we approached Jedburgh, we were more delighted with the beauty and wildness of its valley, than with the most picturesque sections of Derbyshire.

We dined at Jedburgh ; and then, in the brightness and beauty of the declining day, had a drive of enchantment through Teviotdale and along the banks of the Tweed, for the remainder of the afternoon, till we again struck off upon the moor of Midledale, in the direction of Edinburgh. It was our intention, when leaving Barlborough Hall, to stop for a day at Melrose and Abbotsford, but the detention at Newcastle made it necessary to proceed, without delay, to meet our engagements in this vicinity.

Of the beautiful ruins of Melrose Abbey, we had, without stopping, a fine, though transient view ; one sufficient, however, especially with the vivid recollection of a moonlight scene at Newstead, enjoyed one evening in its highest perfection in a walk with Mr. Oakley, through the cloisters and on the leads overlooking the quadrangle, fully to appreciate the force of the oft quoted passage, by Scott—

“ If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;

For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted Oriel glimmers white:
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower:
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory:
When silver edges the imagery
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die:
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view Saint David's ruined pile;
And home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!"

We passed sufficiently near to Abbotsford, to satisfy, in a degree at least, our curiosity in reference to its exterior. It is a turreted and castellated building of light-coloured freestone, situated on the banks of the Tweed, opposite a ford once used by the monks of the adjoining monastery—whence the name of the seat. The edifice, and all the surrounding improvements, are the fruits of Sir Walter's own labours and taste. While we were in London, he arrived from the Continent, in extreme illness, and for weeks was expected daily to yield his hold on life. He afterwards revived so much, however, as to allow of a removal, according to his earnest solicitation, to Scotland, and to his home; and such is again his state, that from all we could learn, even at Melrose, three miles distant, we knew not, but that the very moment we were gazing upon the battlements of his castle, he might be sinking into the arms of the ruthless conqueror, to whose power, all flesh living must yield.

The depth of interest and sympathy, which the genius and character of such men cast on everything connected with them, is truly astonishing. From the first moment the driver said to me, "that dark wood you see far ahead, on the left, are the plantations of Abbotsford," till we had caught a full view of the mansion, passed by, and again lost sight of it behind, by turning an angle of the road, my eyes were riveted upon the domain, and every thought absorbed in musings on the life, and on the now closing scenes in the earthly existence of the illustrious proprietor.

The section of country, for a few miles round, appears to be a favourite residence of many of the nobility and gentry, and we had a passing sight of several belonging to different families of the Scots—to the Marquess of Lothian, the Earl of Beaufort, and others—and nearer Edinburgh, those of Lord Dalhousie, the Earl of Melville, and the Duke of Buccleugh.

The evening was uncommonly fine, with an atmosphere more transparent—more like that characterizing a summer's day in the United States—than we have often observed in our travel. This, no doubt, added to the effect of the first impression made by Edinburgh and its surrounding scenery. The whole is magnificent. The Pentland Hills rise majestically on your left, in an approach from the south. They bear in the general effect of height and distance in this position, a strong resemblance to the Catskill Mountains, as seen from the waters of the Hudson; while at a much greater remove immediately in front beyond the city, and long before coming in view of it,

hill after hill, and range upon range, roll far inland, till they stand only in blue mistiness against the sky.

When still thirteen miles from the town, Salisbury crags, and Arthur's seat, two bold cliff-like hills, immediately east of it, the latter over-topping the former, came fully in sight; and shortly afterwards, the Castle rock, rising from the midst of the city, like an island from the Sea : while the Frith of Forth, with its islands, was at the same time seen stretching far towards the German Ocean, on the right. The whole imagery in view was splendid; and we truly delighted. The sun had just gone down behind the blue hills in the west, and the whole sky in that direction was in one golden blaze. A single mass of graceful clouds, of the richest crimson, alone hung midway between the glowing horizon, and the blueness of the zenith; having the effect of so much drapery of the same gorgeous hue, arranged in tastefulness and beauty over the lovely and imposing picture below.

After passing down a fine long street in the Old Town, we found ourselves rolling across a noble bridge, from beneath which, in place of the noise of water, the sound of many voices, and the murmur of the multitude came upon the ear—it being, as your knowledge of the geography of the famed town will have instructed you, only a viaduct over dry land : a street passing on a level upon arches of stone, from one hill to another, over a deep and inhabited glen between them.

Although I felt less fatigued with the travel of a hundred and more miles over such roads as those by

which we came, accomplished in less than twelve hours, than I have in America, by a drive of one fourth of the distance, I was too much excited by the novel and varied scenes of the day, and the happiness of a safe arrival in the capital of the Northern kingdom, to write last evening. Before venturing however, on any observations without doors this morning, I have thought best thus to furnish you with an outline of our first day in Scotland.

LETTER XXXIV.

A DAY IN EDINBURGH.

General sketch of the city—Sites of the old and new towns—Prince street—Calton Hill, and its Monuments—Holyrood House, and ruins of its Abbey Church—Apartments of Queen Mary—Charles X., ex-king of France—Castle Rock and the Castle—View from the ramparts—Services of the Sabbath in St. George's and St. Giles' churches—Rev. Mr. Martin, Dr. Gordon, and the Rev. Mr. Colton.

*Crown Hotel, Edinburgh,
July 30th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

THIS is a season of the year at which Edinburgh is almost entirely deserted by the most distinguished of her inhabitants; and "not in town," has been the reply to three in four of the inquiries made at the doors of those here, to whom we were furnished with letters. We, therefore, passed Saturday in strolling without guidance around the city, as chance or fancy directed.

The first impression made by the unique and magnificent scenery by which it is encircled, and by the general style, and material of the architecture, both of the old and new town, has been confirmed and heightened by every after observation; and though I cannot say that the term, "city of palaces," by which I have heard it designated, is applicable to it as a whole, however descriptive it may be of some of its

modern sections, still, in its characteristic features,—in its situation and surrounding landscape,—in the taste and magnificence of its public structures, and the beauty of the stone of which the private dwellings are mostly, if not universally built, it doubtless rivals any other city in the world.

The narrow valley or glen which separates the old town from the new, runs nearly east and west, the principal streets in both being parallel with it. It is only the middle and lower sections of this gorge that are filled with dwellings. The upper or western end is beautifully laid out in a public garden and shrubbery around the base of the Castle Rock.

—Prince street, in which is the hotel from which I write, is a splendid terrace, overlooking on the south, from most points in its whole length, the elevated ground on which the old town stands; and commanding uninterrupted views of all its principal buildings, and of the Castle, and the long line of many-storied houses, marking the course of one of its oldest and principal streets, extending from Holyrood House, in a dale in the east, to the Castle, on a high cliff in the west. Calton Hill terminates the view in Prince street towards the Frith of Forth. It is a precipitous and lofty rock, some mile or more in circuit at its base, furnished with broad promenades and flights of steps, which wind round it to its top, and ornamented by a handsome observatory, and monuments of taste and architectural beauty, to Nelson and Playfair.

In following Prince street, in our first walk, as it winds round this hill on the way to Leith, by a con-

tinuation called the Regent's road, we found ourselves immediately overlooking the palace of Holyrood, lying at a few hundred rods' distance, in a deep valley, at the foot of the Salisbury Crag, and made our way to it. The general architecture and style of this residence of the Scottish kings must be familiar to you. It is an extensive quadrangle of stone, enclosing a large court within. The principal front looks to the west, and consists of two square and embattled towers, of four stories each, at either extremity, ornamented with circular turrets at the corners, terminating in points, and connected by a gallery of half the height, surmounted by a balustrade, and having in the centre a gateway, over which the arms of Scotland are sculptured beneath a cupola in the form of a crown.

Adjoining the palace, at its north-east angle, are the ruins of the church of the former abbey of Holyrood. It was founded by David I., in 1128, by charter,—the original of which is still preserved in the archives of the city. The building, now in ruins, however, is of much more modern date, and was reduced to its present condition by the falling in of a new roof, in 1768, which had been placed upon the old walls a year or two previous. The eastern window, the mullions of which had been destroyed by a storm, has been restored, and is now entire. This church was long the royal chapel, and in its vault the remains of many of the Scottish kings and princes were deposited,—among others, those of Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary.

The apartments of this beautiful Queen, and the

scene of the tragic death of Rizzio, were visited by us after passing through the chapel and the old picture gallery—once a state-room of the pile,—containing the imaginary portraits of one hundred and eleven of the monarchs of Scotland. The scenes portrayed in the life of this princess, seem, when read in history, to be at least half romance; but when you enter the apartments once occupied by her, and gaze upon their furniture and decorations, unchanged in almost every respect, except by the slow and silent devastation of time, since the hour she left them,—pass through the doors, and tread the floor accustomed to her daily touch and step,—and are shown the blood-stained spots, said thus to have been dyed by the gore of the ill-fated Italian, you feel for the moment as if the tragedy were acted but yesterday, and not only alive to the reality of the facts, as they originated and exist, but are thrilled with a strange personal-like interest in their truth.

There is little of the splendour of a modern palace in these rooms. They are on the second floor,—are small in their dimensions, and consist of an audience chamber, bed-room, with a dressing-room without a fire-place, and the closet—twelve feet square,—in which the Queen, with the Countess of Argyle, and Rizzio was taking supper, when Darnley and his accomplices burst upon them from a secret door in the tower, communicating from the bed-room with the floor below.

The meditations irresistibly rising in the mind in view of these scenes, were full of instructive though melancholy interest, not unmingled with reprobation

and shame for the weakness, folly, and vice, which in all ages, and in all ranks, have too frequently marred the history of our race.

Charles X. ex-king of France and suite, including Henry V., as the young son of the Duchess de Berri styled, occupy at present, the south and east ranges of the quadrangle. There is no appearance, however, about the pile, of an existing regal residence, unless it be in a sentry here and there walking his "weary post." The exiled monarch is surrounded, notwithstanding, by many French families, and keeps quite a court near his person.

From Holyrood, we followed the street of the Canongate by the Tolbooth, and in its continuation by High street, the Lawn Market and Castle Hill, to the castle. In this we visited the Regalia of Scotland, in the Jewel room, and the small, dark, and wretched apartment, in which James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, was born. The rock on which the castle stands, is between three and four hundred feet above the sea, and forms a cliff-like termination to the hill on which the old town principally stands. It is accessible only on the east, in the direction of the city, all the other sides being perpendicular. The ramparts of the fortress overlook on every side, the whole surrounding scenery; and from them you can study as upon a map, the geography not only of both the old and new town, but of the entire country far and near, while at the same time you enjoy one of the most beautiful prospects in land and water, rocks, hills, valleys, and mountains adorned at many points

by noble and imposing exhibitions of architectural taste and beauty.

A regiment of soldiers with a fine band, were in parade in a lower court of the castle, and besides witnessing the drill of an hour, we were gratified with many soul-stirring pieces of martial music.

Dr. Chalmers is among those, at present absent from Edinburgh. One reason for making our arrangements so as to pass a Sabbath here, was that we might have an opportunity of listening to his eloquence from the pulpit. Disappointed in this, we yesterday morning directed our course to St. George's Chapel—the presbyterian cathedral, if it may be so styled—or the head church of the establishment in Edinburgh. We heard Mr. Martin, the pastor, but without any very special satisfaction. His sermon was good, but too scholastic and formal for my taste. In the afternoon, I attended at St. Giles' in the old town—the church in which the Solemn League and Covenant was subscribed and sworn to, in 1643. Dr. Gordon, a highly popular preacher of the city, gave us a sermon on the character and piety of Moses, marked with much eloquence and spirituality. The whole illustration of his subject was most happy, and its application pointed and impressive. Just after I had taken my seat in the gallery, my shoulder was touched from behind, as I at first supposed, by some officer of the church, to intimate that I had made some inadmissible appropriation of a place to myself; but on turning suddenly round, I was most happy to meet the grasp of an American friend in the Rev. Mr. Colton, whose recent work on the Revivals of

the United States, has attracted much notice on this side the Atlantic. It being our last day in Edinburgh, for the present, he accompanied me after worship, to our hotel for dinner, and passed the interval till the evening service, with Captain Bolton and myself.

LETTER XXXV.

STEPHENSTON AND YESTER.

Drive to Haddington by Porto Bello and Musselburgh—Arrival at Stephenston, and reception by Sir John, and Lady Sinclair—Characteristics of our host and hostess—Their family—Visit to the Marquess of Tweeddale—Yester House and grounds—Lady Tweeddale and children—A walk through the glen, to the ruins of the feudal Castle of the family—Hobgoblin Hall and the superstitious legend giving celebrity to it.

*Stephenston House, East Lothian,
July 31st, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

I RECOLLECT to have mentioned in a letter from London, that Captain Bolton met Sir John Gordon Sinclair at the palace of St. James. He is a post-captain in the royal navy, and commanded the British frigate Doris on the Peruvian station, when my friend was there in the U. S. ship Vincennes. They were on terms of intimacy and friendship in the Pacific; and Sir John was most cordial at court in his recognition of Captain Bolton, and in the reception given to me as his friend and travelling companion.

We pledged ourselves at the time, for a visit to him in Scotland, should Providence permit, before a late period of the summer. He then apprised us of a necessity on his part of going from home in August, to visit an estate at the extreme north of the kingdom.

We intended to have been in Edinburgh at an earlier date than that at which we arrived; and were fearful that we might be too late to find him at home. On reaching the city, however, a note in the post-office was waiting for us to hasten us onward, with the intelligence that he should not leave for Caithness till the third of the coming month; and would expect us at his seat twenty miles from the capital, for the intervening time. We accordingly took a post-chaise after breakfast yesterday for his residence, the mansion from which I now address you.

The day was one of the finest of the summer, and the drive along the south shore of the Frith of Forth through the villages of Porto Bello and Musselburgh, and thence by Tranent to Haddington, eighteen miles from Edinburgh, truly delightful. The whole range of country intervening between the bay, and the hills of Lammermoor, which bound the prospect, some fifteen or twenty miles to the south of it, is most richly cultivated, constituting the section of the country so well known for its agricultural luxuriance, under the interchangeable names of Haddingtonshire and East Lothian.

Stephenston is two miles eastward from the town of Haddington towards the sea; and it was four o'clock before we passed its gates. Sir John, with Lieut. Hay of the Royal Navy, a near relative of the family, who with a sister is at present here, was fishing for trout in the Tyne, a rapid though small stream flowing through the ground near his house; and, on perceiving our carriage, hastened to give us the true "Highland welcome" he had promised in

London. He is an open-hearted, intelligent, and noble-minded son of the ocean, and though nearly allied by birth and marriage to much of the most distinguished nobility of the United Kingdoms, is not less a nobleman by nature, than by blood. Stephenson House is the family mansion of the Baronets of the name and title, early inherited by him as the eighth in regular descent. It is an old and massive but plain quadrangle of stone, stuccoed and whitened. An hundred feet square, perhaps, with an area within, and three stories high. The country around is rich and beautiful, with some fine points of view from the house, but its situation, and that of the park and ground, are perfectly flat.

With Lady Sinclair we had been prepared from her character to be pleased. Her reception of us was most kind. She has been greatly distinguished for her beauty, is still youthful in her appearance and possessed of many personal advantages. She was a De Courcy, an only daughter of the late Hon. Admiral De Courcy, a brother of the Earl of Kinsale who enjoys exclusively you will recollect, the hereditary and Quaker privilege of wearing his hat in the presence of the king. Of Irish descent, and educated in France, she blends a native vivacity of mind with a polished frankness, sweetness and *naïveté* of manners, seldom found so delightfully united in the same individual.

Their family consists of six children, sons and daughters between the ages of eight and fourteen, all well-trained, intelligent and healthful, and apparently worthy, in heart and disposition, the warm

affection with which they are evidently regarded by them. Lieut. and Miss Hay, with the governess of the young ladies, are the only inmates of the family at present, besides Captain Bolton and myself.

Sir John laments that our visit is at a time when several of the most intimate of his friends and neighbours, particularly Lord Elcho, the eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss and March, whose estate adjoins Stephenston, are absent from home, and the family of at least one other in circumstances of affliction to prevent its members from going into society. We ourselves feel no anxiety on this point, and have hourly proof that we shall be abundantly gratified with our visit, should we see none others while here, but the home circle by which we are surrounded. Our friend, however, does not design that this shall be the case. Yesterday the Marquess of Tweeddale and Admiral Campbell, were invited to be at dinner on our arrival. The Admiral came; but Lord Tweeddale being prevented by guests at home, we were invited to accompany Sir John to Yester, the residence of that nobleman, some five miles distant, this morning, and were accordingly, driven over by him in a pony carriage after breakfast.

Yester House immediately adjoins the town of Gifford of which the Marquess is the proprietor, and which gives the title of Earl to his eldest son. Its gates open beautifully, at the end of a street lined with old trees, into a bright glade through which the drive gracefully winds, with an abrupt and charmingly wooded hill on the one hand, and a noisy brawling stream of pure water on the other, its banks

being overhung with stately beech trees whose branches feather gracefully to the lawn on one side, while they dip their foliage in the playful water on the other, and throw their dark shadows widely over the velvet turf, brightly gleaming around. This is the general character of the approach for nearly a mile, though constantly increasing in beauty till the house opens to the eye in fine effect over a bridge crossing the water, with a loveliness and variety of foliage on one side on the level and up the side hill, and a display of majestic old trees in the park on the other, which I have seldom seen surpassed.

The mansion, now undergoing extensive and great improvements, is a massive quadrangle of stone presenting a fine front, in the direction of Gifford. It was erected about a hundred years since by Adams, is plain but spacious, with a central projection ornamented with pilasters, and circular windows, and has a pediment embellished with sculpture, and surmounted by carved figures. The roof to which the present alterations are to extend, is in bad taste however, and one of two wings originally attached to the main building, little to its beauty, has been removed, and the other is soon also to be taken down.

Besides Lord and Lady Tweeddale, we met in the drawing-room Lady Jane and Lord John Hay, a sister and brother of the marquess, Hon. Mr. Hamilton of the ducal family of that name, a niece of the Earl of Dalhousie, and Gen. Sir Robert Scott, of the East India Company's service. The marchioness, a cousin of Sir John Sinclair, is a daughter of the Duke of Manchester. She is an uncommonly fine

looking woman, of sedate but pleasing and simple manners, and would scarce be thought more than twenty-five years of age, though the mother of ten children, the eldest being now sixteen.

When we entered the dining-room to lunch, at half past one o'clock, eight of these were already there at a table in the centre of the apartment, with a tutor and governess to preside, while that spread for the adult company was laid at one end, presenting in the healthfulness and vivacity of their looks, and simplicity of dress and manners, a most pleasing groupe. They seldom eat at the same table with the family, have early hours for their meals, this at which we were present being the dinner, and are served with the simplest diet, both in kind and variety, perhaps two dishes of plainly dressed meat, two of vegetables, and a dessert of pudding or something of the kind.

On leaving the dining-room, we directed our way to the stabling, to see the favourite hunters of the Marquess. Charles, the eldest son of Sir John Sinclair, a lad of ten, had accompanied us from Stephenston, on a pony, the good qualities of which had been commented upon after our arrival, in the hearing of Lord Gifford, a young gentleman about the same age. As we were approaching the stables, the latter came running towards me, full of spirit and buoyancy, with the confident exclamation—"You, Mr. Stewart, I know will go to see my pony, after papa has shown his hunters;—he is a nice animal, and handsomer, I think, than my cousin Charles's." "To be sure I will," was my reply, and we at once

became great friends ; and after admiring his portrait individually in him a sprightly and interesting personal cicerone during the rest of our observations.

Lord John Hay, and Admiral Campbell, who had joined us, afterwards walked a mile and a half to the retired and beautiful glen in the rear of the house to the ruins of the ancient feudal castle of the Lords of Gifford, the ancestors of the family. Scott, with his magic touch, has, in *Marmion*, now stamped it with an interest never known before, or at least, in a very limited degree, by recording with its name a legend of superstition, early attached to it. In the beginning of the third canto of that poem, he thus introduces his hero to the vicinity of Yester :

“ The livelong day Lord Marmion rode,
The mountain path the Palmer trod,—
By glen and streamlet winded still,
Where stunted birches hid the rill.
The noon had long been passed before
They gained the height of Lammermoor ;
Thence winding down the northern way,
Before them, at the close of day,
Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.”

And after establishing him at the inn for the night, in the host's tale, gives the origin of the name of “Hobgoblin Hall,”—by which the ruin has long been known—in the following lines :

———“ Sir Hugo, then, our Lord,—
A braver never drew a sword ;
A wiser never at the hour
Of midnight spoke the word of power.

The same whom ancient records call
The founder of the GOBLIN HALL.

I would, sir knight, your longer stay ;—
Gave you that cavern to survey ;
Of lofty roof, and ample size,—
Beneath the castle deep it lies ;
To hew the living rock profound,
The floor to pave, the arch to round,
There never toil'd a mortal arm,—
It all was wrought by word and charm ;
And I have heard my grandsire say,
That the wild clamour and affray
Of those dread artizans of hell,
Who labour'd under Hugo's spell,
Sounded as loud as ocean's roar,
Among the caverns of Dunbar !”

The ruin occupies the summit of a high and precipitous bank, jutting out in a kind of peninsula, at the head of the glen, and overhanging the stream flowing through it. It is surrounded by a thick wood, above which one or two old towers alone are seen occasionally to peep. The apartment within it, which is indebted to magical artizans for its construction, is a spacious and lofty arched hall, almost entirely subterranean, and now almost filled with rubbish and parts of the ruin, though the arch itself is still unbroken. It was entered by a descent of twenty-four steps, and is said to have communicated through a deep pit at the bottom of another stair, with the waters of the stream below. Hugh Gifford de Yester died within it in 1267 ; and it is traditionally memorable as the last fortification in

this country, which surrendered to General Grant when sent into Scotland by the Protector Somerset.

The day has been one of the finest, in point of weather, of the season, and the walk through the park and glen, enlivened by its babbling waters, was delightful. We reached Stephenston only in time to dress for dinner, at which, with Admiral Campbell, we met Mr. Holden, of Haddington, an intelligent and travelled gentleman, long interested in the Northwest Fur Company, and who was in the United States with Captain Franklin, on his return from the polar regions.

LETTER XXXVI.

A MORNING DRIVE IN LOTHIAN.

Biell the seat of Mrs. Nesbit—Description of the mansion and grounds—Reception by Captain Mansel and Mrs. Nesbit—Déjeuné and examination of the establishment—Mrs. Ferguson's drive—Arrival at the ruins of Tantallon Castle—Correctness and beauty of Scott's description of it in Marmion—Sea view from it including the Bass Rock—Golf-club of Haddington Shire—Account of the game of Golf—The King's body-guard of archers—Return to Stephenston—Conversational powers and manners of Lady Sinclair.

*Stephenston House, East Lothian,
August 1, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

The carriage was at the door this morning at an early hour after breakfast, for the circuit of a principal part of East Lothian;—our party consisting of Captain Bolton, and Sir John, Lieut. Hay, and myself.

Stephenston House is about eight miles westward from the sea; and our first route from it was eastward along the Tyne, toward the German Ocean, through a rich country loaded with luxuriant crops of almost every growth. At the end of five or six miles we entered the gates of Biell, the residence of Mrs. Nesbit, a lady of affluence and family distinction in the neighbourhood. Like Yester, it is situated in a small valley or glen, enlivened by a rapid

stream, and ornamented on either hand by plantations, and a fine park, extending over the hills both on the north and south.

The mansion, an embattled and castellated edifice, is a modern structure of light-coloured freestone in the florid Gothic style, erected on the site of an old castle of the name, on the brow of a hill, from which in the rear a succession of terraces lead down the bank to a shrubbery and lawn in the glen, overlooked with its stream and bridges by the principal suite of rooms. It presents an imposing and beautiful facade in the exterior view, both in front and rear; and within, exhibits the most perfect keeping, as a whole, of any mansion yet examined by us. The venerable mistress of the establishment was taking the air in a garden carriage, when we arrived, and we were received in the grounds by her nephew, Capt. Manzel of the army, his lady, and Miss Manzel, a sister. This gentleman became our conductor through the glen, and to a high point beautifully wooded in the park, from which we enjoyed a fine view of the castle and the surrounding country. The whole is in good taste, and a perfection of keeping.

On our return to the house at the end of half an hour, or more, we were received in the drawing-room by Mrs. Nesbit, seated upon a divan, without rising. She is more than eighty years of age, but still full of vivacity and sprightliness, and was most courteous to Captain Bolton and myself as strangers. Notwithstanding her age, she presents a most striking resemblance to a full length portrait taken when a girl of seventeen or eighteen, which forms one of the

ornaments of the drawing-room, and proves her to have been then possessed of uncommon beauty, and in a small horse-shoe bonnet of white satin, and dress in other respects equally antique, afforded a striking specimen, in her manner and whole appearance of a lady of rank of the "old school."

At half past one o'clock an elegant *déjeuné* or second breakfast, was served in the dining-room, after which we were shown the entire establishment from the sleeping apartment and dressing-room of Mrs. Nesbit herself, through a long succession of others for the accommodation of company, to the scullery, including the nursery of Mrs. Manzel's children, the butler's and the house-keeper's rooms, servant's hall, plate room, kitchen, laundry, dairy and meat-house. The principal suite consists, besides a beautiful entrance to the dining-room, of an ante-room, drawing-room, library, and conservatory; and throughout the whole there is a completeness of comfort, and a perfection of neatness and good-keeping, which I have never seen equalled; not a spot was to be seen even where the servants were busily engaged in their ordinary occupations, in which any one might not willingly have taken a repast.

We left by a long, straight avenue of great beauty, on the north, almost as imposing in its effect, as the long walk at Windsor, called "Mrs. Ferguson's drive," after an only daughter of Mrs. Nesbit, the wife of Lord Elgin, of marble memory, during his embassy at Constantinople, and now the lady of a member of parliament of her present name.

Our next point was the ruins of Tantallon Castle, indebted so much in its modern interest to the genius of Scott in *Marmion*. The early morning had been rather hazy, but while at luncheon at Biell, there had been a light shower, and now the atmosphere was delightfully clear, and afforded distinct views of the country in every direction, especially of the different "Laws" or bold and isolated rocks of which this section is peculiarly marked, and of Dore Hill near the town of Dunbar, from which Cromwell enticed the Scottish general Leslie to his defeat when he exclaimed, with characteristic phraseology, on seeing the encampment of the hill given up, "The Lord hath delivered his enemies into our hands."

Tantallon occupies a high rock jutting into the sea, about two miles east of North Berwick. It is not seen at any great distance, however, from the elevation of land near the coast. It was a principal stronghold of the Douglass family in the days of chivalry and baronial pride, but reduced to a ruin by the Covenanters in 1639, its then proprietor the Marquess of Douglass, being a supporter of the royal cause. Immediately opposite to it, at a distance of two or three miles stands "the Bass" as it is called, a bold and seemingly inaccessible island of rock, its base constantly lashed with breakers, in the spray of which the gull and gannet are seen sporting as if the only tenants of its cliffs. The isle of May, in the distance on the extreme left, with a coasting vessel here and there, and the wide sea were the only other objects in view.

The hour is now too late, it being long past midnight, to scribble the musings of my mind, while gazing upon this relic of feudal grandeur and power, and prying into its nooks and cells, dark passages and dungeons, and clambering up its crumbling towers. Scott's description of it in *Marmion*, like all others from his pen whether in prose or verse, is true to life, in its minutest details; and more happy than the picture it presents than any that can be drawn by another.

“ I said Tantallon's dizzy steep,
Hung o'er the margin of the deep.
Many a rude tower and rampart there,
Repell'd the insult of the air,
Which when the tempest vexed the sky,
Half breeze, half spray came whistling by.
Above the rest, a turret square
Did o'er its gothic entrance bear,
Of sculpture rude a stony shield;
The Bloody Heart was in the field;
And in the Chief three mullets stood
The cognizance of Douglas blood.
A parapet's embattled row
Did seaward round the Castle go,
And where soe'er it faced the land,
Gate works and walls were strongly manned;
No need upon the seagirt side—
The steepy rock and frantic tide
Approach of human step denied;
And thus these lines and ramparts rude,
Were left in deepest solitude.”

In recurring, as we stood beneath the arched entrance of the ruin, to the description of *Marmion's* escape from the castle, after having

"——bearded the lion in his den
The Douglas in his hall!"

it required little imagination to fancy the hero at
his charger springing from under the falling portcu-
lis and over the rising bridge

"with such scanty room,
The bars, descending, grazed his plume;"

and to witness the taunts and menaces of deadly hate
poured by either party on the other alternately from
the battlements and the plain.

It was intended when we left Biell, that our drive
should be continued to North Berwick at the mouth
of the Frith. The Golf-club of the county had as-
sembled for the morning there, and Sir John was de-
sirous that we should meet the company, and have
an opportunity of witnessing the game. It became
too late, however, before we were willing to turn
away from the varied interest and wild sea-view of
Tantallon; and for the time, we are content with a
description of the sport. The Golf is an amusement
peculiar to Scotland—it is not dissimilar, however,
to the game practised at the schools and colleges of
America, called "bandy." Here it is of very remote
antiquity, and like archery, has been revived very ex-
tensively as a fashionable exercise and pastime.
"The parties are one, two, or more, on each side.
The balls used are extremely hard, and about the size
of a tennis-ball; and the club with which the ball is
struck, formed of ash, is slender and elastic, having a
crooked head, faced with horn, and loaded with lead
to render it heavy. The balls are struck by the clubs

into small holes about a quarter of a mile distant from one another, and he or they who convey the ball into these holes in succession with the fewest strokes, is declared the victor."

The ball, it is said, can be sent by a skilful and muscular player, to an astonishing distance; and an anecdote is related of a gentleman, who upon a wager struck one from the Castle Hill in Edinburgh, into the highest part of the garrison, a height of above two hundred feet.

Before the invention of gunpowder, when archery formed a necessary part of training for war, the Scots were greatly inferior in the use of the bow and arrow to the English, so famed in this respect. James I. of Scotland, while a prisoner in England noticed this fact, and on his restoration to Scotland, and to the throne of his father in 1424, immediately procured an act of parliament, enjoining all his subjects from the age of twelve and upwards, to apply themselves frequently to the exercise of shooting with the bow and arrow, and directing *bow-butts* to be set up, and places for this practice to be marked out near all parish churches, and upon every estate the rent of which amounted to £10. of the money of that time. Ever since, it has been more or less practised—till superseded by fire-arms—as a necessary defence in battle and afterwards as an amusement.

The most remarkable association of archers now existing, is that called "the king's Body-Guard" at Edinburgh. It was formed in 1676, by a company of nobles and gentlemen, for the purpose of reviving the practice, which had fallen into disuse, and has

been continued with little interruption to its annual meetings and prizes, ever since. During the visit of George IV. to Scotland after his coronation, this company performed the actual duties of a body-guard to their sovereign, receiving as an escort on his landing at Leith, flanking the throne on the presentation of the addresses delivered to him, and lining the state-rooms of Holyrood, during the levees, and drawing-room held in the Northern Capital.

It was near night when we arrived again at Stephenston to dinner, by a drive sweeping in a different direction from that by which we reached Tantallon. Along much of the road we were delighted with varying and lovely views of the whole valley of the Lothians, from the Pentland Hills beyond Edinburgh twenty-five or thirty miles distant in the west, to the German Ocean in the east, and from the hills of Lammermoor on the south, to the mountains of Fife-shire, across the waters of the Forth, in the north.

Lady Sinclair possesses the finest spirits; and during dinner, and afterwards on our joining her in the drawing-room, was so fascinating in her conversation, that we lost even the music of the harp and piano, with which the young ladies and their governess had entertained us on the previous evenings. She in former years saw much of the first circles of France; and gave us the most lively pictures of its society in varied phases. The vivacity and sweetness of her manner are delightful, and her powers of description admirable. No portraiture which I have ever listened to, or read, gave to me so perfect an image of

female beauty and loveliness, as one drawn by her in the liveliest feelings of affection, of a young friend of rank, now in Paris, from whom circumstances have but lately separated her, and whose history in its vicissitudes, is perfectly a "romance of real life."

LETTER XXXVII.

TRAVEL FROM STEPHENSTON TO STIRLING.

Take leave of Sir John and Lady Sinclair—Lieutenant and Y Hay—Irish harvest gatherers—Gosford House—Collection paintings—Garden and shrubbery—Variety of aquatic birds—Aviary, and golden and silver pheasants—Earl and Countess Wemyss, and the Ladies Charteris—Lord Elcho—Drive Edinburgh—Visit to the University—Leith—Comparison between the travelling by steamboats in Britain and America—Passage up the Forth—Lady Elgin—Arrival at Stirling—The old town—View from the Castle Rock—The Castle.

*Red Lion, Stirling,
August 4th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

OUR leave-taking of Sir John Sinclair and family would have been truly painful but for the anticipation of again seeing them, during a visit we have promised to the Marquess of Tweeddale, on our return from the north, a month hence. Lieutenant Hay and his sister left the same day for the residence of their father, Hay of Spott, in the neighbourhood of Dunbar,—he a sedate, unaffected, and kind-hearted young sailor, and she an animated and intelligent girl of eighteen—with both of whom we have formed quite an acquaintance.

Gosford House, a seat of the Earl of Wemyss and March, is situated some six or seven miles from Stephenston, on the shore of the Frith of Forth. We

are invited to take it in our way to Edinburgh, principally to see one of the choicest collections of paintings in Scotland—Sir John accompanying us on horseback, to add to his other kind attentions that of an introduction to the Earl and Countess, and their family.

The harvest of the rich agricultural region of this section of the kingdom, is just about to commence. During it, as to England, thousands of the poor Irish flock, besides great numbers of labourers from the Highlands; and we now met crowds of them along the road, seeking employment from the proprietors and farmers of the vicinity. The competition in the steamboats crossing the Irish sea, at various points, has been such this season, that the regular charge for passage is only sixpence sterling, whereas it previously has been three shillings and more. Whole families—men, women, and children,—come over; and there were not less than a hundred persons, of every age, hanging about the gates, as we drove out, waiting for the ringing of the bell for the servants' dinner, when Sir John had ordered that they should be admitted to a gratuitous meal. I never saw so ragged, squalid, and miserable a looking set of creatures,—though, it is said, and perhaps with truth, that many disfigure themselves intentionally with rags and clothes "all tattered and torn," the more surely to secure the sympathy of those from whom they seek employment.

We arrived at Gosford about one o'clock. The father of the present Earl erected a noble mansion of Grecian architecture, the grand suite of apart-

ments in which, was designed principally for the exhibition of his pictures to the best advantage. Unfortunately the stone proved of such a nature, and the sand in which it was put up, taken from the shore near, so unsuitable from its moisture, and tendency to accumulate dampness, that it was scarce finished before it became necessary to abandon it as a residence. It is now left standing only for the accommodation of a part of the paintings, till an addition being made to the old mansion house for their reception shall be completed.

Lord Wemyss is an invalid, and begged Sir John to be our cicerone, and do the honours of the place for him. Our first attention was directed to the pictures. A principal part of them still remains in three state-rooms, but otherwise unfurnished rooms, opening into each other, in the structure referred to, though many of the smaller, and some of the most valuable of them are now transferred to the walls of the drawing and ante-rooms of the present dwelling-house. As a whole, the collection, though less numerous than many we have seen, ranks decidedly among the most perfect and most choice. Some of the pieces are truly fascinating; and you find yourself irresistibly drawn to them again and again, after having before given, as you had thought, the last possible moment to them. A St. John, as the good shepherd, leading his flock, by Murillo, is of this character, and has left an image and a moral in my mind which I trust I shall not soon forget. The principal masters whose works are here met, are Claude Lorraine,—for one of whose landscapes, of only a cabinet size, the Earl

has been offered six thousand guineas,—Salvator Rosa, Leonardo, Da Vinci, Murillo, Rembrandt, Rubens, Snyder, Cuyp, and Vanderveld.

From viewing the paintings, we entered an extensive pleasure-ground and shrubbery, arranged and embellished in novel and beautiful taste. The whole is of artificial formation, at very great expense, close by the margin of the sea ; and is quite a labyrinth of groves and walks, ornamented with fountains, statues, and grottoes of every kind of material, shell-work, roots, and thatch. These are scattered among sheets of water, opening beautifully at different points, on which various kinds of water fowl and aquatic animals, native and foreign, are seen sailing amid white and yellow water-lilies, and other similar plants.

We had almost lost our way in this succession of objects of interest and beauty, when a call was heard, and repeated again and again, from a distant part of the grounds, which was soon recognized by Sir John as that of his friend, Lord Elcho, who had just arrived from Fifeshire, on the way to his seat, near Stephenston. The signal being returned, he was soon enabled to find us. He seems a cordial, warm-hearted, and intelligent man ; and after introducing a young gentleman, who was with him,—Mr. Forbes, of Callender House, who is soon to lead one of his sisters to the altar,—conducted us to an aviary, for a sight, among other birds, of a number of beautiful golden and silver pheasants.

On returning to the house, and entering the dining-room to luncheon, in addition to the gentlemen, we had the company of the Countess and her daughters,

—Lady Jane, Lady Caroline, and Lady Louisa Charteris. Like most other ladies of their rank, whom we have met, we found them more simple dress, more unaffected in manners, and more accessible in conversation, than many possessing far more pretensions to a boast of blood, and the glory of a name.

Lord Wemyss, a gentleman of the old school, was most amiable and polite in his attentions, begging to remain the day and night at Gosford, and extending the invitation to a visit on our return from the Highlands. Lord Elcho also asked for a day at Amerfield, when we should be again in Lothian. He is himself soon to set off for a week with a friend in the north, to whom we have letters; and when parting from us, in expressing a hope that he might meet us there, said, should this not be the case, he would at least prepare for us a "highland welcome."

The gates and lodge by which we left this mansion open immediately on the beach, and the view of the Forth sweeping widely inland both to the right and left, in the beauty and brightness of the day, encircled by hills, with Edinburgh in the centre, and Arthur's seat, the Castle Rock, and Calton Hill and its monuments, arranged near, as if by an artist for the best effect in a picture, was as beautiful in its outlines and colouring, as almost anything I have seen in any part of the world; and called forth, both from Captain Bolton and myself, repeated exclamations of admiration. The light blue smoke of the city spread a kind of transparent veil over the Castle Rock

and fortress by which it is surmounted, which, without obscuring, imparted an aerial character to it, not unlike that of an imaginary palace floating against the sky. The whole drive of sixteen miles to the city of Preston Pans, the scene of the celebrated battle of the name in which the good, and brave Col. Gardiner fell, and by the towns of Musselburgh and Porto Bello, was as varied and delightful in its features of beauty and objects of interest, as any we have recently taken.

Yesterday morning, before leaving Edinburgh a second time, we looked in upon the old parliament house, out of regard to its associations of historic interest, and then visited the university. It is vacation, however, in this long celebrated and learned institution; and we had only an exterior view of the massive and noble quadrangle of stone, in which the lectures of its distinguished professors are delivered, and its library, museum, &c. contained. The design of the present structure was given by Robert Adam, as early as 1789, but the pile remained in an unfinished state till some fifteen or sixteen years since, and has only recently been completed.

Mr. Grieve, the American Consul for Leith, had left his card with us before our visit in East Lothian, and we returned the call in the afternoon, on our way to the steamboat wharf at that port, to embark for this place. Leith is quite a neat and pretty town, particularly in its modern sections, and now is but a continuation of Edinburgh, to the waters of the Frith. It possesses several fine piers, but has little appearance of an active commercial port. We met Mr. Grieve at a principal coffee house of

the place, in which he politely showed us a reading room, and a suite of rooms in the same building where the assemblies held in the place during the winter.

At three o'clock we, for a first time in Great Britain, commenced a trip by steam on board the "Stirling Castle," plying daily between Stirling and Leith. The ill accommodations for embarking, the long delay in starting after the appointed time, and a deficiency, and entire absence indeed, of the appearance of neatness, comfort and elegance characterizing the boats of this kind in all parts of the United States, made us at once sensible that if this were a sample of the accommodation and style of travelling by steam in the kingdom, we, in America, were as far in advance of them in this mode of performing a journey, as they in England and Scotland are of us in the excellence of their roads, and the general comfort of their stage coaches. The table laid, and the dinner served upon it, was scarce superior to those which would be found by an accidental passenger on board what are called "tow-boats" with us; and such as keen appetites only could have made tolerable.

The sail up the Forth must on a fine day be beautiful. But the weather now was cloudy and dull; and much of the bold and mountainous scenery in the distance, adding greatly as we are told to its general effect, was lost. The shores are lined with rich farms, and ornamented at short distances by many handsome parks and seats, belonging to the gentry and nobility, particularly those of the Earl of Hopetown, the Earl of Dunmore, Lord Elgin, &c. &c. Lady Elgin, ac-

accompanied by a couple of young gentlemen, came on board in a boat from her place. There was little in her personal appearance or manner that would indicate the titled lady; and those who judge the rank of others principally by the dress in which they appear, would have been still more deceived. In a coarse woollen cloak of the Rob Roy tartan, and a common looking straw bonnet, she would in America scarcely have been acknowledged as a compeer by the plainest housewife in the country. The knowledge that hers was a marriage after a divorce, in the case of one of the parties—instances of which are so common in the British peerage—caused us, it is probable, to be more particular in our observations of her ladyship, than we otherwise might have been; and notwithstanding a first impression from her general appearance, it was very evident to us before reaching Stirling, that she was a person of strong points of character and of no inferior mind.

As we approached Stirling, the Ochil hills on the right at a distance of three or four miles, added much to the beauty of the scenery, while the Castle, and rock upon which it is situated, very similar in their general features and aspect to those of Edinburgh, are fine objects to the eye, many miles before reaching them. The river for the last few miles is exceedingly serpentine—so much so, that the distance by water from Alloa is twenty miles, while in a direct line, it measures scarce six—and the banks low and marshy. At low water the steamboat cannot approach the city nearer than three miles, and we disembarked from it at that distance, and entered a large

flat-bottomed row-boat, for the remainder of the day's travel.

We made little observation of the town last night. The old parts lie chiefly on the ridge of a hill ascending gradually from the east till it terminates abruptly in the west in the precipices of rock on which the Castle stands like a crown. It has an old, crowded, and not very cleanly or flourishing appearance in these sections of it; but around the bases of the hill along the roads leading in different directions, there are many modern, tasteful, and even elegant residences.

The morning has been as favourable for a view of the scenery and famed prospect from the Castle rock as the afternoon and evening were the reverse; and we have passed an hour or two upon the platform and parapets of the fortress, and in gazing from so varied points, on the richness and beauty of landscape with great delight; and till, with Macneal, in his poem of the "Links o' Forth," we were tempted to exclaim—

"O! grander far than Windsor's brow!
And sweeter, too, the vale below,
Where Forth's unrivall'd windings flow
Through varied grain,
Bright'ning, I ween, wi' glittering glow
Strevlina's plain.

There, raptur'd, trace (enthron'd on hie)
The landscape stretching on the ee
Frae Grampian's height down to the sea
(A dazzling view,)
Corn, meadow, mansion, water, tree,
In varying hue!"

On the east, the view extends down the valley or strath of the Forth, with a great display of agricultural richness and beauty along the windings of the river as far as the eye can reach, and even to Edinburgh itself. On the west it is scarce less extensive, and more bold and imposing in its termination in the lofty summits of Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi, and Ben Venue; while on the north, are the wild elevations of the Ochil Hills, and in the south the verdant and smooth swellings of the Campsie Fells.

Unnumbered associations of interest are connected with the Castle. Its history, indeed, would be a history of the kingdom. For a thousand years, it was a central point in all the wars and contentions of the northern and southern sections of the Island; and around and in it many of the most memorable and bloody battles on record in the annals of the nation, have been fought. It has witnessed many a scene of revelry and joy; and one act, at least, of tragedy and horror, in the murder of the Earl of Douglas, by James II., equalled by few in the history of regal treachery and bloodshed.

A regiment of Highlanders garrisoned in the Castle gave us a first opportunity of seeing their national costume in the land of their fathers. There are some beautiful walks cut in the side of the rock on the south, and overhung with trees, and overlooking the former tilting ground, and place of tournaments on the plain below. This now was enlivened to the eye, by the gathering of two cricket clubs, one of Stirling, and another of Glasgow,—which had come twenty-six miles, on a challenge from the

former, for a trial of their skill in this active and popular game. Had it been our intention to remain here during the day, we might have taken a nearer view of their sport, than from the "Lair of the Rock"—so called, from being that on which the ladies of the court in "olden times," were accustomed to assemble, to witness the contest of the knights below—but this is not the case. We are to take a coach, now momentarily expected to pass through the park, and which to be in readiness to mount, I must abruptly close my present date.

LETTER XXXVIII.

ARRIVAL AT CUMBERNAULD HOUSE.

The Flemings and Elphinstones of Cumbernauld—Hon. Admiral Fleming—His politics and character—Mrs. Fleming and family—Cumbernauld House and guests—Village kirk and congregation—Dissenters and field preaching—Drive to Kirkintullock—Graham's Dyke—and vestiges of the Roman possession—Drive to Glasgow—Prevalence of the Cholera—General view of the city—Col. and Mrs. Elphinstone—Visit to the Carron Iron works—Dunipace—Larbert House and Church—Processes and furnaces at the Foundry—Battle ground at Falkirk—Return to Cumbernauld—Sir James Colquhoun.

*Cumbernauld House, Dumbartonshire,
August 8th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

THE estate from which my present letter is addressed to you, has for hundreds of years been the patrimonial inheritance of the Flemings, a family whose blood, in the male line, terminated in the last Earl of Wigtoun. The only daughter of this nobleman having married the then Lord Elphinstone, it became entailed in that family, on condition that the inheritor should, with the possessions, assume the surname of Fleming.

Hon. Admiral Fleming the present proprietor, a descendant from this marriage, is the second son of the late, and an uncle of the present Lord Elphinstone. He was in London during the month Cap-

tain Bolton and myself were there, and with a hospitality which is proverbial; engaged us to visit at Cumbernauld, when we should be in Scotland. Captain Bolton wrote to him from Stephenston, that we should, if he were at home, be with him to dine on the 4th inst., after sleeping in Stirling the preceding night: and such was his attention to the matter that we not only received a message from him by a gentleman who joined the steamboat some miles below the town, expressing the pleasure he should take in welcoming us, but on landing, found Mr. Balfour, a naval friend, waiting to conduct us to rooms already engaged at the hotel, and with two letters from the admiral, to offer his services in showing us any attention we might wish while in Stirling.

Our host, is at present, most busily occupied canvassing for votes in Stirlingshire, as a reform candidate for Parliament, in opposition to Mr. Forbes of Callender House, the young gentleman met by us at Lord Wemyss'. Apprised that he would unavoidably be occupied in this service on the day appointed for our arrival till the hour of dinner, we did not leave Stirling till some time in the afternoon, and reached Cumbernauld, twelve miles from it, just as the admiral had dismounted from his horse, after the ride of the day. He is between fifty and sixty years of age, tall and dignified in his figure, and of simple but polished manners—still bears striking evidence of having been uncommonly handsome in early manhood, is of strong and intelligent mind, popular in his address, and of great political influence in this section of the kingdom.

We were received by him on the lawn with great cordiality and kindness, and after an introduction to Sir Thomas Livingston, Sir Gilbert Stirling, Colonel Hamilton, R. A., and Captain Deare, R. N., who were near him, and are guests with us at his table, were conducted to the drawing-room, to Mrs. Fleming and her daughter, and Miss Thompson, a clever and accomplished girl, a near relative of the admiral's from the neighbouring county of Clackmannar. Mrs. Fleming is a Spanish lady,—an Andalusian,—partaking in no small degree, of the beauty and vivacity for which her countrywomen are famed. She is yet scarce thirty years, and would be taken for an elder sister, rather than for the mother of Miss Fleming, who is already entering into society, with full claims in intelligence, and maturity of character, for a share in the attentions expected from it. John Elphinstone, a son of thirteen, and three younger daughters, with the Rev. Mr. Patrick, the tutor, and Miss Powell, the governess—who form a part of the drawing-room circle in the evening—constitute the remaining inmates of the household.

The house is a fine, elevated, and spacious mansion of stone, in Grecian architecture, erected near a hundred years since, from a design by Adam the elder. It stands in a park, on the acclivity of a finely wooded glen, and has a spacious hall, and an old staircase leading to the drawing-room, wainscoted with cedar, and a library, in similar finish, adjoining it. Some of the trees around it are of uncommon age and beauty.

The village of Cumbernauld is scarce a quarter of

a mile distant, on the opposite side of the public road from Stirling, which branches into two near it,—one leading on the right towards Glasgow, and the other on the left, into Lanarkshire. The family attend its kirk; and on the Sabbath, the weather being fine, we had a first opportunity of meeting a country congregation in Scotland. The assembling of the people was an interesting sight. With the exception of the admiral's carriage, not a vehicle or horse was to be seen, but long lines of people, of both sexes, and of every age, marked the roads and pathways, in every direction, reminding me forcibly of scenes of a similar character among the islanders of the South Seas, each person here, as there, carrying with them in their hands or pockets, small editions of the Bible, and hymn books.

The kirk, a low old building of stone, is small and badly constructed, and more rude in its whole aspect than almost any house of worship I ever noticed in America, even in the most remote and obscure sections of the country. The whole congregation, with the exception of a family or two occupying pews near that of the admiral, was of a corresponding exterior, and most humble and rustic in their apparent character. Most of those in it belonging to the village, are manufacturers,—principally weavers of damask and diaper linen for tablecloths and napkins, articles of which of the finest texture, and the greatest beauty, are daily exhibited on the table of our host, the workmanship of the humble tenants of his village.

The seats of honour in the kirks are in the galle-

ries. These are entered at Cumbernauld by flights of stone steps on the outside of the building; and the pew of the admiral, lined and carpeted, and furnished with chairs in place of wooden seats, occupies the entire front of that opposite the pulpit. The present incumbent at the manse, is an old bachelor, and by no means an interesting preacher, if the sermon of the day be a fair specimen. The people seemed attentive, but not strikingly devout; and the psalm-singing was anything but harmonious.

The Presbyterian Church, under the direction of the General Assembly, is here, you know, the established church, while the Episcopalians, as well as the Burghers, and Anti-Burghers, and other sectarians are styled "Dissenters." There was field-preaching just across the park, by some class of these in the afternoon—and I attended. The collection of people amounted only to some two or three hundred. There was great order and propriety in their whole appearance,—some standing, some being seated on the turf, and others lying down on the side of a gentle rise of ground, at the foot of which, the preacher, in a rough wooden box or stand, delivered an excellent and impressive discourse. Each individual, male and female, almost without exception, was furnished with a small Bible, in which the illustrations and arguments from Scripture, of the speaker, were followed with a facility which indicated a perfect familiarity with the volume. The exercises were continued by different ministers till sunset, the people, especially the younger portions, going and coming during the time at their pleasure, and not un-

frequently, as I observed, directing their way to an inn, belonging to the admiral, and kept by a former butler of his establishment, just at hand.

Field-preaching, though so very orderly, is here regarded by those of the established church in general, much in the light in which many with us look upon the camp-meetings, common in the United States; and Sir Gilbert Stirling was the only one in the company who felt disposed to join me in attendance upon it.

Admiral Fleming is so deeply engaged at present in the politics of this and the adjoining counties, that he is necessarily sometimes off before the breakfast hour, to meet some appointment in reference to the subject, or to effect some object important to the success of the cause he so warmly espouses. This was the case on Monday; and Mrs. Fleming was kind enough to take us a drive of some twenty miles in the morning, going by one route to Kirkintullock and returning by another along the Campsie Hills and by Kilsyth. Kirkintullock is a very ancient town,—its charter having been granted by William the Lion, King of Scots, to the Lord of Cumbernauld, in 1170. Near it, as is likewise the case in the intervening distance to Cumbernauld, there are vestiges of the celebrated Roman wall, known by the name of "Graham's Dyke," from having been first broken through, it is said, by a heroic clansman of the name.

This work extended from Abercorn on the Frith of Forth, to Dunglass on the Frith of Clyde, and was erected as a barrier against the unconquered

Caledonians of the north in their incursions upon the Roman dominions of the south. It was first projected by Agricola, and completed by the Roman Prætor serving under Antoninus Pius. It was forty feet in width, with a ditch of great depth and width in front, and besides a fort or station at every half mile for its defence, was so marked out as to have the additional security of a chain of impassable morasses before it. A section of it is quite traceable near the town of Cumbernauld: and not far distant near an old structure called Castle Carey, now occupied as a farmhouse, are the remains of a Roman camp, from which, calcined wheat has within a few years been dug.

Yesterday the Admiral was engaged to attend a political meeting, some miles beyond Glasgow, fourteen miles south-westward from his residence, and the ladies and several gentlemen, ourselves among others, accompanied him half the distance, for a drive.

When we started, Captain Bolton and myself had no thought of proceeding farther, but the admiral proposed that we should go as far as Glasgow, for a peep at the town, though the cholera is prevailing with great fatality in it, and take an afternoon coach in time to return to dinner, which is seldom served earlier than eight o'clock. We accordingly kept our seats in his phaeton as far as that city.

It is the most populous, next to London, in the United Kingdoms; and its public buildings and streets, though destitute of the aristocratic air and magnificence of those of Edinburgh, are altogether more striking and impressive, than I had expected to

find them. We saw almost everything, however, at great disadvantage. There had been sixty and eighty deaths from the cholera on the two preceding days, and more than a hundred new cases on each; and an air of anxiety and gloom was perceptible in the streets, many of which were being washed and purified, and others seemed entirely deserted, little calculated to make a happy impression on the feelings and memory. The tower and spire of its ancient and lofty cathedral and a column surmounted by a statue of King James are conspicuous objects in entering it in the direction we came, and its new exchange is one of the most rich and beautiful specimens of corinthian architecture we have seen in Great Britain. Its principal hall is a magnificent apartment, and fills us with admiration by the symmetry and elegance of its proportions, and the taste and finish of its workmanship. We here for a first time since leaving London, met with a regular file of American newspapers, and from it learned the appearance in Canada and in New York, of the pestilence which is now desolating Glasgow with its poisonous breath. Ere this its visitations probably are as extensive and fearful amidst our friends in various sections of the country, as they have been, and still are here and in other sections of the world.

After lunching with us, and introducing Mr. Murray a friend resident in the city, to shew us anything of interest in it, Admiral Fleming took fresh horses for the remainder of his journey. Many of the new parts of the town are neat and beautiful, being ornamented with squares, in one of which is a fine

statue to Sir John Moore, a native of the city, and having an extensive open promenade, called the Green, on the borders of the Clyde, at its western end. Mr. Murray, our conductor, after giving us a general view of these, led us through a new house, which is just being completed for him, as a specimen of the interior of most of the dwellings of respectability in modern style of the city. It is very similar in its dimensions and finish to a modern house of a second class in point of size in New York,—the drawing-rooms, however, as is universally the case here, being on the second floor.

On returning to Cumbernauld, we found an addition to the company of the house in Col. and Mrs. Elphinstone and children, on their way from a visit in the Highlands, to the south of England. Col. Elphinstone is a cousin of the Admiral. He served in the battle of Waterloo, was taken prisoner on the first day, and personally interrogated by Buonaparte while the prospect of victory was still with him. We are much pleased with him. Mrs. Elphinstone also is an interesting addition to the circle of guests. She is amiable and clever, in the English use of the word, the only daughter and heiress of the late Admiral Buller, and a near relative on the mother's side, of the Van Courtlands of New York. She speaks of the circumstance with interest, and showed me a small seal beautifully set, which was presented by Washington, to General Van Courtland, and by him bequeathed to her mother.

This morning a party was formed to visit the celebrated iron works of Carren, the foundry at which all

the guns for British naval service, are cast; and by twelve o'clock we were off in a barouche and phaeton, our number consisting of Admiral and Mrs. Fleming, Col. and Mrs. Elphinstone, Miss Thomson, Captain Bolton, Captain Deare, and myself. The Carron foundry is seven or eight miles from Cumbernauld, in the north east. The river which gives name to the establishment is not unknown in history or song; and is a small stream pouring its waters into the Forth. The country is more interesting and fertile in this direction than in any other drive which we have taken in the neighbourhood. On our way we passed by the hills of Dunipace, two artificial mounds of a circular shape, some sixty feet in height, the origin of which is lost in obscurity. It has been supposed, that the meaning of Dunipace is "hills of peace," and that these eminences were raised to commemorate some distinguished compact of peace. Others suppose the true interpretation to be "hills of blood," and that the mounds were erected over the graves of those who had fallen in some bloody battle, to perpetuate its sanguinary result. Whatever their origin may be, they have a singular and pretty effect in the midst of the ground, in which they stand.

The village of Larbert within a mile of Carron, is prettily situated, and remarkable now for the beauty of a new church, of light stone, in Gothic architecture. Larbert house, an extensive and elegant mansion of Sir Gilbert Stirling, surrounded by a handsome plantation, is also a conspicuous and ornamental object in the scenery at this spot.

At Carron we witnessed with much interest the whole process of smelting and casting in various articles, from some of the smallest utensils of domestic and agricultural use, to eighty-four pound cannon. The establishment is immense, and the number of persons constantly employed in its various operations, amount regularly to eight hundred and a thousand. The furnaces are truly terrific in their blasts and imagery; and in looking in upon their whitened glow of intense heat, and listening to the horrid menace and roar within, I felt a shudder come over me, and a vibration of nerve, which I do not recollect to have experienced at either time in which I have been in the very depths of the Volcano of Hawaii; surrounded by the smoke and flames, the stifling gases, and muttering lava of its frightful lakes and cones.

It was not known to the agent or workmen during this inspection, that Captain Bolton and myself were Americans, and of the United States naval service, or, as we were afterwards told, it would have been doubtful whether even the broad pennant of the Admiral could have secured us the free admittance we received. And we might have been under the necessity of comforting ourselves in the exclusion with the humour, if not the phraseology and spirit of the lines in which Burns, under similar circumstances at the same place, once vented his feelings—

“ We cam na here to view your works
In hopes to be mair wise, &c. &c.”

In the drive of two miles farther to Falkirk, we

passed near the ground of the celebrated battle 1298, between the English under the command Edward I., and the Scots led by Wallace and his companions, Stewart of Bonhill and Sir John Graham, and which resulted so disastrously to the fortunes of Scotland. We took luncheon at a hotel in Falkirk, but had little opportunity of making any observation in it, beyond the drive through the principal street. The prospect from the hill immediately behind the town, is said to be exceedingly beautiful, scarcely surpassed by that from the Castle of Stirling itself.

The scenery on our return by the villages of Denmyre and Bonnybrigs, was rendered doubly delightful, from the transparency of the atmosphere. We reached Cumbernauld only in time for a dinner at nine o'clock at which, among two or three additional guests, was Sir James Colquhoun of Rossdoo on Loch Lomond, one of the most princely residences and estates in Dumbartonshire, who is as warmly enlisted in politics on the side of the Conservatives, as our distinguished host is on that of Reform.

LETTER XXXIX.

REFORM JUBILEE AT STIRLING.

Excursion into Stirlingshire—Monument to Buchanan the poet, at Killeam—Drymen, the birth place of Napier of Merchiston—Cattle show of the Highland Agricultural Society—Distant view of Loch Lomond—Dinner of the club—Sir Archibald Campbell—Marquess of Graham and other guests—Toasts and speeches—Drive to Stirling—Hon. Mr. Murray—Reform Jubilee—Stewart of Stewart Hall—Callender of Craigforth—Marshalling of the procession—Return to the field—Magnificence of the spectacle—The hustings—Resolutions and addresses—Enthusiasm of the people—Return to Cumbernauld.

*Cumbernauld House, Dunbartonshire,
August 10th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

YESTERDAY morning I was off with Admiral Fleming and Mr. Miller his factor or man of business, at an early hour, in an excursion for the day, our object being to attend a cattle show of the Highland Agricultural Society at Drymen, some twenty miles north-west from Cumbernauld, at the entrance of the Highlands.

After passing Kirkintulloch, the route led us by Campsie along the Campsie hills, through Strathbane, Dunreath, and Killeam. At Campsie there is a pretty church, and an extensive and profitable manufactory of alum; and Killeam is rendered conspicuous in the landscape on every side, by a lofty obelisk

erected in honour of Buchanan the poet, who was native of the place. From the neighbourhood of the town, the mountain scenery toward the north, where Ben Lomond, towering to the height of more than three thousand feet in the centre, is noble and imposing.

Drymen is a small village, belonging with most of the surrounding country, to the Duke of Montrose, whose principal seat in Scotland, Buchanan House, lies within the distance of a mile or two from it, on the banks of Loch Lomond. It is chiefly distinguished, I believe, as the birth place of Napier of Merchiston, the celebrated inventor of Logarithms.

Alighting at the inn, we walked through the town to a field at its farthest extremity, where the cattle were to be exhibited. The judges were already pronouncing their decision in reference to the merits of the different animals presented. Some of these were fine beasts; and I am told, that the association has been highly successful in improving the stock of the surrounding country. It is only a few years since the horses and cattle of the whole of the Highlands were of the most inferior kinds; but, from the general interest excited by the club, a gratifying and surprising change has already taken place. The assemblage of farmers and their sons, and in some instances their wives and daughters also, was respectable; and many of the most influential gentlemen in the shires of Stirling and Dumbarton, proprietors and professional men, clergymen and lawyers, were collected on the ground.

The motives of some deeply interested in the anti

icipated new election of members of parliament, in being present on the occasion were not; it is probable, exclusively connected with the ostensible object of the meeting; and I thought I could discern a good deal of activity in the friends and supporters, both of the conservative and reform parties. The Admiral did not find himself alone in the cause he has espoused; and Captain Forbes of the Guards, a brother of Mr. Forbes of Callender, appeared, probably as a representative of his brother, under the patronage of the Marquess of Graham and Lord William Graham, the sons of the Duke of Montrose.

My friend, notwithstanding the numbers of political adherents crowding round him, not only found time to make me acquainted with the most interesting of the gentlemen present, but, aware of a desire to gain a peep at Loch Lomond, stole away from them in his usual kindness of heart, to guide me half-a mile to a point just west of the town, from which there is a distant view of the lower end of this celebrated lake. As thus seen, over the park and pleasure grounds of Buchanan House, encircled by blue mountains, and studded with green and tufted islands, it is beautiful indeed; and reminded me of some of the finest American scenery of the kind.

A public dinner, to which some fifty gentlemen sat down, was given at the inn by the club. The room was small, and the table so crowded, that in some cases three gentlemen were under the necessity of being content with two chairs; and the deficiency of glasses and other articles such, that in like manner, one was necessarily used by two and three. There

was no silver or even triple-tined forks—articles placed by some travellers among the most prominent marks of civilization—nor anything in the whole entertainment, indeed, differing from the general style of a public dinner in the most obscure villages of the United States ; and some of the gentlemen near me sportively said to me, that there was now a fine opportunity for me, as an American, to draw a picture from high life in Stirlingshire, which would be a just counterpart to some of the caricatures which have been given to the world of the habits and manners of my countrymen.

Sir Archibald Campbell, the president, was supported by the Marquess of Graham on the right, and Lord William Graham on the left, the Rev. Dr. Graham, minister of Killeam, acting as vice president, or croupier, as here styled, with Admiral Fleming on one side, and Captain Spiers, of Inch, on the other ; while the Rev. Dr. Macfarlane, principal of the university of Glasgow, occupied the centre on one side, and the minister of Drymen the seat opposite.

Though the best feeling does not at present exist between the Whigs and Conservatives, and the company was composed almost equally of both, the whole repast went off very agreeably, and great courtesy was shown towards each other by the prominent individuals of each party. After having drank to the King and the Queen, to the Highland Agricultural Society,—which toast was followed by a speech from Sir Archibald, as president of the club, to the Duke of Montrose, as its patron, a com-

pliment acknowledged by the Marquess with a regret that illness had detained his father, not only from the meeting, but from this section of the kingdom, the president gave the Royal Navy, and the "distinguished and gallant admiral" with whose company they were favoured. This brought a handsome and appropriate address from Admiral Flenning, who in a return of courtesy, gave "Her Grace, the Duchess of Montrose, a patroness among her sex, of the objects of the Highland Club, and of every improvement in the domestic economy of the country honoured by her residence," or something of the kind, perhaps of a more complimentary character, bringing the heir apparent of the dukedom again upon the floor.

I was listening very composedly, and with much interest, to all this, and observing with pleasure the kindness of feeling predominating over the asperity of political opposition, when, to my utter astonishment, I heard "The Rev. Mr. Stewart, and the United States of America, with all the honours," announced as a next toast, from Sir Archibald Campbell, and some acknowledgment of the recognition of my country, independent of the civility to myself, of course became necessary on my part. I am far from being *à fait* in the promptitude and tact requisite in such a case, but made out a few moments of something, the general character of which may be surmised from the report of it, jestingly given by the admiral to the ladies; on entering the drawing-room, at Cumbernauld, just at midnight. "O! you know not how much you have all missed by not

going with us to Drymen to-day." "Ah ! what is it ?" "Why a speech from Mr. Stewart, and an excellent speech too, I can assure you—one which I hope we shall not forget ;—he bade us take good care while improving our stock of cattle, not to let the animal get in advance of the man !" Rather a concise abstract, I confess, but scarce less true to the original, than speeches reported by stenographers often are.

To-day a jubilee has been held in all the principal towns of Scotland, except Glasgow—where it has been omitted from the ravages of the cholera,—a celebration of the triumph of reform ; and we have been much gratified in witnessing the spectacle and proceedings connected with it in Stirling.

We were off, in a phaeton, and barouche and four, by nine o'clock, having the addition to our party of the Hon. Mr. Murray, a younger son of the Earl of Dunmore, and grandson of the late Duke of Hamilton. He joined us at Carron, the day we inspected the iron-works and foundry, and has since been a fellow-guest at Cumbernauld. He is the most interesting young man we have met since setting off from London—seemingly not more than twenty years of age, though in truth, some three or four-and-twenty—and distinguished by much talent and cleverness. He is a candidate for parliament at present, as a Reformer, for a half-dozen boroughs in the neighbourhood, entitled to a member ; and has the political patronage and friendship of Admiral Fleming. All the ladies of the party, and all the gentlemen,—with the exception of the admiral and

myself—the servants, postilions, and horses, wore badges and bows of blue ribbon. The ladies wished the admiral to mount at least a breast-knot of the favourite colour ; but he laughingly said, “ No—my principles, like those of Mr. Stewart, are too well known to require any such demonstration.”

The morning was bright, promising a fine day, and we drove off in great buoyancy of spirit. The stage-coaches met and passed, on their respective routes to and from Glasgow and Stirling, were decorated with green branches, banners, and flowers ; and every cottage and hamlet by which we drove displayed in its doors and casements the same emblems of joy. The villages, though chiefly deserted by the inhabitants who had flocked to the towns, were wreathed in garlands and evergreens, and in some cases exhibited lofty and tasteful triumphal arches. The carriages were greeted everywhere, as they passed, with smiles and salutations of pleasure, by the few women and children remaining at their homes, and not unfrequently were cheered with long huzzas.

About two miles from Stirling we entered Bannockburn, a name and place harmonizing well in its associations with a day of triumph ; and the scene of the battle which secured to Scotland independence, and to Bruce a crown, was pointed out to us.

Unfortunately a very sudden and unexpected change in the weather took place just as we were entering Stirling. A driving rain came upon us before a fresh south wind, threatening an entire disappointment in the pleasure of the day, not only to our-

selves, but to thousands seen on every side, making their way on foot and in carts to the same point. Notwithstanding the rain and open carriages, which we were, instead of proceeding to a hotel, we drove to the wide plain on the south of the town and castle, formerly the scene of the tournaments and sports of the court, called "the King's Park," where the procession was to be formed previous to its walking through the town. Despite the weather, the scene presented on entering it was one of the most animating and imposing of the kind, I recollect ever to have witnessed; such was the vastness of the multitude, the number, splendour, and gaiety of the banners floating widely in the wind, and such the bursts of joyous music at every point, from the bagpipes and military bands stationed at the head of the villagers and townsmen from which they came. The effect being heightened to us, no doubt, by a deep sympathy,—from the personal friendship we have learned to feel—in the honours following the appearance of the admiral, by cheer upon cheer at every step advanced by him, till every voice seemed united in the greeting with which he was hailed, and he was compelled by it to forsake his carriage, to escape such marked observation.

The ladies were soon joined by Mr. Stewart of Stewart Hall, and by Col. Callender of Craigforth, a young gentleman similar in his character we are told to Mr. Murray, of whom I have spoken, and the popular candidate on the side of reform, as a representative in parliament, from the county of Argyll. With the exception of these gentlemen, and the

family with which we were, there was scarce an individual, I believe, of the aristocracy of the country on the field. In general, this class are more or less decidedly of the conservative party. Believing that the reform bill, in its tendency, strikes at the very foundations of the government, and will ultimately in its consequences lead to the overturn of the empire, to universal suffrage, the abolition of an hereditary peerage and the law of primogeniture, they look upon its enactment as a cause of regret and sorrow; and are rather disposed to wear sackcloth on the occasion, than to appear in garlands of flowers and badges of blue.

The procession, which must have numbered quite, if not more than, ten thousand persons, was marshalling at the time, and soon left the ground for the town, in fine order. The clouds at the same time broke away, and the sun burst forth in all his brightness, giving full effect to the brilliancy of the spectacle. All the various artizans of the surrounding country appeared in distinct bodies, each bearing the badges and the banner of its respective craft, and each being led by a band in gay and tasteful dress, or by a company of pipers, in the Highland costume of kilt and plaid, sending forth from their instruments the soul-stirring pibrochs of the land. The magistrates of Stirling, with the Lord Provost at their head, accompanied by Admiral Fleming, Colonel Callender and Mr. Murray, closed the long column.

The carriages followed as far as the first hotel; where with the ladies we partook of a hasty luncheon, and returned to the plain again, before the pageant

had made the circuit of the town. A hustings (a large platform, some eight or ten feet in height, had been erected in the centre, for the accommodation of the magistrates, other leading persons, and the speakers of the day. To this, Mrs. Fleming and her party were conducted in time to witness from its elevation the return of the procession, its entrance by a wide sweep upon the field, and the encircling, by its thousands in beautiful display, of the platform, to which those having the entrée were received, while the bands took possession of an enclosure around it, furnished with a rail to guard against too close a pressure of the crowd. The coup d'œil of the scene at this time in the brightness of the day, was truly magnificent, and the strains of triumphant music coming on the ear from many points in the long range of thousands, in association with the nature of the festival, thrilling and irresistibly exciting. Each body as it came up and filed off on either side, planted its banner in the ground, or elevated it to the corners and sides of the hustings, till the whole was encircled and overhung with a gorgeous drapery of silk and gold. Everything was arranged and conducted with the greatest order and regularity, and in a few minutes the splendid line which had just encircled the field was lost in one dense mass of eager listeners in front of the stage.

Mr. Stewart of Stewart Hall, after an appropriate opening address, nominated the Provost of Stirling to the chair, and a series of resolutions, followed by speeches from the respectable movers and suitable airs from the bands, were presented and adopted by

acclamation. The first, from the chairman, was a congratulation on the triumph of reform, and its promise for Scotland, with "*Scots wha ha' wi Wallace bled,*" from the music. The second, from Admiral Fleming, contained an expression of gratitude and loyalty to King William the Fourth, and a determination of support to his firm and able ministers Grey and Brougham. The address accompanying it was most happy, eloquent, and patriotic. It was received with unbounded enthusiasm, and the speaker sat down amidst the exultation of three times three most cordial cheers, while the bands gave us "*Hearts of oak.*" Mr. Murray was then presented by the Admiral in a most flattering manner. His speech confirmed in us every good impression previously made by him. It evidently was unwritten; but was chaste, forcible, appropriate and happy—opening with a beautiful allusion to the castle over our heads, and the field of Bannockburn almost within view. Pageants and songs of triumph had often before been witnessed by these, but heretofore only after deeds of blood—but the triumph of the passing day happily was the triumph only of peace, and of hope, and of good-will to man.

He was frequently interrupted by the cheers of the throng, and before sitting down, begged leave in connection with a reference to Admiral Fleming to introduce to the assembly a son of this gentleman, yet scarce twelve, not for an address, but in early pledge that in political principles and in patriotism, he would prove a son worthy of his sire; and our young friend, master John, a manly and intelligent lad, shared

fully, as he stepped forward to view, in the cheers and honours of the day, while "*auld lang syne*" was appropriately made to swell sweetly on the ear.

By this time, the rain began again to pour almost in torrents, but the interest and excitement was such that no one made the least movement to leave the ground, and two or three additional addresses were made. Three cheers were afterwards given to the chairman, three to Admiral Fleming, and three to the King and Queen, with hats off and "*God save the King.*" Mr. Murray then stepped forward, and proposed one more effort of the lungs of the joyous multitude, in compliment to Mrs. Fleming and the ladies of her party, whom even the peltings of the storm could not induce to forsake the platform till the celebration of the day should be closed. Upon which our hostess and her fair friends, in the enthusiastic thrice three, received the last honours of the day.

I was greatly delighted with the aspect of the multitude during the whole time, and must say for Scotland, that I have never in any country seen the same number of people assembled who were so entirely respectable in their whole appearance and deportment. There were no grog booths or drinking tents any where to be seen, nor any evidence in the behaviour of any one of a disposition to vulgarity or dissipation.

For the first two or three miles the return of our carriage was that of a perfect triumphal procession. The whole road was filled with the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages in a body, with the various

tradesmen, their bands and banners moving in order. It had been the wish and arrangement of the admiral that we should get in advance of the people, but this we found impracticable. He then drew up on one side of the road, and ordered the postilions of the barouche to do the same, till the whole should pass; but as soon as it was perceived, the procession opened in file, and lined the streets in the order of review till he should pass, which he was at last obliged to do, for at least a mile, amidst the most joyous cheers; while evergreens and flowers were scattered in his way, and cast into the carriage of the ladies.

LETTER XL.

FIRST DAY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Departure from Cumbernauld—Passage down the Clyde—Dumbarton Castle—Vale and River of Leven—Birth-place of Smollet—Monument to his memory—Voyage on Loch Lomond—Inversnaid—Celebrated by Wordsworth—A Highland maid—Manner of crossing the Mountain—Scene in setting off and view behind—Rob Roy's cave and fort of Inversnaid—Margaret Macgregor—Gun of Rob Roy—Birth-place of his wife, Helen Macgregor—First sight of Loch Katerine—Embarkation and sail upon it—Ben Lomond, Ben Venue and Ben Ar—Ellen's isle and bower—Rustic building erected by Lord Willouby—The Trosachs—Loch Achray, and Inn of Mrs. Stewart—Loch Vennachar, the Brigg of Turk and Ben Ledi—Morning scenery.

*Inversnaid, Loch Lomond,
August 15, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

By twelve o'clock on the 13th inst. we had taken leave of our kind friends at Cumbernauld, and were once more pursuing our route to the Highlands.

It commenced raining shortly afterwards, and poured in torrents till we reached Glasgow. The afternoon, however, proved clear and fine, and we had a pleasant trip by steamboat, sixteen miles down the Clyde to Dumbarton, where we slept. The Clyde, with all its famed beauty, seemed but a winding canal to us, it being narrow for many miles below Glasgow, and faced on either side with stone, to

deepen the channel by confining its borders to these artificial limits, and to prevent the wash of its banks by the agitation of the surface created by the constant passage of steamboats upon its waters. The scenery is at this season of the year lovely indeed, every where enlivened by villages and hamlets, and adorned by many beautiful villas and noble seats, one of which, Erskine house, the property of Lord Blantyre, is just being completed, and presents one of the most extensive and magnificent piles we have seen.

Dumbarton is too famed in the history of the kingdom to require a particular description. Its castle, so noted in the annals of the nation, is a striking object in the approach. It is situated on a bold and at most points inaccessible rock, some five or six hundred feet in height, at the junction of the river Leven with the Frith of the Clyde, and was long considered the key to the western highlands. The town lies some distance from it on the banks of the Leven, and is remarkable itself chiefly for its extensive manufactories of glass. In our walks before night closed round us, we found a principal amusement in observing the many anglers for trout, standing by the hour nearly mid-deep in some instances, in the rapid bed of the Leven.

The evening was clear, with a beautiful moon, and intending to take an early start for Loch Lomond, I retired in full expectation of having it in my power, with the opening dawn to exclaim :

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,

Laughing away the clouds with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb——”

but alas ! a heavy “Scotch mist” intermingled with occasional rain, was spread over everything, and the promised pleasure of the day seemed at an end.

We took the coach of nine o’clock, notwithstanding, for the steamboat at the foot of the lake, five miles distant, and kept the outside, that we might not lose anything not concealed by the gloom of the morning. The drive for the distance along the bank of the Leven must, in fine weather, be delightful; quite equal, I should imagine, in point of rural beauty and richness, to anything before met by us. There are many pleasant residences, and some stately mansions, by the way-side. Among the former is one noted as the birth place of Smollet, the novelist, who has so sweetly sung the beauties of the Leven—see in the lines—

“ On Leven banks, while free to rove
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.”

And at which there is a monument, seen from the road, erected to his memory.

At the ferry of Ballock, half a mile from the lake we entered a large flat-bottomed boat, and were propelled by setting poles to a small steamer at anchor on its waters near the head of the Leven, which is too shallow at this point to allow boats of any depth of keel to enter it. It continued to rain after the steamboat got under way, and we lost much of the

beauty of the lovely expanse of water we were traversing. I regretted this, however, less than I should have done, had I not enjoyed a general and distinct view of this section of the Loch, with its varied islets from the hill at Drymen. The picture then presented to my eye was perfect in its lights and shades; and it now required the exercise of little fancy, as we glided along, wending our way gracefully from channel to channel among the islands, to gild the whole with smiles and sunshine, as I had then seen it, in place of the mists and showers now gathered thickly around.

The romantic village of Luss stands on a point about midway up the Loch, on the western side, and though the loss of a day would have materially affected our arrangements of time, we almost made up our minds, before reaching it, to land and wait a better day. It was well we did not, however, for shortly after passing it the weather began to brighten, and by one o'clock the whole scenery became uncovered, and we enjoyed a delightful afternoon. The length of the Loch is thirty miles, and its greatest breadth six; and the steamboat makes the entire circuit of it, touching at various points on both sides, in the course of seven or eight hours. In its general features, it is not unlike some points in our principal rivers, and scarce rivals, in beauty, the more bold and romantic sections of the Hudson.

The afternoon promising to be fine, we pursued the plan originally designed by us, of landing at this place after having passed round the head of the Loch, and of crossing five miles from it on the east, to Loch

Katerine, over which, in "the Lady of the Lake," Scott has thrown such a magic charm. At this season of the year, all who travel in Scotland are on the wing; and party after party of ladies and gentlemen, travelling for pleasure, of sportsmen and anglers, old and young, were leaving and joining the boat at each place where she stopped; and three or four gentlemen, and a young Irish officer and his lady, landed with us at Invernaid.

This is a single hut or highland cottage, romantically situated near a mountain torrent and waterfall, on the margin of the Loch, at a point where two foot-paths from different directions meet. Wordsworth has given special note to it, by an effusion celebrating its beauties—particularly the loveliness of its waiting-maid. There has been a sad change in the attractions of the place, in this respect, since his muse was here inspired; or else he was guilty of a poetic license in reference to the poor girl, for which the Nine themselves can never excuse him. She served some of our party with whisky, before setting off on our trip yesterday; and now,—with a coarse face, much broader than it is long, low forehead and pug nose, a carotty head, and dumpy figure, with arms like a blacksmith, bare to the shoulder, and of the colour of "the red, red rose"—is performing a like kindness for some just arrived on their return.

It is only of late that the travel across to Loch Katerine could be accomplished except on foot. A path for horses and ponies is now formed; and those who choose, may ride by paying five shillings for the use of an animal, without being allowed, however,

the privilege of carrying any luggage. This is borne on the shoulders of the boatmen, who come daily over for the purpose, and wait the arrival of the steamboat. Captain Bolton and myself brought nothing with us from the steamboat except our cloaks, and therefore soon struck a bargain for a poney apiece; but some of the company, especially our Irish companion and his wife, were obliged to lose much time in settling the terms for their luggage of bandboxes, trunks and cases, without which the ladies cannot do, even in the Highlands, and at last to pay an exorbitant price in view of the distance, though not such, perhaps, considering the mode of transportation.

The ascent from Inversnaid, for the first mile, is very steep, by a zig-zag path, amidst rocks and bushes; and our company formed a picturesque and amusing sight, in its varied groupings—some walking and carrying their carpet-bags and other articles of luggage, because they would not agree to the terms of the guides, others riding little animals scarce breast high, their feet dangling to the ground—while the boatmen, with their varied burdens, in tartan jackets and trews, completed the romance of the scene. The views behind, of the Loch and mountains of Arroquhar on the opposite side, were beautiful in the extreme; and the change in the weather filled us all with a bouyancy of spirits fully to enjoy them.

While passing round the head of the Loch in the steamboat, a cave in the rocks near the eastern shore had been pointed out to us, as one in which Bruce and Rob Roy had both often found a safe retreat from

their pursuers, and we had not gone far on our mountain way, before we came to the ruins of an old fort built by the Duke of Montrose to restrain the Macgregor in his lawless adventures. Wolfe, immortalized in history by his fall at Quebec, was for some time stationed at it as a subaltern; and near to it are still seen the graves of several soldiers, who died in the garrison about that time. One of the wooden stands or boxes for field-preaching, which I have mentioned, was also observed in the neighbourhood, though it can scarce be conjectured from whence a congregation could be convened in so bleak and dreary a region.

When we had accomplished about half the distance, an old woman came out to us from her cabin at a short distance, bearing in her hand a long and rusty old fowling-piece, which a rude inscription on a post by the path apprized us was once the property of Rob Roy. She said her name was Margaret Macgregor, and she a third cousin by her father, to the famed free-booter. This we thought very possible, but as to the fowling-piece, though very ready to give her a sixpence for the trouble she had taken to show it, and for a little conversation, we were quite as incredulous as the grandmother of the sailor when first hearing of flying-fish. The armoury of the genius to which Rob Roy is indebted for much of the present glory of his character, numbers in its articles, if I mistake not, that which claims to be emphatically the light short "gun of Rob Roy."

An adjoining hut, across a small stream, was pointed out by this individual as the spot in which

Helen Macgregor was born; and as I looked for a moment on its rude and pig-sty aspect, and upon the wildness and poverty of everything in sight, felt that if such were the fact, the heroine had little to boast in her ancestral domain. There is a small sheet of water on the top of the hills, called Loch Arglet, after passing which, the path begins to descend towards Loch Katerine, encircled by high and naked mountains.

There is nothing particularly striking in the first view of the lake in this direction. Its chief beauty of scenery, as well as local interest, from the poem of Scott, lies at the farther or eastern extremity, at a distance of eight or ten miles. We were soon upon its shores; and embarking in a good boat, under the double impetus of a sail and oars, passed rapidly over its placid bosom. The mountains of Arroquhar, softened to additional beauty by the blue distance, being behind us,—Ben Lomond, in the fulness of his height and majesty, immediately on our right, and Ben An, and Ben Venue, scarce less lofty and imposing in their dimensions, in front.

All these mountains are covered only with rocks and heather, and except when softened by the light haze, now spread over them, are too barren and cold in their aspect to be called beautiful. On Ben Venue there is no longer seen, as when described by Scott,

“A wildering forest feathered o’er
His ruined sides, and summit hoar.”

And with the disappearance of the wood, he has

been divested of much of his beauty. But now, then,

——“in middle air
Ben An heaves high his forehead bare.”

Some forty or fifty minutes' sail brought us Ellen's isle and bower. Lord Willouby d'Eres the proprietor, has within these few years, built a rustic summer-house on the spot described as that occupied by the dwelling of the heroine's father, and such perfect imitation of the poet's fancy sketch of the chieftain's retreat, that its aspect at once fixes on the mind a reality to the story. Without—

“Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared,
To give the halls their destined height,
The sturdy-oak and ash unite,
While moss, and clay, and leaves combined,
Defend each crevice from the wind,—
And withered heath, and rushes dry,
Supply the rustic canopy.”

While within—

——“the walls to grace
Hang trophies of the fight or chase:
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle-axe, a hunting-spear,
And broad swords, bows and arrows, store,
With the tusked trophies of the boar;
While deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otter's fur and seal's unite,
In rude and uncouth tapestry, all,
To garnish forth the sylvan hall.”

We gave an hour here, to romance and poetry;

and as our guides pointed to one spot and to another, saying, "here the Lady of the Lake shoved off her boat, in answer to the bugle of Fitz James;" "there the glen in which the grey hunter fell;" "yonder the rock on which the prince was challenged by Roderic Dhu,"—we forgot that every object thus associated with the scene, had its origin only in the genius of the poet, and in the fruitfulness of his imagination, and mused and felt, in gazing upon them, as if all were the truths of history.

The eastern end of the lake terminates in the celebrated Trosachs. The literal meaning of the term is "the bristled territory;" and from it may be imagined the general character of the scene—

"Craggs, knolls, and mounds confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world"—

a defile of unequalled wildness and beauty, exhibiting an assemblage of grey and pinnacled rocks, interspersed with copsewood, and of bold cliffs, and heather-crowned precipices, that can scarce be imagined. The approach to the lake by them could once only be accomplished over the face of a rock requiring a rope in the descent. Now, however, a good foot-path and road, even for a carriage, has been formed by blasting a passage through the rocks.

The walk of a mile from this brought us to the bank of Loch Achray, and to the only house of entertainment in the vicinity, kept by a Mrs. Stewart, the widow of a grandson of the "Ervan of Briglands," in Rob Roy, who gave freedom to the out-

law in crossing the ford of Aberfoyle, by cutting the belt by which he was fastened to his horse ; and whose mercy to the freebooter cost him his life.

The house is much in size and accommodation like a common farm-house in America, and was overflowing with company. It was doubtful, from appearances, whether a place even on the floor of one of the common rooms, could be secured for the sleep of the night ; and finding that one of the gentlemen who had accompanied us from Loch Lomond, intended proceeding ten miles, to Callender, took a seat in the vehicle hired to convey him, that I might pass over the whole ground of the poem which has given to the section of country its celebrity—intending to return the same night.

This I did, gaining by the trip from which I reached Mrs. Stewart's again at midnight, a view of Loch Vennachar, in addition to that of Loch Achray, the "Brigg of Turk," and "Benledi's ridge."

The party returning to Loch Lomond this morning was large, consisting of six or eight ladies of intelligence and good breeding, and an equal number of gentlemen. The morning was delightful of a character in every respect to display the surrounding scenery to the highest advantage. Nothing can exceed the truth and minute correctness of the descriptions of Sir Walter, their only embellishment is the sweetness of his versification. The imagery, in all its beauty, is that alone which nature presents. This is particularly true of—

“the copse-wood grey
Which waves and weeps by Loch Achray ;”

and of the Trosachs, and surrounding mountains. The yellow and purple heathers, with which these last are thickly tufted and crowned, have a peculiarly softening and beautiful effect. This was particularly the case this morning, when from the dampness of the night, each of the little cups forming their clustering blossoms, was encircled by a dew-drop, which assumed, in the brightness of the morning sun, the varied hues and brilliancy of the diamond. The glistening leaves of the dark green holly, and the white trunks and gracefully waving branches of the weeping birch, were scarce less lovely as seen clinging to the sides and mantling the summits of the rocks and precipices; and indeed every object on every side such, in the purity and serenity of the hour, as to elevate the mind and affections above the common tone, and to give rise to feelings of adoration, in view of the goodness and power of the Author of all this beauty and sublimity, which I doubt not find in their silent breathings acceptance at his throne.

On reaching the western end of Loch Katerine, finding that there were not ponies sufficient for the whole company, I relinquished one which I had engaged yesterday, to a lady; and walked over to this place, in so short a time, as to be much in advance of all my companions, and have occupied the time in which we have been waiting for the arrival of the steamboat, in furnishing you with this outline of a first day in the Highlands.

LETTER XLI.

TRAVEL FROM TARBERT TO INVERARY.

Second day on Loch Lomond—Various modes of travelling—Wild and desolate features of Glencroe—Influence of scenery upon the character of the inhabitants—Traits of the Highlanders assimilated to their country—Highland dress and old Macgregor at Inversnaid—"Rest and be thankful"—Arrival at Inverary—Its attractions to the traveller—Castle of the Duke of Argyll—Elegance and taste of its drawing-room—Hill of Donquich—Similarity at some points between Loch Fine and the Lake of Otsego.

*George Hotel, Inverary,
August 16th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

It was nearly dark, last night, when we reached this place, almost overcome with the fatigue and excitement of the last and the preceding day.

After joining the steamboat at Inversnaid, we made the circuit of the head of Loch Lomond a second time before disembarking at Tarbert, on the western side.

The morning, as already mentioned, was uncommonly fine, with just sufficient haze in the atmosphere to throw a rich Claude Lorraine tint, over the whole landscape. Had the weather of the entire season been at our choice, we could not have selected a day, when the scenery of the mountains could have been in finer shades. I was delighted,

particularly with Ben Lomond, now entirely unobscured, and clothed in the deepest blue. Captain Bolton thinks the lake less beautiful than lake George, in the state of New York, which I have never visited, but I can scarce conceive of anything of the kind superior to the scenery here.

After dining at the comfortable and romantic inn of Tarbert, we took the public coach for this place, twenty-three miles distant. On the day of our visit to Loch Katherine, we went through a succession of modes of travel, all the best to be obtained, in the order in which they succeeded one another. First, the ordinary English stage coach from Dumbarton to Balloch, then a flat-bottomed boat to the foot of Loch Lomond, the steamboat to Inversnaid, ponies over the mountain-path, a row boat on Loch Katherine, and from the inn at the Trosachs to Callender and back, a heavy cart, drawn by an overgrown, hard-pacing dray-horse, whose unvarying gait was such that every step over a rough and stony road, produced a conflicting and compound motion, from both beast and vehicle, which threatened a dislocation in every joint from our necks to our heels. For the present stage, we had yet an additional variety, a kind of *omnibus*, painted light blue, with curtains of Rob Roy tartan drawing horizontally, in which the passengers sat with their backs to the sides, and their faces towards each other.

The road throughout was mountainous and finely shaded in many places with trees. After five miles we came at Arroquhar, to the north end of Loch Long, an arm of the sea running northward from the

Frith of Clyde, strongly marked from the point at which we viewed it, with some of the finest features of lake scenery. On turning from this Loch, we entered Glencroe, a solitary and desolate pass in the mountains, so vast in its outline, so naked and so dreary in its entire aspect, as irresistibly to give rise to meditations and sympathies of a similar cast. I never before was so strongly persuaded of the influence which the physical character of a country must have upon the mental and constitutional qualities of its inhabitants, as during the drive of six miles through this mountain gorge, to the lofty point in which it terminates, in crossing to this place. From it, and the general features of this section of the kingdom already observed by us, there can be in my mind, no necessity after a tour of the Highlands, for inquiring the origin of the stern and indomitable characteristics of its chieftains and their clansmen. No one could be born and trained amid imagery so bold and rugged, so vast and so intractable, without a strong assimilation in spirit and in idiosyncrasy.

All mountain scenery, doubtless has an elevating and emboldening effect upon those dwelling in the midst of it, but where a magnitude and loftiness of outline is accompanied by the rich drapery of the woodland and forest, the general tendency upon the mind and affections, though not less ennobling, is I presume, less towards the sternness and inflexibility which the nakedness of the mountain and the moor, as here exhibited, is calculated to implant and foster.

My prejudices have always been strongly in favour of Scotland and the Scots. I am an enthusiast in

the history of the nation, tragic and bloody as for the most part it is, and were you with us, dear V——, you would find that I am now likely to become equally the admirer of its wild scenery and everything associated with it. I already feel a regret that the people are no longer seen in their demi-savage, but picturesque dress of the kilt and tartan hose. The first time I was sensible of this, was just after commencing our trip to Loch Katerine from Inversnaid. On gaining the height immediately overlooking Loch Lomond and the opposite mountains of Arrochar, my attention was arrested by a tall and venerable figure wrapped in a cloak belted with tartan. The snow-white locks of an advanced age hung upon his neck and shoulders from beneath his bonnet of blue, as he leaned upon his staff apparently absorbed in melancholy thought, for

“his eye

Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,
Seemed nought to mark, and nought to spy.”

Turning to one of the boatmen, I asked who it was. He answered, “a Macgregor, and there is his cabin,” pointing to a wretched hut, whose roof of peat and turf was just peeping from the side hill, scarce on a level with the heather amidst which he stood. I had just been thinking how beautiful a sketch the scene below, with a suitable foreground would form, and now had exactly what I wished, the only thing wanting to make it perfectly characteristic, being the tartan kilt and plaid, and have ever since felt how great the difference of the impression

would be, if the highland garb were still the prevailing dress of the country.

Boys under twelve and fourteen, are still seen it; and they look, in my eye, so manly and naïf with their blue bonnets and bare knees and that, when walking, I scarce pass one of them without a salutation of interest, and a tap of kind feeling upon the cheek or shoulder.—But, dear V— have left you on the mountains in the gloom of Gairloch, long enough to imbibe, according to my theory, at least a temporary feeling, which, however becoming as a quality in the “lords of creation,” is not the most agreeable ornament of your sex; and I hasten to conduct you to a more cheerful and more lovely scene.

It would have been more gallant, at least, in me before flying off to Inversnaid again, to have seated you, at the time, upon a stone erected on the top of the mountain, by the soldiers who constructed the road, under the direction of General Wade in 1745, bearing the inscription “*Rest—and be thankful.*” Without detaining you now by it, however, we will hurry down a second wild and dreary vale—that of glen Kinglassie—to the head of Loch Fine, another wide arm of the sea, and embark at Cairndow in a steamboat for Inverary, situated upon a bay on the western side of the same water, at a distance of eight or ten miles.

Inverary is truly a delightful and romantic spot well worthy the observations of a day, from any traveller in the Highlands. The scenery is rich and diversified, and embracing at almost every view all that can be desired, in the combined beauty of the

lake and mountain. The town is small, but neat and well-built, though it exhibits little evidence of business or prosperity. It belongs to the Duke of Argyle, and is languishing much, it is said, under the effect of nonresidence, the princely proprietor having been an absentee from his castle adjoining it, for more than six years. The wood of the park and pleasure grounds, which embrace a circuit of thirty miles, though all a plantation, is disposed in such taste, and has attained such a growth, as to appear perfectly the work of nature.

The castle has long been celebrated among the most magnificent residences of Scotland. It is a stately embattled quadrangle of blue granite, two stories in height, ornamented with circular towers at the corners, and surmounted by an immense square pavilion, rising from the centre. I was disappointed in the exterior, and think it as a whole, incongruous in its architecture, and in decidedly bad taste, though a design by Adam. The arrangement of the interior is good, however; and there is an air of domestic comfort as well as elegance in the size, furniture, and general aspect of the apartments which we have seldom observed in the palaces of the princes of the empire. The principal drawing-room is ornamented and furnished with a chasteness and delicacy of taste, combined with elegance and splendour which I have scarce seen equalled. The walls are covered with Gobelin tapestry of the most exquisite colouring and workmanship, in groups of figures, surrounded by embellishments of drapery, and flowers, in the most vivid hues of nature. The

chairs and sofas are in keeping, and the painting and gilding of the doors and windows in a corresponding style. Another principal ornament of the room is a mantel of Italian marble and sculpture, consisting of two beautiful female figures as supporters, sustaining a vase between them.

A romantic hill, called Dunquaich, from which there is an extensive and magnificent view, rises abruptly above the castle on the east, to a height of seven hundred feet, much in the manner in which "the Mount Vision," of Cooper's Pioneers, on the Lake of Otsego, towers over the residence of our friends, the Bowers' family, of the Lakelands. Indeed the whole loch, as seen from many points at which the town and castle are not embraced, is so strikingly like the Otsego, though on a much larger and wider scale, that I have in two or three instances been made to burst into involuntary exclamations of pleasure and surprise, and more than once have felt myself transported by it to the home of my boyhood, and the scene of many of the happiest days of my riper years. This was so strikingly the fact at one point which I came to, in a walk round Dunquaich, that I took a sketch of the mountains and water from it, which, with the addition of the glittering cupolas and handsome dwellings of Cooper's Town in the distance, on one side, and the white colonnades and chimneys of the Lakelands, amid their groves of pine and maple, on the other, would be thought even by an inhabitant of the valley, a drawing from some spot near "THE SOURCES OF THE SUSQUEHANNA."

LETTER. LII.

LOCH AWE, AND THE VALE OF GLENORCHY.

Leave Inverary—Mountain torrents, and cascade in the Aray—Walk from Cladich to Dalmally—A Highland laddie—Moral and intellectual traits of the people—Beauty of Loch Awe, and historic interest of its islands—Highland cottages—Their rudeness, and want of cleanliness—Vale of Glenorchy, and its prominent objects of beauty—Mr. Copley Green, and Mr. Warren, of Boston—Scenery between Glenorchy and Taynult—Kilchurn Castle—Ben Cruachan—Pass of Bunderawe—Battle in 1308 between Bruce and the Mac Dougals of Lorn—Sabbath at Glenorchy—Appearance of the congregation—Difference in the general characteristics of the peasantry of England and Scotland.

Glenorchy, Argyllshire.

August 20th, 1832.

DEAR VIRGINIA,

DURING midsummer, a steamboat leaves the town of Oban, on the sea coast, thirty-two miles from Inverary, twice every week for an excursion round the Isle of Mull, and its celebrated neighbours, Staffa and Iona. It was our intention originally to be at Oban in time for the boat of the 18th inst., and avail ourselves of this opportunity of a visit to "Fingal's Cave,"—the famed retreat of science in the dark ages—and to the ancient tomb of the kings of the north.

Circumstances, however, occurred to alter our determination; and disappointed in this trip to the

Islands, I felt desirous of compensating myself to some degree, by a circuit of Loch Awe, including a peep at Glenorchy. Not being able to procure a vehicle for this route at Inverary, I determined to perform it on foot, after taking the coach on the road to Oban, for some nine or ten miles—Captain Bolton continuing directly to that place, to wait my arrival there.

The principal interest of the drive to Loch Awe—at a ferry across which, near Cladich, I left my friend—arose, after leaving the beautiful park and grounds of Inverary Castle, from a heavy rain of the preceding night, which had filled the river Aray and all the mountain torrents with floods. The roarings of these, in their impetuous currents, were heard on either hand echoing loudly among the wild hills and glens around, while every few moments sections of them burst upon the eye, in seeming streams of silver, as they were foaming down the sides of the hills, or plunged deeply over some rocky ledge, to beds of foam below. A few miles from Inverary, there is a cascade in the Aray, which in such a state of its waters, I left the coach, for a few moments, to view. It is some twenty-five, or thirty feet in height, and not dissimilar, in its general aspect, to one of the smaller leaps of the Trenton Falls, in the State of New York.

Loch Awe is one of the most beautiful of the lakes of Scotland; especially in the scenery at its north end, above the ferry. It is long and narrow, being near thirty miles in length, and scarce more in breadth at any point, than two or two and a half

miles. On alighting from the coach, I engaged a "laddie" of twelve or thirteen, as a companion more than a guide, for the walk to this place: and a delightful walk it proved to be.

The lake opposite to my route, is studded with several islets, some of them mere rocks tufted with bushes, others presenting a smooth turf, and others again, ornamented with fine luxuriant groves. Several possess no little historic interest, though the largest is scarce half a mile in circumference. Upon Innis Hail, the ruins of a convent may be distinguished, and on Innis Chonnel stands a crumbling and ivy crowned tower, of what was once a magnificent castle of the family of Argyll, in the earliest ages of their feudal glory. Another is pointed out as the scene of an incident in one of the poems of Ossian. The day was beautiful in its lights and shades; and as I stopped time after time, to gaze, and to admire the lake and its islands, and the mountains grouped around, and from one or two points made a hasty sketch, the eyes of my little companion sparkled with pleasure, as he exclaimed with strong idiomatic accent—"A bonnie loch is this, and these are bonnie isles."

I discovered him to be an intelligent and well principled lad, and in answer to various questions, learned that the inhabitants, rude and miserable as are their cabins, and cold and naked their country, are familiar with the common branches of knowledge,—all read, and write, and understand something of arithmetic; all possess and read the bible, go to the kirk on the sabbath, have sabbath schools, and

bible classes, in general maintain the forms and usages of piety in their families, and are a virtuous, and an honest people. But no one would ever draw this character of them, from a sight of their habitations. I have never been more surprised in my travels in any part of the world, than I have in this respect in the Highlands. Their cabins are more rude, and apparently uncomfortable than any I have ever seen in a civilized country.

The walls of them; in general, rise a few feet above the ground, and consist of round stones laid up loosely, in the manner of a fence in America. Upon these an irregular low roof of thatch, heavy and black is placed, without a chimney, except a hole in the top, over a hearth of loose stones, in the centre of the apartment below, and thus the smoke is seen pouring out at all points, as from a coal-kiln. They contain a few articles only of the simplest furniture, with beds at the sides of dried fern, and in looking upon one, you would think that nothing but a savage could live within it. And this is not the description of a cabin here and there, but of every dwelling seen mile after mile in succession; and of whole hamlets and villages. The interior, is scarce more inviting. The cow stable and pig pen, in general, are under the same roof, and separated from the common apartment of the family, by a partition of wicker-work. Within the past hour, I saw a "bonnie lassie" driving and chasing a cow towards a hut, into which they both bounced together through the only entrance, as if in performance of an habitual feat.

Glenorchy, as a name, has always had a peculiar romance to me in its sound. Its earliest association, too, in my mind, made when I was yet a boy, is a happy one—the character of the good Countess of the title, as mentioned in the “Life of Mrs. Graham.” It is one of the prettiest valleys of a wild and sequestered character, that can be well imagined; differing indeed from any other I have ever visited. The glen is long and narrow, fruitful and verdant, and finely watered by several streams which are poured from the sides of its majestic mountains into Loch Awe. In the bosom of the valley, upon an island in the centre of a river, stands a beautifully white church, of an octagonal form, surmounted by a handsome gothic tower and pinnacles. A spacious and well-built manse, also white, is seen near it, and the Inn of Dalnally, from which I am writing, not far distant, all surrounded by groves of trees, and in full view from the numerous hamlets of cabins such as I have described, scattered over the rising grounds and hills around, in clusters of two or three, or in long lines of half a dozen or more together.

Wishing to rejoin my friend Bolton, as early as practicable, after gratifying my curiosity here, and partaking of a luncheon, on Saturday I set off in a car for Oban. Night, however, overtook me, at Taynuilt, twelve miles on the way, and perceiving a rude kirk near, I determined to remain at the inn, which I had been told was tolerably comfortable, during the Sabbath. On inquiring in the morning, at breakfast, concerning the worship of the day, I learned, that the preaching in the adjoining church,

was in Gaelic only. At the same time, Mr. Co. Green of Boston, and Mr. Warren of the same, two young gentlemen whom I had met in London, drove up in a car, on their way to Glenorchy: to the surprise and pleasure of meeting them, was that, connected with the disappointment in reference to the public services of the church, which I had expected to attend at Taynuilt, I at once accepted seat in their carriage, for a return to the quarters I had too hastily left the day before.

Not expecting ever to pass over the same road again, I had the evening previous taken full notice of the scenery on the way. There are many beautiful points in it; and constantly changing views of the mountains and lake. Glen Sray, a mile or two below the church of Glenorchy, with its rapid river, and the mountain torrents seen pouring down the sides of the encircling hills, is particularly romantic. Just by, at the head of Loch Awe, stand the ruins of Kilchurn castle, one of the most magnificent objects of the kind in the kingdom. It was a feudal hold of the Campbells, ancestors of the Marquess of Breadalbane, and the principal tower now marking its remains, was built by the famous Sir Colin Campbell, Knight of Rhodes in 1440.

Passing this, the road thickly wooded winds along the margin of Loch Awe for six or eight miles with occasional views of great beauty, of its waters and islands on one hand, while Ben Cruachan, the largest and loftiest mountain in Argyllshire, rises abruptly over head on the other. Its height is more than three thousand three hundred feet. Its sides

are wooded with a natural growth, and echo widely to the rumbling of impetuous torrents.

An arm of Loch Awe runs far to the west, and finds an outlet for its waters in the wild pass of Bund Awe, enclosed by naked precipices on either side, with the river Awe running in a succession of rapids through it. This pass, like most others in the Highlands, is noted for deeds of bravery and blood; and was the scene of a desperate conflict in the year 1308, between Robert Bruce and the Macdougals of Lorn, in which the latter were defeated. You here lose sight of Loch Awe, but shortly afterwards, in the vicinity of Taynult, come in view of Loch Etive, a long arm of the western sea.

We arrived at Glenorchy in time for morning worship, and heard a sensible and impressive discourse on conformity to the world, from a young minister from Edinburgh, who supplied for the day, the place of the pastor of the flock. The general aspect of the assembly, was much the same, as that of a congregation of an equal number, in the most rude sections of the United States. The astonishment to me in looking over it, was, that persons of such respectability of appearance, so well dressed, and so evidently intelligent, could be dwellers in habitations of such rudeness. The ocular demonstration of the fact, by waiting to see them disperse and pursue the different paths leading to the hamlets around, till they reached the very doors of their cabins, could scarce satisfy me, that these were in reality their abodes—the “Highland cottages,” so often pictured to my imagination as the *beau ideal* of the picturesque, while

I have been absorbed in the pages of history and romance, in which they are so often introduced.

But widely as these differ from the habitations of the peasantry in England, I should judge their inhabitants as a people, to be intellectually if not morally superior to those of the former. As a general observation, there is in the common people of England less sprightly and intelligent look, with a more awkward, clownish air and manner, not unmingled with an appearance of servility, than is seen here, or in any section of the United States. I admire the Scotch in this respect. As in the common people of our own country, there is nothing servile, but the reverse in their whole demeanour; and I never meet a young highlander, without feelings of interest and pleasure as I regard the firm and upright step, the manly and deliberate gait and elevated brow, with which he walks, with his bonnet cast negligently on one side of his head, and one hand placed loosely, and ungracefully in his bosom, as if the plaid were enfolding it there.

LETTER XLIII.

THE PASS OF GLENCOE.

Arrival at Oban—Dunolly House, the seat of Captain Macdougall, and the ruins of the 'Castle of the Lords of Lorn—Ruins of Dunstaffnage Castle, the ancient palace of the Scottish kings—Ballahulish, its Inn, and slate quarry—Scenery in the drive to Glencoe—Hamlets and villages—Traits of the people—Similarity in them, to some of the usages in the South Seas—Manner of shouting to one another—Carrying "bracken"—Want of shoes and stockings—Description of Glencoe—Alternations in the weather—Post-boy's anecdote of thunder, and its effect—Historic and classic interest of the pass—Birth-place of Ossian—and Cona's stream.

Glencoe, Argyllshire.

August 22d, 1832.

DEAR VIRGINIA,

IT is seldom, I suspect, that a letter is penned by any one in the place of my present date.—I have taken my seat at a rude table in a solitary hut, dignified with the name of "Inn," at the entrance of Glencoe, from Ballahulish, to improve the time, occupied in the necessary refreshments of the horse which has brought me from Oban, by giving you an outline of my travel from Glenorchy.

On arriving at Oban, I found Captain Bolton weary enough of his tarry there, having long exhausted the interest of the little port. It is a neat-looking fishing town, containing some six or eight hundred inha-

bitants, situated on a fine harbour, beyond which across a channel of the sea, the dark mountains Mull and the hill of Morven, so famed in song, rise into full and conspicuous view.

The only object of special interest, in the vicinity of the place, is the ruins of Dunolly castle, the feudal castle and stronghold of the Macdougals, Lords of Lorn. We visited it yesterday morning, after making a call upon Captain Macdougall of the Royal Navy, the lineal representative of the family, and the possessor of its remaining estates. He occupies a mansion immediately adjoining the old castle. Captain Bolton had been introduced to him at church on the Sabbath, by Captain Falcon, a former acquaintance, and received an invitation to dinner, which a heavy rain prevented him from attending. The drive from the gates and lodge along the bay is very bold and romantic, and Dunolly House, a beautiful little nook of taste and beauty, surrounded by rocks, among which the grounds are laid out and planted with happy effect. The building itself is plain, irregular and antique. We were politely received, and after a call of an hour, examined the old ruin standing on an elevated cliff overhanging the sea, and accessible only at a narrow point, on the side towards the land.

A steamboat from Glasgow to Fort William and Inverness, by the Caledonian canal,—by which we intend to proceed to the latter place—passes Oban twice in each week. It does not leave there, however, till some time this morning; and instead of remaining for the night, in a strong wish to visit

Glencoe, I again left Captain Bolton yesterday afternoon, and sat off in a car for Ballahulish, in the expectation of joining the steamboat in the course of the day, as it proceeds up Loch Linne. The distance is twenty-six miles ; and in accomplishing it, I passed the ruins of Dunstaffnage castle, the ancient palace of the Scottish kings, from which the stone on which they were accustomed to be crowned—now in Westminster Abbey—was removed to Scone, in Perthshire, so early as the time of Kenneth II. Not far from this is the supposed site of Beregonium, believed by some to have been the ancient capital of Scotland, and the residence of Fingal.

The road led by ferries across two lochs or arms of the sea—Loch Etive and Loch Creran—and through the district of Appin to Ballahulish. This place, properly so called, consists merely of a dirty inn, opposite a ferry across Loch Leven, at which I slept and took breakfast this morning. The point at which I was to join the steamboat being four miles north of Loch Leven, and Glencoe an equal distance east of my lodging-place, I started early after the morning repast, for the spot from which I address you. The road from Ballahulish to Glencoe, presents much fine mountain and water scenery along the banks of Loch Leven. The roadside is thickly inhabited—the whole distance almost being a succession of hamlets and villages, the abodes of the workmen labouring in a slate quarry—one of the most valuable and extensive in Great Britain—by which the road runs. They are all, however, of the kind before described ; and for comfort and every

quality entering into our ideas of civilization, are decidedly inferior, in view of the climate of the country, for two-thirds of the year, in comparison with the blandness of the tropics, to the huts of the South Sea islanders.

Indeed, I find it difficult while gazing upon them, observing many of the habits of the people, and listening to the unintelligible Gaelic in which they converse, to believe myself in Great Britain; and feel more than half the time as if somewhere very near my old friends of Maui and Hawaii. The manner in which they are frequently heard to call to each other at a distance, from rock to rock across a glen, and from one side of a valley to another, in the accent and wild intonation accompanying it, is precisely that of the Islanders of the Pacific. Another similarity exists in an out-door labour of the females, old and young, in which I see them now engaged, that of gathering "*bracken*," or fern, to dry for beds and other uses of the kind. The bundles in which they carry it are made up in the same manner, and borne on their backs in the same way in which rushes are by the females of the islands, to strew on the floors of their dwellings, and in the courts by which the doors are surrounded. The women here, too, as there, are constantly seen with bare feet. Twice yesterday, in the drive from Oban, I passed girls dressed in silk frocks, with handsome shawls, straw bonnets, and lace veils—in full holiday costume—but without shoe or stocking! I remarked this incongruity of apparel, in the second instance in which it was noticed, to the post-boy;—he seemed quite

embarrassed for the respectability of his countrywomen in the eyes of a foreigner, and excused the lassies by saying, "It was na so pleasant to walk in shoes and stockings as with the bare feet."

Glencoe is said to present to the admirer of nature the wildest scenery in Great Britain. It is a narrow defile, eight miles in length, and scarce a quarter of a mile in width, between two ranges of ragged and pinnacled mountains of black rocks, three thousand feet high. They are almost perpendicular in their whole extent, and in many places quite so—are entirely naked, and rent into unnumbered crags, and broken cliffs; and stand upon the eye fretted from top to bottom by the tempests of an untold period, and furrowed by the torrents of a thousand years. The morning has been highly favourable for the drive through it which I have just taken,—consisting alternately of brightness and cloud, sunshine and rain. At one time, all the pointed and broken summits of the highest points, have been seen in clear and beautiful outline against the blue heavens, almost directly above my head, while at another, a sudden tempest of wind and clouds has gathered in such blackness around them, as comparatively to make night of noonday, while thick vapour and mist have rolled far down the sides of the precipices overhanging us, with much of the power and wildness of "the whirlwind and the storm."

It was at such a moment, when in the midst of the pass, that the post-boy interrupted my musings on the scene, by saying, "And dinna ye think this, sir, a frightsome place?—an' indeed, had there hap-

pened some *thunder-going*, an' I've been think-
ye'd been *rale* terrified!"—adding, "I once ca-
through in a thunder-storm, and I thought at ev-
clap, all the mountains were coming in toget-
upon me. An' indeed, I was fairly frightened
sel'—while all the ladies I was driving began
scream and cry." I can readily imagine that
places in the world can be better suited to the
effect in sublimity and fearfulness, of a play of lig-
ning, and the thunder's crash.

But Glencoe owes not less to its classic and he-
toric associations, than to the wildness and sublimity
of its scenery, for the interest with which it is in-
vested in the eyes of the traveller. In the massacre
of the Macdonalds, in 1691, it is the scene of
tragedy of treachery and blood, familiar to all who
have read the annals of the country; and as the re-
puted birth-place of Ossian, it is not without its
attractions to the lover of song. A small lake in
the centre of it gives rise to the stream of CONA, so
often mentioned in his poems; and many of the
similes, used with such effect in his writings, are
drawn from the imagery here beheld in its varied
accidents of sunshine and storm. Any one who
has gazed upon the lofty precipices of Glencoe, and
the unnumbered water-channels grooving their sur-
face, will readily apprehend the force of the figure
in which the conflict of battle is compared to the
"sound of the thousand streams that meet in Cona's
Vale, after a stormy night." Not only a thousand,
but literally tens of thousands, I doubt not, might be
numbered after a continued rain, as they pour their

ning floods into the gorge below. Every feature of the scenes around is well suited to the sublimity and gloom of high-wrought and tragic poesy ; and to whosoever genius we are indebted for " the songs of Zion," the writer did well to blend with his inspirations, imagery and impressions drawn from the forms and aspects which nature here assumes.

LETTER XLIV.

PASSAGE FROM LOCH LEVEN TO INVERNESS.

Join the steamboat "Maid of Morven on Linne Loch—Fort William and Gordonsburgh—Ben Nevis—Caledonian canal—N. tune's stairs—Loch Lochy and Loch Oich—Fort Augustus—Loch Ness and the Falls of Foyers—Country around Inverness—appearance and population of the town—Comfortable quarters at the Caledonian Hotel.

*Caledonian Hotel, Inverness.
August 23d, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

Immediately on my return yesterday morning, from Ballahulish from Glencoe, I crossed Loch Leven, an arm of Loch Linne, by the ferry opposite, with the intention of walking to Fort William, a distance of fourteen miles, having been informed that the steamboat from Oban would not pass along before seven o'clock, and it then being only a little after mid-day.

I had scarce accomplished four miles, however, at the end of an hour, before I discovered the smoke of the steamer some few miles below, and being then at a ferry on Loch Linne, from which passengers are put on board, I waited her arrival, and soon after was safely on the deck of "the maid of Morven," once again enjoying the company of my friend Capt. Bolton. We passed by Fort William, and the town of Gordonsburgh, with Ben Nevis in full view

at six o'clock. The fortress was first erected in the time of Cromwell, by Gen. Monk, and built only of turf. It was rebuilt of stone in the reign of William III., receiving his name, while the village of Gordonsburgh, then first formed, was called Marysburgh, in honour of the Queen. The scenery is wild and sublime in its mountain groupings, and the vicinity is memorable in the history of the Highlands, and interesting, from the remains of the castle of Inverlochy, supposed in ancient times, to have been a regal abode, another ruin, which there is reason to believe was once a residence of Banquo.

Two miles above Fort William is the commencement of the great Caledonian canal, by which the navigation of the German sea and the Western Ocean are connected, without the tedious and dangerous coasting of the north of Scotland, through a chain of lakes, connected in its route. The distance from Linne Loch in the west, to the Frith of Moray at this place, in the east, is sixty-one miles, thirty-eight miles of the route being through Loch Lochy, Loch Oich, and Loch Ness, and the remaining twenty-three, the cutting of the canal. The first mile from Loch Linne, is a succession of locks, which from their magnitude and number, are called "Neptune's Staircase." By these, vessels ascend from the west to the general level of the canal and lakes; and as several hours are required for the passage of the steamboat through them, the arrangements are such, that this is accomplished at night, while the passengers are lodged at an Inn at the upper lock, to which they walk, leaving their luggage on board. The

canal is one hundred and twenty feet wide at top, fifty feet at the bottom, and twenty feet deep, and the locks one hundred and seventy feet long and forty wide, thus allowing the passage of a frigate, or of a merchantman of the largest class.

At day-break this morning we were summoned again to the boat, which had attained the summit level. The morning was wet, and the mountains covered with mist and clouds; once only we had a full view of Ben Nevis, whose summit and northern side was still marked with beds of snow. This is the loftiest mountain in Great Britain, being more than four thousand three hundred feet in height; and having seen the Cordilleras of South America, the mountains of Hawaii, and other islands of the Pacific, and even the ridges of the Alleghany, in the middle states of the American Union, there is nothing very imposing in the loftiness of Ben Nevis.

Loch Lochy ten miles in length, and little more than one in breadth, and Loch Oich three miles long, and a half mile broad, are not particularly interesting in the scenery of their shores. They are bordered principally by mountains covered with moors and naked sheep walks with glens between them, running to the north and south, memorable in history as the abodes of clans whose names are still the general cognomen of their inhabitants.

At the entrance of Loch Ness from Fort William stand the town and fortifications of Fort Augustus. It is a neat and pretty place, surrounded by much delightful scenery. We were amused chiefly there, while waiting the passage of the boat from the locks

of the canal, into the lake, by the crossing of thousands of sheep from the north, attended by the shepherds and dogs, and observing the great sagacity and admirable training of the latter, in keeping the flocks in the places in which their masters wished them to move. Loch Ness, which we here entered, is twenty-four miles in length and varies from one to one and a half miles in breadth. It is a fine sheet of water, and in its shores, wooded side hills, and whole character, is more like an American lake than most others seen by us. Along it on either side are some noted glens, and here and there the ruins of an old castle.

About mid-way in its length, some twelve miles from Fort Augustus are the celebrated Falls of Foyers, on the estate and near the residence of Fraser of Foyers. It is customary for the steamboat to come to anchor here for an hour, to allow the passengers to visit the falls; and, with others, we ascended a steep hill, a mile in length, overlooking the grounds and mansion adjoining, to ascertain how far they merited the praise so often lavished on them. The scenery around is wild and beautiful, and the fissure, or narrow glen of rock, over and through which the stream pours, singular in its characteristics, and well worth a visit. In the cascade itself we were disappointed; though, had we not read and heard so much of its sublimity and grandeur, it is probable we would have been more strikingly impressed by it.

At every advance towards Inverness, we now perceived an improvement in the whole aspect of everything. The town makes a handsome appearance at

a distance, and on landing and gazing around every direction upon a fine agricultural and fertile region, with a flourishing town in the midst, having for so many days been surrounded only by the comparative poverty and nakedness of the highlands, we felt as if we were once more in a land of common comfort and civilization. Inverness is called the northern capital of Scotland. It is a neat and well-built town, containing some twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants, and lies on both sides of the river Ness, at its entrance into the Moray Firth. A fine bridge of stone and another of wood, connect its different sections.

At this season of the year there is so much travelling in Scotland, that the best houses frequently are much crowded. The steamboat lands the passengers a mile from the town, and we availed ourselves of the proffered services of a servant in livery, travelling without his master, to secure rooms for us at the Caledonian, by going in advance. This he did, and on arriving ourselves, we were ushered into a parlour of comfort and elegance, much more congenial to the taste of my travelling friend, than any we had seen since leaving Dumbartonshire.

LETTER XLV.

TRAVEL FROM INVERNESS TO ELGIN.

untry between Inverness and Elgin—Moor of Culloden—Castle Stewart and Macintosh castle—View of Fort George—Its indefensible site—Cawdor Castle, where Duncan is said to have been murdered by Macbeth—Heath on which Macbeth met the witches—Bridge across the Findhorn—Town of Forres—Arrival at Elgin—General aspect of the place—Its public buildings and institutions of philanthropy and benevolence—Ruins of its cathedral—Beauty of the architecture—Chapter House and Burial-place of the Dukes and Duchesses of Gordon.

*Gordon Castle, Banffshire,
August 25th, 1832.*

EARL VIRGINIA,

AFTER a day in Inverness we took the coach on Friday afternoon, at that place for Elgin, distant forty-two miles. The intervening country, especially in the vicinity of either town, is fertile and richly cultivated. Three or four miles from Inverness, we came within sight of the moor of Culloden, where an extinguisher was placed for ever upon the hopes and schemes of the unfortunate house of Stuart. The road not far from it, passes immediately by Castle Stewart, an old and lofty, but not extensive mansion of the Earl of Moray, with turreted angles. It was at this castle, that Prince Charles slept the night previous to the battle, while some two miles south of it

on the edge of the moor, stands Macintosh Castle the quarters, at the same time, of the opposing commander, the Duke of Cumberland. From the ramparts we had a general view of the battle-ground—sufficient to answer the purpose of the tourist; and there are on it at present, no distinctive traces of conflict by which it is distinguished.

At the distance of twelve miles from Inverness we had a full sight of Fort George, on the shores of the Frith of Moray, with a view along the German Ocean of the coast of Scotland, almost to its extremity at "Johnny Groat's House." Fort George is one of the most regular fortresses in Great Britain. It was built in 1747, as a check upon the Highlanders. Of it a British tourist writes, "Nothing appears to have been overlooked that could have conduced to the comfort of the garrison, or add to the security of the place, save in the choice of a site. An old veteran who escorted us round the ramparts, and who had been honorably maimed at *Bunker's Hill*, asserted that it was so thoroughly commanded by the adjacent heights, that the bravest general of modern times could not attempt to hold it against an army well appointed with artillery. We did not presume to dispute this important point, while our own less experienced eyes led us to draw a similar conclusion."

Shortly after losing sight of this on the left, the coachman pointed out to us at a distance on the right, Cawdor or Calder castle, famed as the reputed place of the murder of Duncan by Macbeth. You will find, if I mistake not, an interesting and lively de-

scription of this building, by Mrs. Grant of Laggan, in her "*Letters from the Mountain*." Near it, we crossed "the blasted heath," on which the interview between Macbeth and "the weird sisters," as represented by Shakspeare, is said to have taken place. It has lost much of its distinctive character since those days; and such have been the encroachments on every side of the agriculturists, that the witches would now scarce find room for their brooms and cauldron, in the performance of the unearthly orgies attributed to them.

Before reaching Forres, we crossed the Findhorn by a ferry, a former bridge over it having been carried away by a flood. A new structure of the kind, is now being thrown across the stream. It is to be a suspension bridge, and when finished, will be of great beauty—the abutments are formed of a fine white free stone, and terminate in embattled gothic towers. Forres is a neat well-built town. A monument to Nelson, on a neighbouring hill, and a granite shaft covered with hieroglyphics, the origin and history of which is unknown, at one end of the town, were pointed out to us as we drove through.

The approach to Elgin commands an extensive range of well cultivated and beautiful country, ornamented by extensive plantations of pine on the estates of the Earl of Fife, a principal proprietor in the county. We slept at this place, and in the morning, before taking a chaise for Fochabers, the town adjoining Gordon castle, strolled over its principal sections. There is a very general air of com-

fort around, and its public buildings are of more ordinary respectability. A new church in the centre of the town constructed of a light-coloured stone. Grecian architecture, is a conspicuous ornament and stands in agreeable relief, to the old Tolbooth or town prison, with its narrow, grated window-turreted corners, and lofty spire, immediately opposite, in the market place or open square.

Elgin has been singularly fortunate, within a few years, for so small a town, in one particular, that the endowments of benevolence and piety, by natives of the place, who have risen from poverty and obscurity, to wealth and distinction. One gentleman whose history we were informed was of this character, has left a monument of his philanthropy in an extensive hospital, with funds to support it—a conspicuous object in entering the town from Inverness—and another has endowed an institution for the “Education of youth, and the support of old age.” The building for this last, is nearly completed, and is a handsome, well arranged, and costly structure. The individual making this appropriation, was a poor boy of the town, and apprenticed to a mechanic. He broke his indentures, and escaped to London: enlisted in the East India Company’s service as a common soldier, in time to lay the foundations of his fortune at Seringapatam; was promoted, and rose to the rank of a general officer, with wealth sufficient to endow the institution with a fund of seventy thousand pounds.

The principal object of admiration to visitors at

Elgin, however, is the ruins of its once magnificent cathedral. They are indeed beautiful, and well worthy the visit of an hour. It was erected in 1414; and appears to have been a splendid edifice, of a rich gothic architecture. Most of the ruins in Scotland, of this character, are to be traced in their fall, to the era of the reformation, but the cathedral of Elgin, was despoiled, we are told, for the sake of its roof of lead, at a time of financial pressure in the kingdom—this article being exchanged for gold, in a barter with the Dutch. The outer walls, and the towers, are still standing; and the eastern and western ends exhibit admirable specimens of the architecture of the age in which it was built. The chapter house on one side of the choir, is in perfect preservation, with the exception of the pavement and windows. It is a beautiful octagon room, with a groined ceiling, the arches springing in every direction from a clustered pillar in the centre, and from corbels against the walls.

On the opposite side of the choir is an aisle, enclosed by an iron railing, which has for centuries been the burial place of the princely house of Gordon and Huntly. In it are several antique tombs; and one modern monument of much beauty, erected by the late Duke, in memory of his mother, the third Duchess of Gordon, of whom a fine head in Italian marble is sculptured upon it.

Throughout the pile the carving in stone seems to have been executed with masterly skill. The devices in the capitals of the different pillars, are

very various—a cluster of grapes, with the leaf and vine, in one, struck us as being as exquisite true to nature, as anything in architectural embellishment, we have any where seen. One of the towers is accessible, and from it we enjoyed in the brightness of the morning an extensive and beautiful panoramic view.

LETTER XLVI.

RESIDENCE OF THE DUKE OF GORDON.

rangements for a visit to Gordon Castle—Absence of the Duke and Duchess of Gordon—Arrival at Fochabers—The Duke of Gordon—Park and Castle—Principal suite of rooms—Private apartments—Dining-room—Chapel—Family worship and services of the Sabbath—General character and reputed piety of the Duchess.

*Gordon Castle, Banffshire,
August 27th, 1832.*

EAR VIRGINIA,

Through the kindness of Sir John Sinclair, of Stephenston, we have for the last day or two, been in the enjoyment of the hospitality of Gordon Castle, the principal residence in Scotland, of his uncle, the Duke of Gordon.

It had been hoped that we might be able to reach this section of the kingdom, before the commencement of grouse shooting should take the Duke from the castle, to a lodge in the mountains, to meet an engagement for that amusement, with a party from England. On reaching Inverness, however, we found letters waiting our arrival, to apprise us of the necessary absence of his Grace on the moors; but begging that this might not prevent our visit to the castle, or the acceptance of rooms within it, on our

way to Aberdeen. A kindness of which we are ourselves for the Sabbath.

Had we known that the Duchess was at home when we arrived at Inverness, we should have come on without delay, as the day of getting there, that on which we had been expected at the castle. Supposing, however, that she was in company with the Duke, we remained there to refresh ourselves after the fatigue of our tour, for some days previous, and much to our regret learned on arriving here, Saturday afternoon, that her grace had been at the castle, from the time we had been expected, till the latest hour of Saturday that she could remain, to accomplish a journey before night, of some weeks appointment, with the Countess of Denbigh, and other ladies from England; we thus missed the pleasure, by a few hours only, of being welcomed by a person by our noble hostess, to the princely mansion and domain, of which she is mistress.

The Duke of Gordon is styled, in familiar phraseology, the "*king of the north*," his influence in point of birth, rank, and property, being more extensive and more powerful than that of any other nobleman in Scotland. His father acceded to the dukedom with a funded property of more than £70,000, and an income from his landed estates of more than £50,000. His mother, as you know, was one of the most celebrated wits and beauties of her day; and the alliances of the family are with the first blood of the empire. The Duke himself, as Marquess of Huntly, was distinguished in military and political life, previous to the death of his father; and is now

second in command to Wellington, in the first regiment of the line, in the Royal Army.

The castle is situated on the Spey, ten miles from Elgin, near the town of Fochabers, which is within the environs of its park. Servants were watching our arrival at its gates, and at the inn, and we were not permitted to alight in the town, but passing a fine gateway of stone in castellated architecture, at one end of the village, were set down after the drive of half a mile, by a winding approach, at the principal entrance. The building stands in the midst of an old and beautiful park, and presents a façade both on the north and south fronts, of five hundred and sixty-eight feet, including a range of offices at either extremity. The central part—a hundred feet in length, and proportionably deep,—is four stories high, with a projecting tower, demi-turreted at the corners, embattled, and surmounted by a flag-staff, in the middle of the south front. The whole pile of light stone, is massive and uniform in its style and of modern architecture, except the tower and some of the rooms immediately adjoining it which are a part of the original baronial castle of the family. Both fronts open upon fine lawns studded with noble trees. A flower-garden and shrubbery encircle one wing, while a small lake and island are not far distant on the other. The pleasure and ornamental walks, without including the carriage drives, measure more than fifteen miles.

The entrance to the castle is by a vestibule ornamented with an Apollo Belvidere, and a Venus de Medicis, and several fine busts on pedestals. The

ascent from this to the principal suite of rooms the second floor, is by a handsome staircase of scarpeted with the Gordon tartan, with which passages and corridors of other sections of the building are also covered. The dining-hall opens to the landing in front of the stairs, while on the left the entrance to the music-room, a fine lofty apartment, tastefully, though simply furnished in hangings and covers of pink and white chintz—the walls filled with paintings, and the room containing a piano and organ, with a choice selection of books in two cabinets on one side. An ante-room, in crimson opens from this and leads into one of the principal drawing-rooms. Of these there are two, one upon each front, communicating with each other by large folding doors across a passage extending from one end of the castle to the other. The hangings and entire furniture in both are of the most chaste and delicate taste—the predominating colour being a light drab, relieved by rich gilding in the mouldings, and painted ceilings. A projecting window adds to the beauty of one, in which also is a grand piano, and some fine paintings, while varied articles of taste and *virtu* are scattered in elegant neglect over both.

The dining-room is a magnificent apartment, hung with full length portraits of the whole line of dukes and the Marquess of Huntly; and ornamented at one end by four beautiful scagliola pillars, with rich corinthian capitals of white. This hall is a part of the original feudal castle; and the three windows

by which it is lighted, stand in recesses six feet deep—the bare thickness of the wall.

Another suite, containing the private sitting room and boudoir of the duchess, and the cabinet of the duke, with the dressing and sleeping-rooms adjoining, has also been shown us. Those of her grace are delightful apartments, in furniture of blue, with an air of refinement, and a delicacy of taste, in the whole, of the most attractive character. Adjoining the duke's room is one filled with the varied apparatus of a sportsman—fowling-pieces, fishing-rods, whips furnished with whistles for his hounds, hunting-horns, &c.; also an armoury, containing suits of ancient armour, coats of mail, banners of historic interest in the family and kingdom, and a museum of curiosities, in which I soon distinguished a feather mantle, and various other articles of the workmanship of my old friends the Sandwich islanders.

The chapel, on the same floor with the principal rooms, is neat and chastely ornamented. It is lighted from above, and surrounded by a gallery for the servants. The walls are in imitation of a delicately veined marble, the floor laid with Brussels carpet, in the colour and figure of oak inlaid, and the seats covered with cushions of blue. I regarded this part of the establishment with special interest, from the reasons which I have to believe that the God of our adoration is here worshipped “in spirit and in truth,” as well as in form. I yesterday held a service in it, with the household, and immediate dependents of the castle, and have offered with them the morning and evening sacrifice, to which they have been ac-

customed. At all times, when the duchess is home, there are prayers at nine o'clock in the morning, and at four o'clock in the afternoon—previous to the preparations for dinner, when the household and guests can most conveniently be assembled in the greatest number. When the chaplain is not at the castle, the duchess herself reads the Scriptures and leads the worship of the chapel. On the Sabbath, the family and servants attend the parish church in Fochabers in the morning—but there is no preaching in the castle in the afternoon, and the duchess invariably reads a sermon aloud in the drawing-room on that evening, whatever may be the number or character of her guests.

These traits, and others equally interesting in the manner of life pursued by her grace, were communicated to us by Lady Sinclair, while at Stephenston, with such warmth of interest, and such sweetness of delineation; that I anticipated with no ordinary satisfaction, the pleasure of making her acquaintance. All others we have met in this vicinity, join in attributing to her the most noble and elevated character—particularly Mr. Wagstaff, the duke's principal agent or factor, who has been most polite in his attentions and civility to us. Her portraits indicate much beauty, and gracefulness of feature and person. She is accomplished in music, to a cultivated mind adds much natural sweetness and amiability of manners, and above all, the charm of enlightened and unchanging piety. It is this characteristic more than any other that causes the regret I feel at her absence from the castle. Piety is the most ennobling gift of

God. It adds new dignity to man, whatever be the rank or however high the elevation of office he fills; but, if possible, it is still more becoming, and in a still greater degree, the peculiar and crowning grace of woman. Diffused in its warmth through her gentle spirit, and mildly beaming on her brow, it invests her with a halo more attractive than every earthly honour, and more resplendent than a crown. And thus it is that

“Heaven, when most disposed to bless,
Blends piety with loveliness!”

LETTER XLVII.

JOURNEY FROM GORDON CASTLE TO FASKALLY HOUSE.

Notice of Aberdeen—Dunotter Castle—Brechin Castle—H.
Dunsinane—and scene of Macbeth's death—Cupar Angus—
rival at Dunkeld—Beauty of the place—Park and grounds
the Duke of Atholl—Drive from Dunkeld to Blair Atholl—
of Killikrankie—Arrival at Faskally—Members of the family
Drive to Loch Tummel.

*Faskally House, Perthshire,
August 31st, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

THE journey from Gordon Castle to Dunkeld—
by Keith, Huntley, Invernrie, Kintpre, Aberdeen,
Brechin, Forfar, and Cupar Angus—a distance of
one hundred and fifty miles, was almost lost to us
from constant rain during the two days we were ac-
complishing it. We were obliged to travel in the
inside of the coach, and thus were deprived of almost
all observation of the country, which, so far as we
could perceive, appeared rich and well cultivated.

Aberdeen lies prettily on the sea-coast; and its
principal street, is among the widest and best built
in the kingdom—very similar in its general aspect
and the gray granite of its architecture, to the hand-
somest parts of Edinburgh. Like this last city too,
its different parts are connected by lofty bridges across
a deep glen below, filled with inhabitants. Near

Stonehaven, on the second day's travel, we had for a short time, a fine view of Dunotter Castle, overhanging the sea, and celebrated as the place in which the Regalia of Scotland were for a long time concealed during the Commonwealth of Cromwell, and from which they were secretly conveyed, just before its surrender to the republican army, by the wife of a clergyman of a neighbouring parish, who had gained access to the castle through the besieging forces, as a visitor to the lady of the governor of the fortress, and by whom, with the assistance of her husband, they were buried and preserved, beneath the church of which he was the minister.

The Castle of Brechin, the seat of the present Lord Maule, is also noted in the history of Scotland ; and at Forfar, Malcolm Canmore had a castle. A small islet on the loch adjoining, is pointed out as one on which the queen of this monarch had for a long time a favourite residence. Near Glamis is Glamis Castle, once famed for its magnificence, and alluded to in "Macbeth," not long after passing which, we came in view of the hill of Dunsinane, upon which the usurper was besieged and near which he is said to have fallen.

At Cupar Angus we met letters of invitation from Archibald Butler, Esquire, of Faskally House, our present host, the proprietor of one of the most beautiful mansions in the Highlands. He is a friend of Sir John Sinclair, to whom we are again indebted for the hospitality we are enjoying. It was our intention in any case, to have visited the celebrated pass of Killikrankie and Blair Atholl, within a mile of which

former place, Faskally is ; and leaving the coach at Cupar, we took a post-chaise for Dunkeld, in Perthshire.

We had been told that by taking Blair Gowrie in our way from Cupar to Dunkeld, we should pass through a much more beautiful and romantic country, than by pursuing the most direct route. But after passing through Blair, by a mistake of the postilion, we turned again to the road we had been advised to leave, and not only lost the scenery for which we were seeking, but added some miles to the distance of our travel. When within three miles of Dunkeld, we came upon the banks of the Tay, where it sweeps round the beautiful grounds and stately towers of Murthly Castle, the seat of Sir George Stewart. From this point to Dunkeld, the drive is full of wildness and beauty ; and on entering the town, though fatigued with the travel of eighty-six miles, we were filled with admiration and pleasure at the romance and loveliness of the surrounding scenery. The town itself too, is just one of those which

“ rise

In rural pride 'mong intermingled trees !
Above whose aged tops, the joyful swains,
At eventide descending from the hill,
With eye enamour'd mark the many wreaths
Of pillar'd smoke high curling to the clouds.”

The picture presented, is that of a little valley, verdant and richly wooded—encircled with high hills, some entirely bare, some deeply clothed with flourishing plantations of evergreen and hard wood—through which the Tay, in a winding course, sweeps

brightly and beautifully. A fine bridge of light-coloured stone, is seen conspicuously in a range with the town, and beyond it, the ruinous arch and ivy-covered tower of a cathedral, several pretty cottages, *ornets*, adjoining, with the extensive pleasure grounds and park, of a principal residence of the Duke of Atholl, in the distance.

We remained one day here with great satisfaction. I know of scarce any place of the same extent, which can boast such varied and such charming landscapes at different points of view, as Dunkeld; and of its little valley, it may in quaint pöesy, truly be said—

“Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
Arbours o’ergrown with woodbine, caves, and della.”

A first walk of the morning, was in the park of Dunkeld House, to which access is given by gratuitous tickets procured at the residence of the principal gardener, opposite the entrance gate, at the north end of the town. There is at present, no ducal residence on the estate, except it be a small cottage in which the Duchess dowager lives, near the town, on the banks of the river. The late Duke removed the old mansion a short time previous to his death, two or three years since; and a magnificent pile which he commenced to supply its place, stands unfinished, his eldest son and successor, being under a commission of lunacy, from the Lord Chancellor.

It would be impossible for me to convey to you any impression of the varied beauty, and entire loveliness of a walk of *five hours*, which I took within the enclosure—I say a walk of five hours, for I do not

know the number of miles passed over. The ~~en~~ walks laid out on the estate, measure, it is said, ~~fr~~ miles, while the carriage drives, not touching the ~~are~~ are scarce less extensive. I can, at present, ~~g~~ give the assurance, that from the moment I enter the park, till I crossed its boundaries at a different point, and reached the village again by the bridge at the end of the time mentioned, I never thought of fatigue, and was without interruption in the exercise of constant admiration and delight.

At six o'clock this morning, we took the coach to Dunkeld for Blair Atholl, twenty miles to the north, first along the banks of the Tay, and afterwards by those of the Tummel and Garry, to the latter place. Blair Atholl is six miles beyond Faskally, but we wished to view the whole scenery as far as Blair, which includes the pass of Killikrankie. It is, perhaps, the most beautiful drive for the same distance in Scotland; and reminded me in many of its loveliest features, of different sections of the valley of the Susquehanna, between the lake of Otsego, and the far famed Wyoming.

From the predominating imagery of the passes in the Highlands, previously visited by us, I had expected to find in that of Killikrankie a frowning, frightful glen, exhibiting something, at least, of the desolate and intimidating aspect of Glencoe, but in place of this, we were surprised to meet only a smiling and softly-wooded dell, deep, narrow and romantic it is true, with steep hills on either side, but not presenting, as seen from the road, anything fearful or sublime to the eye. Killikrankie cottage, the

residence of Major Hay of the Royal Army, is perched beautifully upon a cliff, on the western side of the Garry, in the midst of the pass, with a tastefulness of architecture and embellishment, seldom surpassed. A mile or two beyond, is the battle ground on which the noted Claverhouse fell, with the precise spot where he met his fate, pointed out by a rough stone, taken from the adjoining stream, it is probable, and planted as it now stands, early after his death.

The day, though bright and beautiful in atmosphere, has been as cool in temperature, as an October morning in America, and we were so completely chilled by the travel from Dunkeld, as to feel indisposed to visit the grounds of Atholl House, famed for their beauty. It is an estate of the Atholl family, occupied at present by Lord Glenlyon, the second son of the late Duke. We also learned here, that Mr. Butler, who had been spending some days at Atholl House, had left early for Faskally, under an impression that we should be with him soon after breakfast. It was then midday, and taking a chaise, we returned almost immediately to his residence, which we reached in time for luncheon.

Our host is a young unmarried gentleman, the only son and heir of the late Col. Butler, a lord lieutenant, and otherwise distinguished inhabitant of Perthshire. His mother, a daughter of the late, and a sister of the present Sir Neil Menzies of Castle Menzies, is at the head of his establishment—Miss Richardson, an intelligent and interesting young lady, a friend and companion of Mrs. Butler, making up the number of the family proper.

The gentlemen of England and Scotland, spare trouble in the entertainment and gratification of guests, and the day, by the time we had finished lunch, having become more mild than in the morning we were immediately after it, in a phaeton with host, for a drive before dinner. The rivers Tummel and Garry, unite on the grounds of Faskally, and the rumbling of the falls of the former, are constantly heard at the house. The course of the Garry had followed in the way to Blair Atholl, and Butler took us up the valley of the Tummel, crossing the Garry at the entrance of the pass Killikrankie, over a bridge of fearful height, from a bed of water and the rocks below. At the end of some six or seven miles through a wild glen-like vale we gained the top of a hill, from which we had an unexpected and beautiful view of Loch Tummel, eleven miles in length and one or two broad, with a long perspective of glen and mountain in the distance, closed in at the end of some fifty miles, by the blue points and waving outline of the mountains of Glencoe. This view was the particular object of the excursion: on turning round, one almost equally striking, though destitute of the foreground of water, was presented down the valley of the Tummel, which kept us in constant admiration, till we again reached the immediate vicinity of the mansion of our friend.

Faskally is the place at which Lord Elcho said at Gosford, he hoped to join us. We are disappointed to find that his visit has already been made, and he hastened to Lothian again, by the recent marriage of a sister.

LETTER XLVIII.

VISIT AT FASKALLY HOUSE.

Company and remains of Highland customs—The national dress of plaid and kilt—Piper in the hall at dinner—Hon. Mr. Murray, heir presumptive of the Dukedom of Atholl—Parish church of Pittochrie—Sermon and psalmody—Aspect of the general Congregation—Difference in the imitative character of the peasantry here, and similar classes in America—Description of Faskally House and grounds—Beauty of its approaches, and view from the mountain top.

*Faskally House, Perthshire,
September 3, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

The hospitality of the mansion at which we are, is such, that we have not been without fellow-guests, at any moment since our coming.

Miss Butler, an aunt of our host, was here on our arrival. Mr. Ferguson, a brother of Ferguson of Woodhill, whose notes during a recent tour in Canada, and in the United States, are attracting considerable notice just at present, and deservedly, so far as we can judge, from the manliness and candour of extracts which we have seen—arrived to dinner the same day. The Hon. Mr. Murray, a son of Lord Glenlyon, and heir presumptive to the Dukedom of Atholl, Mr. Macgregor, the eldest son of Sir Evan Macgregor, and Mr. Menzies came on Saturday, and the Earl of Hopetown, and Major Hill yesterday.

Some few traits of Highland life, are still retained in the family, sufficient to give additional interest and variety to us, as foreigners, in the visit, and leave characteristic impressions of it upon the mind. Some of the gentlemen, for instance, wear the traditional costume, as full dress at dinner, the pipers the same attire, plays in the hall while the company pass from the drawing-room to the table and during the repast, and Mrs. Butler enlivens the latter half of the evening, by a variety of pibrochs, strathspeys and reels on the piano.

The full dress of a chieftain, such as that which we here see, is certainly picturesque and graceful, whatever may be said of the bare knees accompanying it. Mr. Murray, being a chieftain of the first rank, the head of his clan, wears two tartans. His coat and plaid, being that of Atholl, and his kilt, that of Murray. He is quite young, just entered at one of the colleges of the university of Cambridge, and as is also the case with his cousin Mr. Macgregor, is uncommonly handsome, and gentlemanlike in his manners. His mother is a sister of the Duke of Northumberland, and, in addition to the Dukedom and estates of Atholl, he, in this line, is next heir after Lord Prudhoe, to the immense estates of the Percys.

The parish church which the family attend, is three miles from the house, and one, by a cross road from Pittochrie, a village on the principal route to Edinburgh, of which Mr. Butler is the proprietor. We went to worship there yesterday, the company forming quite a retinue of carriages, horsemen

and grooms. The day was fine, and there was a general turn out of the gentry of the neighbourhood, as well as a large congregation of the peasantry, and other common inhabitants. Throughout Scotland, I believe the fashionable part of the congregation, occupy pews in front in the gallery; and these, on this occasion, were crowded in addition to the party from Faskally, with the Hays of Killikrankie Cottage, the Alstons of Urrard House, Mrs. Beaumont, the lady of Captain Beaumont of the navy, and her sister Miss Mac Donald, daughters of Mac Donald, Lord of Isles, in many of whom I was happy to observe, not only a most respectful attention, but evidences of unaffected devotion during the worship. The service, in its prayers and sermon, was spiritual and impressive, the subject of the latter being the fear of God, but the psalmody the most grating upon the ear and nerves, I recollect ever to have heard. Whatever may be its effect upon the hearts of those accustomed to it, upon my feelings, the tendency was anything but devotional.

The congregation, in general, was the most respectable in its appearance, of any we have yet seen in a country church in Scotland. In most cases before, the whole mass of the common people, in their dress and rudeness, have appeared like the beings of another generation, wearing what seemed in fashion, to have been the coats and gowns, hats and bonnets, of their great grandfathers. So much was this the case, particularly in the Highlands, that I could not avoid reflecting in view of it, how different would be the fact in the United States, did there a place exist

within its boundaries, in which fashion of dress and the
 cameleon forms had not made its way. The
 carriage which should drive through it, in the man-
 ner in which hundreds do through Scotland in
 travelling season, would at once produce an im-
 pression in an American village, in this respect.
 Yankee girl, should she have no opportunity
 of glancing for a moment at the attire of the
 within, would seize, as the equipage flew by, the
 of the dress and bonnet of the dressing woman.
 the box or rumble, and be sure to present an evi-
 dence of her tact at imitation, in the next ap-
 pearance she made at meeting, or elsewhere among
 the rival belles of the neighbourhood.

But I am forgetting the beauty of Faskally—

“ A spot of earth so sweet, you might (I ween)
 Well guess some congregation of the elves,
 To sport by summer moons, had shaped it for themselves.”

The first view of it, in the brightness of the morn-
 ing's sun, when on our way to Blair Atholl, from
 Dunkeld, was fascinating, and gave promise in the
 architectural taste and elegance of the mansion, and
 in the loveliness of the imagery around, of a degree
 of gratification in the visit, which has by no means
 been disappointed. It is just one of those spots,
 which as a birth-place and a home, would, with my
 temperament, have a charm which would keep me
 ever in admiration of the surrounding scenery, and
 its capability for the daily exercise of taste in its em-
 bellishment by art.

The house just rebuilt on the site of an older man-

sion, is a beautiful specimen of the irregular manorial style of architecture preceding the reign of Queen Elizabeth—the design by Burns, a distinguished architect of Edinburgh. The principal front is about one hundred and twenty feet in length, and, with the other sides, is ornamented by pointed gables, projecting windows and turrets, placed at unequal distances in the angles, and surmounted by beautifully tapering spires. The entrance is by a vestibule into a hall, with the most beautiful staircase of oak we have anywhere seen, and into which the dining and drawing-rooms on the ground floor open. These are all spacious and lofty apartments, with windows opening in different directions upon scenes of varied beauty. In front is an extensive lawn, spreading gently to the banks of the river Tummel, a quarter of a mile or more distant. It is studded and fringed at the water side with trees, and sprinkled here and there with sheep and cattle, quietly grazing on its verdure, with no sound to disturb them but the ceaseless murmur of the “Falls of the Tummel,” a mile distant, near its junction with the Gany, at one corner of the grounds. Beyond the Tummel, a farm rises beautifully on the opposite side hill, from the summit of which a lowly farm-house is seen peeping from a clump of trees, while all above

———“rocks sublime

To human art a sportive semblance bear ;

And purple heather colours all the clime

Like sunset battlements, and towers decayed by time.”

On the east, at the distance of half a mile, on the

west, at that of a mile, and on the north, immediately in rear of the mansion, in place of naked rocks lofty hills covered with thick plantations of deepest green, overtopped by others more in perspective, of the purest blue; the whole forming a wild mountain scene, with a little fairy land of sweetness and beauty in the centre, in which the warlike nymphs of a fabulous era might have delighted to wander, and the muses themselves might have found inspiration for poetry and song.

There are three different approaches from the public road—the entrances to each being by ornamented lodges, one of which, a mile and a half more in length, is more varied and beautiful than any I have observed in the kingdom; and the view of the whole, as seen in miniature from the top of the hill north of the house, at an elevation of eight hundred feet, to which Mr. Butler took me one morning, presents a picture of romance and loveliness seldom equalled even in a sketch of fancy.

LETTER XLIX.

ROUTE FROM FASKALLY TO EDINBURGH.

Departure from Faskally—Country between it and Perth—Birnam Wood—Perth, and the bridge across the Tay—Palace of Scone—Courtesy of the family in the exhibition of the mansion—Paintings and sculpture—Articles remaining of the furniture of the royal palace—Needle-work of Mary of Scots—James VI.'s rooms—Drive from Perth to Edinburgh—Richness of the country, and fruitfulness of the year—The gathering of the harvest—Distant view at evening of Edinburgh.

*Yester House, East Lothian,
September 6th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

IMMEDIATELY after luncheon, on Monday, we took leave of Faskally, for Dunkeld—not without casting many a “lingering look behind,” upon the loveliness of its scenery, blended with the kindest feelings towards those dwelling beneath its turrets.

The drive to Dunkeld was more strikingly beautiful to my eye, than on going up, and from the splendour of the weather, was probably never seen in finer light and tint. After sleeping at Dunkeld, we were early the next day on the road to Edinburgh, soon passing by “Birnam Wood,”—now reduced to a couple of decayed trees—and arrived at Perth in two hours. Perth is situated in the midst of the rich and beautiful valley of the Tay, and is a handsomely built town, with a noble bridge stretching across the

river. We remained in it, waiting for the coach from Aberdeen, long enough to allow of a visit to Scone, —a mile on the north—a splendid mansion of the Earl of Mansfield, and once the site, as you will remember, of a principal palace of the Scottish monarchs, and long the depository of the stone on which they were crowned.

The present edifice is an extensive quadrangle of red granite in Gothic architecture, with embattled parapets and turrets. While walking through the park, I perceived from the appearance of the house, —ladies promenading in the grounds, and horses and grooms at the door—that the family were at present there ; and felt some delicacy in ringing for admittance. On doing so, however, we learned from the servant receiving us, that the house could be seen ; and the groom of the chambers, as styled by this subordinate, was accordingly summoned to be our cicerone.

The whole establishment is princely ; and contains some exquisite pieces in sculpture and painting of the most distinguished masters in the respective arts. The drawing-room, in its furniture of blue and gold, is most tastefully and superbly fitted up. As we entered the hall, the door of an apartment at the farther extremity was opened, and a young lady of the family appeared for a moment at it. Perceiving that we were strangers, however, she retired again with a slight inclination of the head in courtesy. While in the drawing-room, we heard a harp from the same apartment, and of course did not expect to be shown into it. But the groom excusing himself

for a moment, passed in, and on returning, led us forward. It was the library; and the harp, as we discovered, had been removed into the room next adjoining. After passing from the library, and viewing some curious old cabinets, once the ornaments of the old palace, and some busts in a corridor, we were led back to the suite, and shown into the room which had been before passed by. It was the private sitting-room of the countess, and that into which the harp had been carried from the library: where its tones again now told us it had been returned, for the continuance of the practising of the fair performer. I mention the incident in proof of the courtesy of feeling, which must exist where such willingness is manifested to submit to interruption and inconvenience, for the gratification of persons entirely unknown.

One of the bed-rooms above stairs contains the bed and furniture of crimson damask, used by the late Lord Mansfield, when ambassador at the Court of France. In another, is exhibited a bed of crimson-satin, the needle-work of which is said to be that of the beautiful Mary, when a prisoner in the castle of Loch Leven. And a third, with a dressing-room adjoining, contains the entire furniture of the apartments occupied at Scone, by James VI., the last monarch with whose presence the palace was honoured.

The most extensive and most striking apartment, in its architecture, is the gallery. This is a Gothic hall, one hundred and sixty feet in length, and forty or more in breadth, ornamented with paintings, and

lined with busts on pedestals of the family, and heads, by Canova. A noble organ occupies farther end, and in the centre, on one side, is a grand piano, at which a young lady was seated—whose groom whispered was Lady Caroline Mansfield playing the accompaniment to a duet which was singing with a girl of twelve or fourteen, who appeared to be a sister. We were withdrawn with a bow of apology for what we considered intrusion, but the ladies continuing to sing, and the groom to lead us forward, we took the liberty of a second and more deliberate look at the living forms gracing the saloon, as well as at the sculpture and paintings with which it is embellished. They are handsome, and wore an air in figure and attitude, and much unaffected taste and elegance.

As we left, the Earl of Mansfield, Lord Stormont, his eldest son, and two or three other gentlemen were standing in the portico, and we had again the awkwardness of making the congé of strangers to those to whose civility we felt ourselves indebted in the exhibition of an establishment, whose name alone will ever invest it with interest.

At four o'clock, we took the Defiance coach from Aberdeen—one of the most expeditious, and best regulated lines in Great Britain—for Edinburgh, forty miles south of Perth; passing in the route Loch Leven, so noted for the confinement of Queen Mary, and for her escape by the aid of young Douglas. The ruins of the castle are still conspicuous on the islet which was her prison; and make one of the most interesting objects on the route.

The country for the whole distance is beautiful. On every side the harvest was being gathered with great spirit by thick groups of reapers and binders. The entire region being under rich cultivation, and the growth this season with which it is covered uncommonly luxuriant and productive. I never saw heavier crops; and, with the sun beaming brightly upon the golden wavings of those still standing, and upon the thickly clustered sheaves of those already shorn, and cheering the hearts and labours of those shouting the harvest home, I was more than once during the drive reminded of the figures of the psalmist, in which he represents the hills and valleys as laughing with fatness, and singing and clapping their hands for joy.

It was almost dark before, in our approach to Queensferry on the Frith of Forth, we for a second time caught, at a distance of fourteen or fifteen miles, the first view of Edinburgh. The sky, too, had then become obscured and cheerless, still the outline of its bold crags and stately castle, its spires and domes, was magnificent; and if the colouring was less bright and gorgeous than on the day we crossed the Cheviot Hills, the coup d'œil now, with the Forth for a foreground, and the blue Pentlands in the distance, was scarce less grand and impressive.

LETTER L.

VISIT TO THE MARQUESS OF TWEEDDALE.

Promise of a return to Yester—Call upon Mrs. Grant of Laggan—Reception by her, and interest of the interview—Arrival at Yester House—Anecdote of Lord Arthur Hay, and Mrs. Hay—Hope—General opinion of her book on the manners of the Americans—The Marquess of Tweeddale—His visit in the United States, and present character—The Marchioness and her brood of sons and daughters—Traits of the household—Guests—Yester—Amusements—Observance of the Sabbath and evening service—The young Earl of Gifford—Morning walk to Hays goblin Hall—Sepulchre of the Hays of Yester—Gifford, the birth-place of Knox the reformer, and of Witherspoon his descendant, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence of the United States.

*Yester House, East Lothian,
September 10th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

WHEN at Stephenston, six weeks ago, we made an engagement to Lord Tweeddale, for a visit at Yester before we should leave Scotland. It was to fulfil this, that on coming from Perth we directed our course to Edinburgh rather than to Glasgow, to embark for Ireland.

We now spent an additional day in the capital, the most interesting incident of which, was the interview of an hour with Mrs. Grant of Laggan. Mrs. Renwick of New York, had furnished me with letters to several of her friends in Scotland, and through one

of them, I had enjoyed the society of her sister, Mrs. Jeffrey and Miss Jeffrey, for an evening ; and it was to Professor Renwick, of Columbia College, that I was indebted for an introduction to this distinguished and excellent lady. Though now far advanced in life, she is still evidently in the full exercise of the same vigour and vivacity of mind, which long since gained for her the honourable and widely spread reputation in the literary world, which she enjoys. I was charmed with the affability of her manner, the sprightliness and point of her conversation, and the spirituality and Christian philanthropy of her heart. She is, herself, nearly allied by blood to the Stewarts of Appin, and expressed much regret that she had not known of our intended tour in the Highlands, that she might have made us acquainted with some of her friends, at different points of the route we pursued.

I would have delivered my letter when first in Edinburgh, but was told that Mrs. Grant was not in the city at the time ; and now it was not in my power to accept a cordial invitation for the coming day, or even the hospitality of her ordinary table, at the dinner then about being served.

The next morning, four days since, we set off for Yester, pursuing the same road which we travelled in going to Stephenston, till within a few miles of Gifford. We arrived at an hour when the family were dispersed, for the out-door recreations of the day—the Marquess and the gentlemen shooting, and Lady Tweeddale and her daughters, with their aunt Lady Jane Hay, taking the air in the park. While in the drawing-room, still cap in hand, as the servants

were taking our luggage from the chaise, the Earl of Gifford, with Lord Arthur, a brother of years of age, with whom we had become quite favorites in our first call, came running in, to extend us a manly and cordial welcome. We were a moment, turning over and looking at the titles of books on a sofa-table; and Arthur, with evident light, in an impression of giving us pleasure by information, immediately exclaimed, "O Mr. Stevens, we have an American book here"—adding, while he attempted to find it—"Mr. Thompson has been reading it to us, and it is full of the *funniest* stories and the *funniest* pictures!" "Ah!" I said, "what is it?" "Why, some one must have it in their room," was his reply, after casting his eye round in a vain search for it, "but it is *Mrs. Trollope!*" an announcement giving rise to a hearty laugh on our part, as to the *Americanism* of the production, in which our young friends were very ready to join.

The conversation of the evening in the drawing-room, led me to mention the incident and the amusement it afforded us, to the Marquess and Lady Tweeddale. Upon which, his lordship stated, that it was not because it was in reading by any one, it had disappeared from the drawing-room, but feeling that it would be no compliment to an American to find such a book on his tables, he had ordered it that morning to be removed. Adding, there are two points, however, in which Mrs. Trollope and myself perfectly agree—I unite with her fully in every admiration of New York, and also in the acknowledgement she makes of the great beauty of the

American ladies. I suspect his opinion of the book on most other subjects contained in it, like that of all persons of intelligence and standing, who have expressed to us their sentiments in reference to it, is, that it is in truth, only a vulgar and scurrilous, though amusing caricature. We have not read it ourselves, but from all we gather of its character, are disposed to think, that the title would have been much more appropriate to the contents, and more true to the subject matter, had it read "*Manners of the Domestics*," in place of "*Domestic Manners*."

The Marquess of Tweeddale, as you may know, served as the colonel of a regiment in Canada during the late war between England and the United States, and afterwards on the continent, in Spain, and elsewhere. After the establishment of peace with our country, he was for some weeks in the States, and acknowledged himself to be under obligations for the kindest hospitality, to many American gentlemen and their families. And upon this ground, principally, when we first met him, would receive no refusal to the invitation immediately extended to us, for our present visit at Yester.

He is most simple and unaffected in his whole appearance and manner, possesses a strong mind, with excellent traits of heart and disposition, and an Herculean frame and power of muscle. I had, as a college boy, met him in America, and knew from those who were much in his society, that he was at that time, full of conviviality and fond of the gaieties of life, and I was somewhat and most pleasingly surprised, to discover that in this respect, there has been

a very decided change in his disposition and character. He is now a serious and professedly religious man, and is not only a member, but an elder of the Presbyterian Church of the parish. The whole economy of the household, is essentially that of a spiritually Christian family, with daily worship led by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, an intelligent and excellent young clergyman, the chaplain of the house, and private tutor of Lord Gifford and his brothers.

Lady Tweeddale, who, previous to her marriage, was Lady Susan Montague, a daughter of the Duke of Manchester, is fine looking, both in face and figure, and of sedate and dignified manners, blended with much feminine grace and sweetness. Though the mother of ten children, she appears scarce more than twenty-five or twenty-eight years of age, and the ladies Hay would be taken for her sisters, rather than her daughters. The eldest of these, though sixteen, still appears among the company of the house, only under the regulations governing the younger daughters, and her brothers; eating at the same table with them, and leaving the drawing-room in the evening, at the early hour appointed for them to retire. The whole family appear to possess much mind and talent, and their training is such as to insure, as far as can be, happiness to themselves, and a respectability and usefulness of life, beyond those which the mere possession of elevated rank and wealth can bestow.

Our fellow-guests are Lord John Hay of the navy, lately appointed to the command of the *Castor* frigate, with orders to the Scheldt, Lord Edward Hay of the army, brothers of the Marquess, Admiral

Campbell and Mr. Holden. Sir John Sinclair came over to see us the first day of our return, and has dined with us daily since. The recent birth of a daughter will deny us the happiness of again seeing Lady Sinclair, and of one more day at Stephenston, which Sir John was anxious that we should give him.

Our mornings have been variously occupied. The Clifford, a branch of the Tyne, that hurries rapidly through the glen in which the park and house are situated, affords fine trout fishing, in which Captain Bolton has taken several lessons with much success, while I have been sketching some of the surrounding scenes. On Saturday morning we accompanied the Marquess and Admiral Campbell in partridge shooting, attended by the gamekeeper and his dogs, pointers and setters. Lord Tweeddale insisted upon our riding a couple of ponies in the excursion, which we did, observing with deep interest the sagacity and admirable training of the dogs, till we became fatigued, and returned to the house, while the gentlemen remained for an hour or two longer, pursuing their recreation. In the evening, in addition to the conversation of the drawing-room, we were favoured, until nine o'clock, with music from the young ladies, on the piano and harp, on both of which instruments they perform with taste and execution.

The whole four appear in the morning at luncheon, and in the evening in the drawing-room, in uniform dresses of the plainest kind, and in their whole manner and character exhibit a simplicity delightful, to my eye, in persons of their rank.

Yesterday was the Sabbath. It is here, indeed, a day of piety and rest. The arrangements in consequence to it are such, that all the servants of the household, notwithstanding the number of guests at the mansion in addition to the members of the family, can attend church either in the morning or afternoon. When the weather is fine, no carriages or horses are ordered, and all walk, though the distance to the parish church, in the town of Gifford, is more than a mile, and the interval between the morning and afternoon sermons scarce more than an hour. At eight o'clock in the evening, a sermon is read by the chaplain in the dining-room; which the whole household is assembled to hear. There was something so serious and devotional, something so becoming to the Christian character and name, yet something so unusual in circles of the same rank, in the groupings of the family, the guests and servants thus brought together, that my mind and feelings were deeply interested in the scene, and I was happy to accede to the request of Lord Tweeddale and Mr. Thompson that I should make the evening prayer. This I did, and as the Marquess, with a warm heart gave me his hand at the close of it, I could not avoid expressing the happiness I felt in witnessing the example which himself and family were thus presenting to the circles around them, of the faith and trust placed by them in that portion which "the world can neither give nor take away." And, on returning to the drawing-room, I had a long and interesting conversation with himself and the marchioness, in refer-

ence to my missionary life, and the friends left behind me at the Sandwich Islands.

The young Earl of Gifford, with much vivacity and intelligence of mind, possesses great ingenuousness of heart. Captain Bolton and myself were much interested with him the first day of our acquaintance with the family; and his lordship and myself have become great friends within the few days of our visit. We take leave of Yester to-day, and he roused me by a tap at my bed-room this morning, before sunrise, for a walk with Mr. Thompson and his brother Arthur, to the ruins of Gifford Castle, or "*Hobgoblin Hall*," of which I have already given you some description. The morning is clear, bright, and bracing, and I secured a good sketch of the old tower, from one of the best points of view in the vicinity of it.

Within a few hundred yards of the mansion at Yester, there is a singularly beautiful specimen of antique Gothic architecture, in that which was once a small chapel or oratory, previous to the reformation. It is now in perfect repair, but overgrown in almost every part with ivy, and embosomed in trees, and has long been the family burial-place. The knowledge of this fact throws a melancholy interest around it, especially when communicated, as is usually the case, by some one to whom it is not only the tomb of his fathers, but the anticipated sepulchre of himself, and those most loved by him. But when alone, I have frequently gazed with admiration on the exquisite proportions of one of its fronts, the becoming drapery of its windows, and the rich carving

of its tabernacled pinnacles. As we returned our walk, I secured an outline of it also; but had time to finish the sketch before the breakfast summoned us to the worship of the morning.

Did time allow, I might add a notice or two of the town of Gifford and its vicinity, of some interest. The post-chaise has already arrived for our departure and I can only state, that it claims the honor of being the birth-place of Knox the Reformer, and his descendant, Dr. Witherspoon, so distinguished in America, as president of the College at Princeton New-Jersey, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence of the United States.

LETTER LI.

DEPARTURE FROM SCOTLAND.

Farewell at Yester—Expense of turnpikes in travelling by post—Dalkeith—Roslyn Abbey and Castle—Country in Lanarkshire—Harvesting—The Scotch a laborious people—Arrival at Rose Hall—General and Mrs. Pye Douglas—Description of their residence—Ruins of Bothwell Castle—Bothwell House—Farewell to Scotland.

*Rose Hall, Lanarkshire,
September 14th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

THIS is our third day at the residence of General Pye Douglas, another delightful place in Scotland, though fifty miles distant from that from which my last letter was penned.

Captain Bolton had letters to this gentleman and his lady from the Grahams, Ramseys, and Brents, of Washington City, who are nearly allied to them; and when with Admiral Fleming, at Cumbernauld, a month since, we made a morning call in a visit to Hamilton Palace, and engaged to return for a day or two before proceeding to Ireland.

The acquaintance of a few days only at Yester, was fully sufficient to make our leave-taking an unwelcome task; and we parted with our friends there on Monday with feelings of painfulness and regret. Our first stage was to Dalkeith, some fourteen or fifteen miles distant, by a route which, from a fre-

quent change from road to road, caused the expense the toll alone to amount to some six or eight shillings sterling, or about a dollar and a half. When travelling post, the toll at the turnpike gates, or bars here called, is paid by the person hiring the carriage and may usually be estimated at three pence of currency per mile—making the whole cost two shillings a mile—but on this occasion we paid more than double that price. After viewing the palace and grounds of Dalkeith, a principal residence of the Duke of Buccleugh, the keeping of whose household alone amounts to £5,000 and more a-year, we proceeded to the celebrated ruins of Roslyn Castle and Abbey.

These were the only objects of special curiosity and interest in this section of the kingdom, which we had not seen, either in near view or at a distance, and though that which afterwards proved to be the gale of the autumnal equinox was blowing, we deviated some miles from the route we intended pursuing for the satisfaction of beholding them. We were amply compensated, however, for the inconvenience which, during a part of the drive, we experienced from the wind and dust; and were delighted with both the objects which had drawn us aside from our course.

Immediately adjoining the abbey, and in front of it, on the street, there is a stable, through which you pass to enter it, little to the advantage of a first impression. It is small, and on this side unadorned with ivy, or any of the distinctive beauties for which it is celebrated. I was at first disposed to be greatly

pointed, but a moment's view of the interior, of the remaining side, was sufficient to convince of the justness of the claim to pre-eminence, in richness of its embellishments, which it holds over every other remain of the florid Gothic in the kingdom. Its tracery in carved and fretted stone beautiful beyond description, possessing all the mass and delicacy in finish of so much lace-work, and throughout is not less varied than it is exquisite. In the capitals of the columns, the friezes, cornices, and the compartments of its vaulted roof of stone in different patterns, and all of equally inimitable workmanship.

The castle stands beneath it on a bold promontory, overlooking the Esk, and the narrow and romantic vale through which it here sweeps. This, so, in its character is among the finest we have seen, and the whole surrounding landscape wild and beautiful. At this season of the year, Roslyn is constantly frequented by travelling parties, and by the gentry and their friends in the vicinity. Among those passing over the castle, at the time we were gazing upon it, were the Marquess and Marchioness of Lothian, in whose company we unexpectedly recognized, as in an old friend, the fine features and lovely expression of a young lady who had, in two or three occasions in evening company in London, attracted our notice as among the most beautiful persons we had seen in the kingdom; but whose name or title no one with us at the time could give. So familiar was the face and figure to my eye, that for the first moment, in forgetfulness of the places in

which I had seen them, I believed them to be of some American acquaintance whose name I could not recall.

The country we travelled through on the succeeding day, in reaching Rose Hall, ten miles eastward from Glasgow, is in general rich and highly cultivated; and every field almost in the whole district the scene of laborious activity in gathering a harvest of wheat, oats, and barley. From every observation which I have made in Scotland, not since the commencement of gathering the crops of the year, but from the time of first crossing its borders, I am persuaded that the common classes of its inhabitants are more laborious than those of any other country I have yet visited. Every individual in humble life seems engaged at all times, from the earliest dawn till the darkness of night, in some business or some occupation,—and this universally at every cabin, and in every town, without regard to age or sex, from boys and girls, scarce out of infancy, to old grey-headed men and women, bending at every step beneath a weight of years.

Rose Hall is prettily situated on the elevated banks of a small stream, a tributary of the Clyde. It is a large square mansion of red granite, three stories in height, ornamented with demi-turrets, with pointed pinnacles at the angles, and a battlemented parapet round the roof. A wing on one end contains the kitchen, servants' hall, and offices, and a conservatory at the other communicates with the drawing-room. There are many fine trees in the grounds by which it is surrounded; and the gravel

drive in approaching it from the south, near a mile in length, is among the prettiest we have seen. The whole establishment is one of elegance and hospitality; and in our visit to it, another spot is added to the list of those in Great Britain, upon which memory will often linger with interest and with prayer.

The General and Mrs. Douglas have both passed the meridian of life; and, by the death of a sister a few weeks since, now constitute the entire family of the Hall. They are, of course, in full mourning, and not entertaining at present. Captain Phillips of the third regiment of dragoons, a nephew of General Douglas, now quartered at Hamilton, a few miles distant, is the only person we have met since our arrival.

Bothwell House, a modern mansion of the present Lord Douglas, with the ruins of the castle of the name, so noted in the history of Scotland, immediately adjoining, is within three miles of Rose Hall. The estate is one which belonged to the now extinct ducal family of Douglas. Our hostess is a niece of the last Duchess of that title, and passed her early life at Bothwell; and the morning of our visit she took us over to it in her carriage, the General accompanying us on horseback. Lord Douglas is at present at Douglas Castle, some twenty-five or thirty miles distant. Our friends, however, have full access to the establishment, and performed for us the services of the master on the occasion. We knew little of Bothwell, except from history, and were both surprised and delighted with the varied interest of the visit.

Strongly attached to it from early association well as from its intrinsic beauty, Mrs. Douglas, from our remarks of the little knowledge possessed by us of the place, was desirous of showing it to best advantage, and in going over it, led us from point to point of interest in its scenery, till our admiration reached a climax in the magnificent ruin, for which it is chiefly celebrated. With this view, the carriage man on entering the gates was ordered through a retired drive, so screened by plantations on either side that we saw nothing of the grounds till we drew at a garden gate, opening through a high dead wall of brick. The gardener was not within, but a master key of the place, given by the proprietor to General Douglas, opened everything to him, and we found no impediment in a full access to the choicest flowers and fruits of a princely establishment of the last century. Passing through these, we followed a retired and beautifully shaded gravel walk, till we reached the banks of the Clyde, and soon afterwards from a small alcove, at an elevated point, caught the first view of the ruins, crowning a wooded cliff beyond a bend in the river, some hundred rods distant. They are in themselves, altogether more imposing than those of Kenilworth—are not less tragic, if less poetic in their historic interest, and, beyond comparison, more beautiful in their surrounding imagery.

I could not resist the temptation presented by it for a sketch at this point, with time for which my friends were very willing to indulge me. We then continued our walk to it, for a near and full examination; and after a half-hour of musing and admiration, as we

gazed upon the lofty round towers still standing, and the traces of the pointed windows of its banqueting-room and chapel, which stamp it with lines of beauty, made our way through the magnificent old trees encircling it, to the open lawn, across which now, for the first time, we gained sight of the modern mansion, a plainly built but spacious and noble edifice of red granite, some hundred or more feet in length, and four stories high. It stands at a fine point on the banks of the Clyde, and the principal windows command extensive views of its waters.

We were received here by a footman and the housekeeper, and after passing through the suite of rooms, and viewing a large number of family portraits by Van Dyke, Lely, and other masters, were served with Sandwiches and wine in the library, before again joining our carriage to return to dinner.

Captain Bolton and myself were so much delighted with the ruins, that we drove over to them again yesterday morning, though the day was by no means pleasant; a heavy storm of wind with occasional showers of rain having characterized the weather from the day we left Yester. The alternate sunshine and tempest, however, afforded the finest opportunity for viewing the time-worn pile. The sighing and moaning of the autumnal gale seemed in unison with its imagery; and, as I reflected on its history, and compared its former state with its present condition, I could not avoid apostrophizing it in the language of the poet:

“Ye moss-grown walls,

Ye towers defenceless! where are all your trophies now?

Your thronged courts—the revelry—the tumult,
That bespoke the grandeur of a house, the homage
Of its neighbouring barons!”

But the carriage of our kind friends will soon
the door, to carry us on our way to Glasgow:
must close my letter, that I may have a few min
in the drawing-room, before interchanging the ex
pressions of another adieu. In this it is probable
have, dear V——, my last date in Scotland. I
it with no ordinary feeling. My anticipations
scenery, its hospitality, its entire character, have
been disappointed. And I doubt not that, when
shall in my native land—if, in the kindness of Pro
vidence, it be allowed me once more to behold it—
leisure, review the tour of the summer, I shall
the six weeks of our travel here to be connected
as many associations of kindness and pleasure as
linked with any previous part of my history as
citizen of the world.”

It was with no little enthusiasm, as you already
know, that I crossed the Cheviot Hills; and felt on
entering Scotland, as I have before expressed the
sensation, that I was in the land of my blood and my
name, and in bidding farewell to its borders, I could
without any affectation of feeling, adopt the language
of the Ettrick shepherd, and exclaim :

“Caledonia! thou land of the mountain and rock,
Of the ocean, the mist, and the wind—
Thou land of the torrent, the pine, and the oak,
Of the roe buck, the hart and the hind:
Though bare are thy cliffs and though barren thy glen—
Though bleak thy dun islands appear,

Yet kind are the hearts and undaunted the clans,
That roam on thy mountains so drear!
Thou land of the valley, the moor and the hill,
Of the storm and the proud rolling wave,
Thou—thou art the land of my heart's fondness still,
And the land of my forefather's grave!"

LETTER LII.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

Passage from Glasgow to Belfast—Irish labourers on board—
 trance to Carrickfergus Bay—Appearance of the coast—
 General description of Belfast—Journey to Coleraine—Evi-
 dences of prosperity and increasing wealth of the country—
 the Giant's Causeway—Lough Neagh—Coleraine—Prevalence
 of the Cholera—Excursion to the Causeway—Irish jaunting-
 cars—Port Rush and sea view—Castle of Dunluce—A tragic incident
 in its history—Bushmills—General character of the coast—
 Pleasance—Causeway and impressions connected with it—An-
 ecdote of the guides—Mrs. Robert Gilmore of Baltimore.

*Corporation Arms, Coleraine,
 September 20, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

On the evening of my last date, we embarked at
 Glasgow, in a steamboat for Belfast. A want of
 punctuality in starting on the voyage, at the hour ap-
 pointed, made it night before we reached Port Glas-
 gow and Greenock; and we saw nothing more of
 the Clyde and its Frith, than on the former passage
 made by us to Dumbarton, on our way to the High-
 lands.

The harvest in Scotland, in most places, being
 now completed, the Irish labourers are beginning to
 return to their own island in great numbers; and
 the main and fore-decks of the steamboat, were
 thronged with men, women, and children—compris-

ing, in many instances, whole families of two or three generations—exhibiting a mass of rags and wretchedness seldom seen in the same space. The night was damp and chill, and the wind penetrating, even to those well guarded against it; and it was distressing to look at the poor creatures, huddling together wherever they could find a lee, shivering with wet and cold, and apparently as hungry as they were poorly clad. We were amused, notwithstanding, at some of the groupings thus presented, and at the places of retreat in which some took refuge from the weather. Among the lumber of the deck, were several empty hogsheads, each of which became quickly stowed with live stock, like a litter of pigs in a barrel, to the evident envy of their less fortunate fellows, clustering round, and casting many a wistful look upon the comparative *luxury of comfort* they were enjoying.

Though seemingly so destitute and wretched, they soon became sportive and jovial, bandying from one to another no little of the wit and repartee for which their nation is so proverbial, and which was sharpened by an occasional glass of "*the mountain dew*" of Scotland, circulated by one and another, from the bar of the boat. At length, one—who had a wife and five children with him, all packed at the time in a hand-barrow, amidst what appeared to be the entire worldly possessions in goods and chattels of the family—brought out an old squeaking violin, and by striking up a jig, set the whole company to dancing and merry-making, which continued till I had fallen asleep in my berth below.

At eight o'clock the next morning, we had arrived near the north headland of the Bay of Carrickfergus or Belfast, as it is indiscriminately called, and after entered it, and came in full view of the green and highly cultivated fields, swelling gradually to its shores on either side. The whole appeared unshaded garden sprinkled with white cottages, ornamented here and there by a handsome and spacious modern-looking mansion. As we advanced one or two villages came prettily on the sight, on the south, and the massive castle and the town of Carrickfergus on the north, while the smoke of Belfast was seen some ten or twelve miles farther, at the head of the bay, in the west.

Belfast is situated on the small river of Lagan, a stream, the head waters of which are connected with Lough Neagh by a canal, and the approach to it the last few miles is somewhat impeded by the narrow and shallow channel of its outlet. It is a large and flourishing town, with a population of some forty thousand inhabitants, and being chiefly built of brick, has a modern, and American-like aspect. We saw it to great disadvantage, however; the cholera, which had prevailed with great fatality in it, was still holding its citizens in fear, and our observations from this cause were restricted to very circumscribed limits.

We set off early the following morning, for this place, eighty miles distant; and had a delightful day's travel through the towns of Templepatrick, Antrim, Randalstown, Ballymena, and Ballymoney. For some miles from Belfast, in the direction of Carrickfergus, the road along the bay, before turning to

the north, is lined with a succession of handsome residences, surrounded by improved and beautiful grounds; and the houses of every kind, from those of the wealthy merchant to the cabins of the peasantry, being white, either from paint or lime, throw an air of great liveliness over the rich green of the pasture lands, and the golden checkering of the harvest field, amidst which they stand. The surface of the country, generally, is beautifully uneven, swelling and rolling in different directions, like a broken sea, and presenting not unfrequently in the distance, the bolder summits of a range of blue mountains. The whole is beautifully cultivated, but destitute entirely of trees, except in the pleasure grounds of the wealthy, seen at intervals of every few miles.

In the whole of this section of Ireland, we have been most pleasingly disappointed. There is an appearance of general comfort and prosperity, which we did not expect to find; and indications on every hand, that new energies and new resources are being developed among the people. All things have a modern and renovated, rather than an exhausted and decayed, and decaying aspect.

Both in approaching and leaving Antrim, we had fine views of Lough Neagh. It is very similar in its general features, its extent, the elevation of its shores, &c. to some of the principal lakes in the State of New York, and reminded me much in these respects, of the lakes of Geneva and Cayuga, as seen from particular points in their neighbourhood. Near Antrim, too, we saw for a first time, one of the round

towers of stone, for which Ireland is particularly distinguished, and the origin of which has so long furnished a fruitful theme of conjecture and discussion to the antiquary; and concerning which it is an unsettled point whether they are Pagan or Christian in their construction and design, houses of penance or prayer, mere belfries for the conveniences of convention or alarm, or beacon towers of fire for guidance at night, and the communication from place to place, of invasion and war. This is eight feet in height, and surmounted by a cone; but having been whitened, would be taken by one ignorant of its character for a modern structure, rather than a remnant of antiquity, whose origin even tradition cannot explain.

Coleraine makes a pretty appearance in the approach from the south, for a mile or more before reaching it, as the road follows the course of the river Bann, upon which it is situated. It is now, however, in a deserted and melancholy condition, from a recent and fatal prevalence of the cholera. Our only object in remaining a day within it is—that which chiefly brought us to the north of Ireland—a determination to visit the Giant's Causeway. It is the nearest town of much importance to that noted phenomenon; and the usual point from which travellers from all sections of the world make their excursions to it.

Early on the morning after our arrival, myself and friend were mounted on a jaunting car for the seaside, some four or five Irish miles distant. This is a singular and not very comfortable vehicle of two low

wheels, surmounted by a small box, with a seat on each side for three persons. These sit with their backs to each other, and their sides to the horse, with their feet resting on the outside upon a step and frame, which guard them from the wheels. There being but two of us besides the driver—who is perched in front over the horse—it was necessary, in order to preserve a proper balance of weight, that we should take seats on opposite sides, and thus travel in the unsocial attitude of back to back, without a possibility of conversing except with a twist of the neck by no means agreeable. A mile or two in this position made us rather restive under the non-intercourse to which we were subjected by it, and after varied experiments to free ourselves from it, at last we succeeded in converting the affair into a tolerably comfortable *vis-à-vis*, by placing ourselves each longitudinally on the seats at diagonal corners, the one with his face, and the other with his back towards the horse.

The morning was serene and beautiful, and in the general aspect of the town, as well as in the brightness and purity of the heavens, became associated in my mind with the sacredness and quietude of the Sabbath. For three days no new case of cholera had occurred in the town or vicinity, the hospital was free from subjects, and the corporation had appointed the day as one of humiliation and prayer, under the scourgings of the Almighty, and of thanksgiving that in the midst of judgment he had remembered mercy; and so far as we had an opportunity of observing, it was universally regarded with strict-

ness and solemnity. Not a shop window was closed, and scarce an individual seen in the street except such as were evidently going to or returning from some place of devotion.

Shortly after leaving Coleraine, a strong nor-wester set in, and increased during the morning gale. This gave us a fine view of the ocean as it first came in sight of it, near Port Rush, a sea-bathing village, with a beautiful yellow beach, and its white cottages, with the ledge of rocks called Skenies in the distance, and a steamboat from Londonderry to Liverpool stemming her way through the tossing billows under her lee.

We had chosen this route for the purpose of taking the ruins of the castle of Dunluce in our way. It is a possession, and once was a principal residence, of the Earls of Antrim, who inherited it from the Mac Donalds of the Isles—they themselves having received it, at the close of the sixteenth century, in marriage dower, from the Irish chieftain who was then lord of the adjoining territory. Its history is marked with much of the rudeness and treachery of feudal times, and is not devoid of incidents of tragic interest. It occupies the entire summit and surface of a rock, separated by a deep chasm from the mainland, which is not only perpendicular in its sides, but at some points overhangs the sea, at an elevation of sixty and eighty feet. The immediate reason of its desertion, as a residence, is said to have been the falling of an angle of the castle thus situated, during a fearful storm, by which eight of the domestics of the then Countess of Antrim, were plunged to death.

the raging billows below. If such be the fact, it is no surprise that the mistress should abruptly have it never to return.

The gulf or fissure by which the castle is separated from the shore, is crossed by an arch of stone some fourteen inches only in width, with a depth beneath fifty or sixty feet. There was a corresponding arch at some short distance from this—the two, with planks laid across them, forming a bridge laid down and taken away at pleasure, for the ingress or egress of visitors, at a period when suspicion and caution marked even the intercourse of friends.

The width of the chasm is some twenty or thirty feet, and the arch being without balustrade or parapet, it was impossible to cross it with the wind blowing a gale in an upright position; and to indulge our curiosity with even a tolerable degree of safety, we tumbled ourselves to our hands and knees in making our way over; and then, sailors as we are, without scarce venturing a glance below, at the frightful rocks, and raging billows, amid which, a momentary loss of equilibrium would have plunged us. We were amply repaid, however, for the resolution called into exercise, not only by the examination of the interior, but also by the sublime scene presented from many points, at a dizzy height, of the ocean, dashing wildly and tumultuously around the rock, and of the coast of limestone, whinstone, and basalt, wrought into varied and fantastic forms by the restless sea, in long perspective on either hand.

The distance from Dunluce to the Causeway is five miles, the road leading along the sea side, with a suc-

cession of fine headlands in view, and the western islands of Scotland, dimly descried in the north-east. A short time after passing Bushmills, a small village with a handsome church and rectory, we entered our car, and surrounded by a troop of important but good-natured and civil guides, whose principal support is derived from the services thus rendered, we directed our way towards the grand object which has so long stood conspicuous among the wonders of the world.

So many elaborate and scientific descriptions of the Causeway are in print, that I will not trouble you with the minute account of the morning's ramble, which might otherwise be desirable. The astonishment of the scene is by no means limited to the single point in it constituting what is specifically styled the "Causeway"—a mole, or pier of perpendicular columns of dark basalt, projecting into the sea from the base of a lofty cliff stratified with the same singular formation. The entire coast is bold and precipitous, and for miles in succession challenges the scrutiny and the admiration of the naturalist and the traveller; and, as a writer on the Causeway justly observes, "the extraordinary appearance of the various colonnades exhibited in it might, for a moment, seduce the fancy of the contemplating visitor, and lead him to imagine, that here whole palaces had been overwhelmed in ruin."

Our guides led us, first, over a high pasture-ground, inland from the cliffs, to a section of them called the Pleaskin, a mile and a half, or two miles east of the Causeway. The view here, looking westward from

an elevation above the water of three or four hundred feet, is exceedingly striking—appearing to us, as gazed upon in the ragings of a tempest of wind; whose whirling eddies threatened to bear us irresistibly into the foaming ocean below, one of the most sublime pictures in nature we had ever beheld. Not far from this point, in returning to the west again, we descended by an almost perpendicular path to the level of the sea, in order to reach the Causeway itself.

The first distant view of this, as here gained, has been well compared to that of “an unfinished and massive pier, the stones for the completion of which, regularly blocked out, are strewn along the beach, while the work, from some cause, has long been suspended.” This distant view, however, is one, in some degree, of disappointment; but of a disappointment, which at every step in a nearer approach is rapidly overcome by the most striking appearances of an artificial arrangement presented on every hand, till filled with admiration and astonishment, you are compelled to confess the whole to be one of the most inexplicable and most wonderful of the creative works of God. Till reaching it, and standing upon it in the midst of “the whirlwind and the storm,” we had regretted the tempestuous character of the day, from a wish to have beheld it from a boat upon the sea, but now, felt that the raging of the wild surf and howling of the blast were more in harmony, than the mildness and sunshine of the calm, with the general features of the scene, and added to the impressions of majesty forced upon us by one of the most peculiar

if not stupendous works of the Eternal. I could have remained the day under such circumstances, in the indulgence of thoughts too mighty to be uttered by words, except such as might burst from the lips of the poet, in the choicest moment of his inspiration :— thoughts which I have scarce known before, unless it may have been while gazing on the thundering torrents of the cataract of Niagara, or the fiery agitations of the volcano of Hawaii.

Our guides afforded us much amusement during the morning by their pleasantry and wit, as well as much local information. They soon learned from the post-boy, who drove us from Coleraine, that we were Americans; and related to us many anecdotes of our countrymen who have visited the Causeway. Of several they appear to retain a very grateful recollection, from the liberality with which they rewarded them for their attendance; and one, at least, of our fair countrywomen, is held by them in the liveliest admiration. “ And please your honour,” said a bright-faced fellow to me, “ an’ you have very fine ladies in America.” “ Why, were you ever there?” was my reply. “ Oh ! no, your honour, but they have been here. The most beautiful lady the Causeway ever saw, came from America.” “ Ah ! what was her name ?” “ I do not rightly remember now, but she was from Baltimore, and we have all the finest ladies from England and all other parts of the world here, but there was none like her at the Causeway before nor since, please your honour.” “ Was it Lady Wellesley ?” I asked. “ No, your honour.” “ Was it Mrs. Robert Gilmor ?” says Captain Bolton. “ Aye,

your honour, that's the very name—Mrs. Gil-
of Baltimore, the finest lady the Causeway ever

Continuing to relate to us many incidents of
visit of herself and Mr. Gilmor here, and of the
admiration excited in the country, by her beauty
elegance of manner, and by the kindness of her
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LETTER LIII.

JOURNEY FROM COLERAINE, AND NOTICE OF DUBLIN.

Morning ride—Mansion of the Cannings at Garovagh—Ancient of the coachman and the Hon. Mr. Stewart—This gentleman the mail contractor and man of business—Extensive bog in the vicinity of Armagh—Manner of cutting and drying peat for fuel—Notice of Armagh—its cathedral and environs—Arrival in Dublin—General description of the city—Mr. Bolton of the Admiralty—Mr. Wilson, the American Consul—Kings Town—Drive to the Castle, mansion and estate of Sir Richard and Sir Edward Bolton, Lord Chancellor and Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer under James I.—Bective Abbey.

*Gresham's Hotel, Dublin,
September 30th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

IT is now a week since we arrived in this city, having reached it in three days from Coleraine, by the route leading through Maghera, Dungannon and Armagh, Castle Blaney and Slane.

For a first time, since we have been travelling, an autumnal fog, the morning we set off, obscured the whole country for the first twenty miles—the only object of any interest seen by us during it being the ancestral mansion of the Canning family, at Garovagh. The good-natured volubility and humour of the coachman—a stout young Irishman—beside whom I was seated, helped, however, to pass away the time. The panic throughout the country, in reference to the cholera, is great; and persons were

constantly running out from their cabins to inquire of the coachman and guard the state of the pestilence in the town we had left, and in Londonderry.

From an answer given in one case, I learned that the coachman, though, as he had before informed me, the regular driver of the stage we were making, had been, within the week past, a day or two in the last mentioned place; and I was led from it to inquire who supplied his seat on the box, during his absence, "*The Hon. Mr. Stewart*, sir," was his reply. "Ah!" I returned, "Mr. Stewart must be a very particular friend of yours, to be thus obliging." "Indeed he is," said the coachman; "he often drives for me—and you will soon see him, for he is to meet me at the next change of horses, and will drive you to Cook's Town,"—which proved the truth; the seeming intimacy and obliging terms between the honourable gentleman and the coachman being explained by the fact, that he is the mail contractor for an extensive route, and the principal coach proprietor in the section of country in which he resides. He is a brother of Lord Castle Stewart, and an active, enterprising, and practical man, attending in person to the commonest details of the business in which he is engaged.

As had been intimated, he took the reins and the coachman's seat beside me on mounting. Two or three times, during the summer, I have felt my neck in jeopardy in private equipages, from the recklessness of amateur coachmen, four-in-hand, and at first would very willingly have foregone the distinction of being driven by an "honourable," for the greater as-

surance of safety which the possession of the ~~very~~ four gay animals, fresh from the stable, by the *fide* coachman would have given; but very soon covered the master to be as perfectly *au fait* in place he occupied, as his servant had proved *him* to be. For the first half hour he was principally occupied in getting the horses into a movement please him, and in learning from the coachman behind the state of everything connected with the of the route in which he drove; but afterwards entered freely into conversation with Captain Bot and myself, and communicated to us much interesting and valuable information respecting the present state of the country, its changes, and its prospects.

In our approach to Armagh, in the latter part of the day, we passed over a wide extent of bog, in which immense piles of peat cut from it were scattered in regularly arranged stacks, producing in many places a striking and singular effect—that of an immense encampment of black tents, or an African metropolis of the same number of mud huts, thickly covering a plain. The peat for burning is cut from the bog in squares, of the size of a large brick, each of which is laid separately on the ground for some days, to be dried by the sun and air. It is then placed in small piles of four and five pieces, still further to undergo this process of siccation, and afterwards again into those still larger, till it attains the dimensions of an ordinary low stack of hay,—when it is left for removal or consumption, as it may be called for.

We passed the Sabbath at Armagh. It was, as

you know, a cradle and hot-bed of letters and piety during the dark ages, not only to Ireland, but to the sister kingdom, and the continent; and is replete with historic and classic interest. It is a handsome town, pleasantly situated around the base and sides of a small hill, crowned by a cathedral, originally founded by St. Patrick. The principal part of the present edifice was erected in the thirteenth century, but has not the appearance, either within or without, of so great antiquity. The town is surrounded by a rich and beautiful country, and, besides the archbishop's palace and park, is ornamented in its environs by many handsome mansions and domains.

We arrived in this city on the evening of the following day. There is nothing striking in the view of it from the north; and the blue mountains of Wicklow form the most interesting feature in the surrounding scene. Dublin, however, is a truly beautiful and splendid city, and altogether surpasses our expectations in many of its streets, and in the magnificence of its principal edifices, its monuments, squares, and public institutions. It is at present, however, entirely deserted by the society which adorns it at other times of the year, and often it is literally true, that "*there is nobody in town.*" Edward Bolton, Esquire, of Brasil, a near relative of my companion, and Mr. Wilson, the American consul, are the only gentlemen we have seen; all others, whom we might have become acquainted with by letters and other means of introduction, being dispersed in various directions in the country. Mr. Bolton, whom we had had the pleasure of knowing in London, de-

voted himself entirely to us, till taken, a day since, seriously ill. Since then, Mr. Wilson kindly been our cicerone, till we can now say we have seen everything of interest in the city and its environs. Yesterday we dined with a party at Oakley Park, a summer residence of Mr. W. about three or four miles from town, after having taken a view of Kings Town—a modern place, six or seven miles from Dublin, on the south side of the Tay, which is rapidly rising into importance, as an export to the capital—and to-day have been some miles in a northern direction, in the completion of our last excursion previous to setting off for a visit in the west of the island, in the county of Sligo.

The object of the drive was a view of the estate of Brasil, and an old castle in ruins upon it, long the abode and stronghold in troublous times, of the ancestors of my friend. It originally was a possession of Sir Richard Bolton, Lord Chancellor of Ireland in the reign of James I., and of his son, Sir Edward Bolton, Lord Chief Baron of Exchequer under the same monarch, and has lineally descended from them to Mr. Edward Bolton. This gentleman is unmarried, and does not reside at Brasil; but intended taking us out and showing us the estate himself; he continues too ill, however, to allow of this, and we have taken the drive alone. The day has been one of wintry wind and rain, and the principal interest of the excursion limited to the ruins themselves, as gazed upon in driving round them, and taking a sketch without leaving the carriage. The ground covered by the castle and courts is extensive, and the whole was

once a massive pile, and the scene of alternate defence and magnificent entertainment; but deformed masses of stone, unadorned with ivy or any graceful relief, but still rising on the eye at points in strength and loftiness, with a single clump of trees near by, is all that remains of its former power and splendour, and the stately park by which it was surrounded—presenting a perfect counterpart, even to the character of the weather, to the poet's picture of a ruined castle:

“All naked stand the melancholy walls,
Lash'd by the wintry tempests cold and bleak,
That whistle mournful through the empty halls,
And piece-meal crumble down the towers to dust.
Equal in age, and sharing in its fate,
A row of moss-grown trees around it stand;
While scarce upon their blasted tops,
A shrivell'd leaf distinguishes the year.”

It was our intention also to visit Bective Abbey in the county of Meath, another favourite mansion and estate of the Boltons; but as it is thirty miles and more from Dublin, and the proprietor at present on the continent, we have changed our purpose, and satisfied our curiosity for the time with an engraving of it, received from Mr. Bolton of Brasil.

LETTER LIV.

VISIT IN THE COUNTY OF SLIGO.

Departure from Dublin—Valley of the Liffey—Nationals of the Irish, illustrated by a fellow-passenger in a stage-coach—The obelisk and institutions of Maynooth—Lakes in the neighbourhood of Mullingar—Edgeworth's Town, and residence of Mr. Edgeworth—Detention at Boyle—Rockingham, the mansion of the late Viscount Lorton—Evident blessing of a resident proprietor—Richness and beauty of the country—Arrival at Neynec—Colonel and Mrs. Neynec—Loch Eilly and Hazelwood, the seat of Owen Wynne, Esquire—Visit at Markree Castle—Mr. Cooper its proprietor—Magnificence of his residence and domain—His intelligence, fondness for science, and happy influence as a resident proprietor—Drive over the domain.

*Castle Neynec, County of Sligo
October 6th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

ANOTHER rapid journey has brought myself and my companion to a western extremity of Ireland. Notwithstanding the storm of the last day we were in Dublin, the succeeding morning was bright and beautiful, and our travel for the day through Maynooth, Mullingar, Edgeworth's Town, Longford, and Carrick, to Boyle, varied in its scenery and objects of interest.

The first hour or two along the waters of the Liffey was particularly beautiful. During it, another instance was added to the number which has daily come under our observation, of the sprightliness and

our of the people among whom we are, especially common life, in comparison with their neighbours England and Scotland. In stopping for a moment in the town of Deixlip, a rough-looking stable-boy of fifteen came running from a public house to secure the ride of a few miles in the coach, bearing with him an old saddle and its trappings. The coach was starting, and in great haste, and he very quickly gave evidence of the spice of pleasantry in him, by addressing himself in a good-natured and entreating way to Captain Bolton on the side next him, as he handed his burden to my friend; "An' please your honour, an' will you lay hold on this just a bit and help it up, while I just keep the balance of the coach, for your honour, by getting up on the other side." The service asked, was neither very light nor very agreeable, but requested, or rather imposed, in so humorous a tone, and with such perfect intimation of the liberty taken, that the Captain could not refuse. And we soon discovered, from his lively chatter, that it was principally intended the more readily to make way for a better acquaintance.

Perceiving us to be strangers to the route we were pursuing, from the inquiries made in reference to the principal objects of attraction by the way, he soon made himself of service by the local information communicated, but chiefly in the jocular manner in which he had first introduced himself. As we approached the town of Maynooth, a lofty structure in the vicinity led to a question of its design, to which he replied, "Indeed, your honour, I cannot exactly say. We poor people call it '*Lady Connelly's pil-*

lar,' but Mr. Moore, in his poetical way, calls it 'the Obelisk of Maynooth.'" And shortly afterwards in ruse upon our search of the picturesque and wonderful, exclaimed, "And do your honours see that round, tower-like, stone building yonder just beside the hill a bit—that old-looking thing there, *slated with turf*, your honours?" "Yes, yes—what of it—the remains of a round tower I suppose?" "Why," with an arch smile, "I can't exactly say it is, your honour, for I am thinking it looks too much like what we call a *lime-kiln* in this country, covered with turf to keep it from catching on fire from the rain!" which indeed it was: and so on, till he left us, still cracking his jokes on all around.

Maynooth is distinguished for its Catholic college of St. Patrick for the education of native priests of that church, and for a protestant charter school, founded by the late Earl of Kildare. It is also ornamented by the ruins of a stately castle, a feudal stronghold of the Fitzgeralds.

Near Mullingar we had a beautiful view of the lakes of Ennel and Owbel: and soon afterwards began to look with interest for our arrival at Edgeworth's Town, and a passing view of the domicile of the distinguished authoress whose works have imparted to it a lasting celebrity. The town itself is not particularly interesting in its aspect. Its principal feature of beauty consists in the symmetrical proportions of a church spire, springing prettily from a cluster of trees encircling the building. It is of cast iron, after a model of the late Mr. Edgeworth,

and appears to great advantage as seen from the road in the direction of Sligo.

The mansion of the Edgeworth family is the great house of the neighbourhood. It is surrounded by a fine park, through the openings of which there are views from the road of the building, and a lawn beautifully sprinkled with clumps and single trees. The house, of white, is large and irregular in its outline, and very similar in its general aspect of comfort and elegance, to the country residences in America, of gentlemen of affluence and respectability. Two ladies were seen promenading in the grounds, and but for the knowledge of her absence from home, we might have fancied that in one of them we beheld the admired and accomplished authoress herself.

After taking dinner at Longford, night soon overtook us, and the remaining scenery to Boyle, a beautiful section of the route, was lost to us in its darkness.

The impossibility of procuring post horses for castle Neynroe, detained us a day at Boyle, ignorant of the fact that our kind friends here had, on two successive days, sent a carriage to the post-road, to meet us at a nearer point to the castle than that town. We availed ourselves of the opportunity afforded by the delay of visiting Rockingham, the beautiful mansion and estate of viscount Lorton, in the vicinity. The town of Boyle, and entire surrounding country, are owned by this nobleman, and present by their whole aspect the blessing to the people and country of a resident proprietor.

During the previous day, more of the wretchedness of the poor Irish, of which we had read and heard so much, was obtruded on our observation, than in the whole travel of the fortnight since our arrival. I thought, when in Scotland, that no abode of civilized man could seem more miserable than the cottages of the Highlanders, but an Irish cabin, such as those which now began to be common in our route, is, if possible, still more like the kennel and the pig-sty. By a description of some passed by us on the estates of absentees, you would think me sporting with your credulity.

Such, however, are far from being the dwellings of the poor on the princely estate of Lord Lorton. This encircles in a radius of many miles the lovely Lough Key, and we have seen nothing more impressive in features of beauty in Ireland, than the aspect of hill and dale, as here presented in the brightest green, thickly spotted with the white cottages of the tenantry of this nobleman.

The park, pleasure grounds, and mansion of Rockingham, beautifully situated on the banks of the lake, exhibit a degree of taste, elegance, and refined splendour, rivalling even the choicest establishments visited by us in the United Kingdoms; and in taking a coup d'œil of the whole estate from the leads of the mansion, after having passed through its suites of rooms, and in gazing upon its richness and beauty, and the comfort and neatness of the abodes of its tenantry gleaming in the brightness of the morning, in hill and dale for miles around, I could imagine, and readily believe, that, with such pro-

prietors as this nobleman throughout her borders, Ireland might soon become not only the garden, in richness, but the paradise, in loveliness and beauty, of Europe, if not of the world.

The mansion from which I now write is the property of Colonel Neynoe, of the royal army. Mrs. Neynoe is a Bolton, a near relative of my companion. When in Dublin, we received an invitation to visit the castle before returning to England, and have now, for some days, been most hospitably entertained beneath its roof. It is a handsome and spacious modern structure of stone, in castellated architecture, embattled and turreted, standing on the swell of a rising ground, in the midst of extensive and closely shaded plantations. The colonel and his lady are the only members of the family at present at home. Mr. Loftus Neynoe, the eldest son and heir, recently married to a daughter of the bishop of Dromore, occupies an estate adjoining, called "Old castle," and the younger sons Fitzroy and Rawdon, both in the army, are quartered abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Loftus Neynoe, however, have been of our party much of the time since our arrival, and have done much to contribute to the enjoyment of our visit.

Lough Gilly is in the neighbourhood. It is noted for the beauty and richness of its shores and encircling mountains. We have twice driven along its southern borders, for the enjoyment of the scenery, and two days since, crossed its waters in a sail-boat belonging to Mr. Neynoe, on a visit to Hazlewood, the lovely residence and estate, at its western extremity, of

Owen Wynne, Esquire, M. P. We took luncheon with this gentleman; and afterwards walked over the tastefully arranged and beautifully kept park and grounds surrounding his mansion, with increased interest from his connexion with Sir Lowry Cole, Governor General of the Cape of Good Hope, whose hospitality we had enjoyed on our return from the Pacific, in the U. S. ship *Vincennes*.—Lady Sarah Wynne being a daughter of the late Earl of Enniskillen, and sister of Sir Lowry. Mr. Wynne resides entirely at Hazlewood, and everything around him speaks the great benefit to the country of his patronage, and of the expenditure among his tenantry of an income of some £14,000. He is thoroughly a gentleman of the old school, and in his courtesousness, after having conducted us to many of the most beautiful points of his domain, took leave only in a last bow and wave of the hat, from the extreme point of rock in view from our boat, after we had stretched far away on our return.

We were invited for the succeeding day to Mar-kree Castle, the magnificent residence of E. J. Cooper, Esquire, M. P., some three or four miles in the opposite direction, from the mansion of our friends. Mr. Cooper is another resident among the aristocracy of the country; with the princely income of £20,000 sterling. His domain is extensive and finely improved; and we were complimented in our visit to it by the hoisting of the armorial banner of the family, on the tower of the gateway, by which we entered the park, and on a flag-staff surmounting a turret of the castle. The building is a massive and lofty pile of irregular

architecture in light stone, surpassing in its air of stateliness and grandeur, every other residence yet seen by us in Ireland; and equalling, with few exceptions, the most magnificent of those most noted in England and Scotland.

Mr. Cooper received us in the kindest manner, and the morning was passed in viewing the stables—which might themselves easily be converted into a palace—the houses, gardens, grapery, &c. without, and the library, astronomical apparatus, and suite of principal apartments, within. He appears fond of science, particularly that of astronomy, and possesses one of the finest telescopes in Europe. He has also travelled extensively, from the heart of Nubia to the frozen latitudes of Lapland, and is replete with intelligence and useful information. An artist of taste and accomplishment accompanied him in his tours; and more than an hour was given in the drawing-room, to the inspection of a series of portfolios filled with sketches and drawings in water-colours, taken from nature, during their travel in all parts of Europe.

After luncheon, a pony phaeton and four, was in readiness to take us a drive over the domain. In making this, we first visited a point at which a magnificent new entrance and gateway is now erecting, five miles from that by which we arrived from Castle Neynoe, on the great post road from Dublin to Sligo. It is in the Gothic, castellated style, of grey granite, and consists of a gateway and porter's lodge, surmounted by towers of irregular height, the most lofty being between forty and fifty feet, with a circular sweep of embattled wall on either side, making the whole

façade upon the road, two hundred and twenty feet. And then with the fleetness of the wind, the spirited little animals by which we were drawn, took us a circuit of ten miles of private drive within the domain of most singular and varied beauty. At the distance of every half or three-quarters of a mile, a lovely ornamental cottage, each differing from all the others, but all of the most picturesque architecture, came with charming effect upon the sight—the happy dwellings of the dependants of the proprietor, those of the gardeners, game-keeper, forester, &c.

Part of the road is cut round the wooded base of an insulated and naked hill crowned with rock, and rising fifteen hundred feet above the general surface of the country. Leaving the carriage at the end of five or six miles, at the nearest point to the summit of this, we ascended it, and from a platform of granite enjoyed a panoramic view of the entire region around—the domains of Castle Neymoe and Markree, and some half-dozen other seats within view, the villages of Colóoney and Ballisedare, and part of the town of Sligo, with distant ranges of mountain and the bold headlands of the coast; beneath us, as it were, jutting wildly into the rude billows of the Atlantic. A heavy squall was sweeping in mist, and driving scud over and around these last, while in the opposite side, in striking contrast, the velvet lawns, lofty towers, and gleaming banners of Markree, were gilded with brightness and beauty by the beams of the declining sun.

I scarce know when I have more enjoyed a drive. The conversation of Mr. Cooper was not less interest-

ing than the scenery was lovely. All his sentiments and principles as a man and patriot, seem praiseworthy, and accordant with the breathings of the age. He understands the true uses of an aristocracy; and seems to have but one wish in reference to the tenantry and dependants by whom he is surrounded—that by his influence and every resource, their physical and domestic comfort, and mental and moral elevation may be promoted.

LETTER LV.

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

Departure from Castle Neynoe—Route of travel to Cork—Anecdote of the superstition of the people occurring at Roscommon—Cattle-fair at Ballinasloe—Scenes exhibited in it—Characteristics of the people in dress and manner—Exhibitions of passion—Call at Eyrecourt—Interview with Mrs. Jones, a niece of Sheridan—Arrival at Killarney, and first view of its lakes and mountains—Retrospective outline of the Journey from Killaloe—The Shannon and beauty of the scenery on its waters—Wretchedness of the common people—Their cabins, and grovelling habits of life—Beggars, and sights of misery—Three days at Killarney—Crofton Croker's "Legends"—Contrast in the weather of two successive days—Journey to Cork—Scenes in Glen Fleak connected with the Whiteboys—Beauty of the country near Cork and its environs—Lord Ingestrie.

*Clarence Hotel, Cork,
October 20th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

IT was with no ordinary feelings of regret that we bade farewell, ten days ago, to our kind and hospitable friends of Castle Neynoe. As will be perceived from the place of my present date, we have accomplished a long journey since, embracing large sections of the counties of Roscommon, Galway, Clare, Limerick, and Kerry; and carrying us through the towns of Roscommon, Ballinasloe, Eyrecourt, Portumna, Killaloe, Limerick, Tarbert, Listowell, Tralee, and Killarney.

The first incident to interrupt the smooth current of common-place feeling, occurred to us at Roscommon. Just as we were turning from the town, after a change of horses, we found ourselves in the midst of a crowd of men and women in holiday dress, whom we supposed at first to be a company of Catholics, returning from mass, on some festival. Soon, however, the sounds of wailing and lamentation at a distance, intimated it to be a funeral, though there was no regularity of procession, nor other indication of a service of the kind; and orders were given to the postilion to draw up on one side till it should pass. This he did, and not long afterwards, the coffin, enveloped in white, with a black bow on the top, was seen borne along near the ground, and surrounded by a company of women, wailing in the most piteous tones. After all had passed—except some half-dozen stout men, who stopped in the middle of the road, a few yards in advance of us, as we thought, only in idle curiosity—the postilion attempted to proceed, when the bridles of the horses were immediately seized by the persons in the road, who, while the boy gave them the whip and spur in urging them forward, turned them by the head abruptly and violently around, till the carriage was nearly capsized in the contest. Captain Bolton and myself were utterly at a loss to conjecture the cause of so unwonted a procedure; and, not very well pleased with the treatment received, and the danger of being overturned, to which we were exposed, by a tone of voice of no equivocal character, brought

the parties to a parlance, till we could ascertain the cause of the difficulty.

All that we could for some time learn from the assailants was, that "it was the custom of the country," and we should do it; and it was some minutes before we got hold of the truth of the matter—simply this, that the superstition of the people requires any one meeting a funeral to turn with it, and to follow the corpse for some distance, not as a mere matter of respect, but from a belief that if this is not done, others of the family or neighbourhood will soon die. After this explanation, my friend gave a severe reprimand to the men for seizing the horses without informing us—entire strangers in the country—of their wishes in this respect, expressing at the same time our willingness to conform to any proper custom of those among whom we were travelling, and ordering the post-boy to wheel his horses, and drive the distance deemed necessary. On again pursuing our way, we asked whether the funeral was of a Catholic or a Protestant, to which he replied, not in the best natured tone, "you need not ask that, your honours,—Protestants are no such fools."

On our reaching Ballinasloe the same night, the town was found overflowing with people attending a great annual cattle-fair, held in it from the fourth to the sixth of October; and it was with great difficulty we secured a bed, and the most indifferent quarters. The same cause led to the detention of an entire day at the place, from the impracticability of securing post-horses to Eyrecourt, where we were engaged, and were expected at the time. The

scene presented by the town, however, afforded us abundant amusement. I wish I could furnish you with a picture of it. Of the crowds of sturdy men in a kind of uniform dress—a coarse woollen coat of grey mixed cloth, with long skirts, and large buttons, all cut alike, and all sitting upon their owners as if each one had been measured for his neighbour—corduroy *unmentionables*, blue woollen stockings, open collar, and wool hat—each moving with an energetic step and swagger, and bearing in his hand a snug shillala;—of the women in their muslin caps and cloaks, with bare feet and ankles; and then, at every point, the squealing of pigs, and neighing of horses, the braying of donkeys, the lowing of cattle, and bleating of sheep, the noise of the auction bell and crier, the bawling of ballad singers, and whining of beggars, the laugh, the jest, and jeer, the brawl and squabble, the whole presenting a spectacle of which you would join us in saying that you never witnessed anything similar before. The equipages of the neighbouring nobles and gentry, moving slowly through the throngs, in their gilding and livery, added by contrast to the effect of the whole. Among them were the carriages of the Earl and Countess of Clancarty, who have a magnificent seat in the vicinity. To these we had been furnished with letters, which would have secured to us their hospitality, but the hope hourly of being able to proceed to Eyrecourt, prevented us from delivering them.

As the night began to approach, and the whisky more evidently to produce an effect on those who had indulged in its libations, the noise and uproar

proportionably increased. Such skilful flourishing of shillalas I never expect again to witness, and never shall forget the screams and shrieks of infuriated passion, in the brawlings of the street, by which, till near daybreak, I was hourly awakened. Nothing ever listened to in the shouts of heathenism among the South Sea islanders, in their untutored state, ever gave me an impression half so vivid of the savageness of man. I literally shuddered in listening to them, in the belief that such tiger-like passion must at once lead to the murder of the persons against whom it was exercised, or the death of those yielding to its paroxysms, by the bursting of some blood-vessel of the heart.

The detention at Ballinasloe deprived us in its consequences of what we have every reason to believe would have proved a delightful day at Eyrecourt. Mrs. Jones, the lady of a gentleman in the army, at present quartered in that town, is a relative of my companion, and had been apprised from castle Neynoe of our intention of being with her the day previous to that on which we arrived. She is a Sheridan, the niece of him whose genius has thrown a lasting brilliancy around the name; and within the five minutes of the first salutations by which we were received proved to us that she shares in no small degree in the talent, vivacity, and fascination of mind and manner associated with it. Apprehensive that our visit might possibly be necessarily limited literally to a day, every arrangement had kindly been made for our reception during it, at Eyrecourt castle, the seat of Colonel Eyre, in the

vicinity of the town, and at the palace of Clonfert, a few miles distant, with the learned prelate of which see she is on terms of intimacy. Unhappily for ourselves, however, the necessity of proceeding to the head of Lough Dierg, to join a steamboat in order to carry into effect the entire plan of our journey to the South, obliged us to forego the pleasure embraced in these civilities, and reluctantly to take leave, within the hour, of one of whom we shall long retain a most pleasing remembrance.

In the afternoon of the 15th. inst., when yet scarce midway from Tralee to Killarney, a distance of some twenty miles, we suddenly gained a first view, from the midst of an uninteresting bog, of the magnificent mountains which overhang and encircle the lakes; from which point each nearer gaze gave assurance that we should not be disappointed in the loveliness and romance of scenery which had been pictured in our minds from infancy, as the beau ideal of the wild and beautiful.

At a distance of two miles the lower lake burst upon the sight, stretched in the midst of the landscape, like a sheet of silver richly studded with emerald gems, the gently descending shores from the height at which we were, with the town on the margin of the water, forming the foreground, while the lofty mountains in the south and west, towering in broad masses of purple and gold, filled up the scene.

None but those who may have accomplished the same journey from the north which we had, and by the same route with similar accommodations, can judge of the satisfaction with which on driving to the

door of the "Kenmare arms" in our *curricule car*—for we had two horses abreast before the vehicle—we met an English landlady, in silks and lace, to welcome our arrival, and usher us into a parlour and show us bed-rooms, having not only an air of civilization but of comfort and even luxury about them. After a part of a day and a night, at a certain *Mistress Haly's* in Portumna, in Galway, we thought we had experienced the *æ plus ultra* of Irish filth and discomfort, but this was in reserve for us, at what had been recommended as the best house in Tralee, and from which we had made our escape the same morning, as if from a pestilence.

We had, indeed, in almost every respect become heartily weary of travelling in this section of Ireland. The whole valley of the Shannon—itsself a noble and American-like river—from Killaloe at the foot of Lough Dierg to Tarbert, near its entrance to the sea, is beautiful in its scenery, and rich and luxuriant in its soil and physical resources. It is far from being destitute of interest, too, in an occasional display of wealth and magnificence in the residence of some princely proprietor, such as the Earl of Clare, the Fitz Gerald, knights of Glyn and Kerry, &c. &c., and extensive and beautiful ruins in Abbeys, Monasteries and Castles, telling what the country once has been, but there is such a preponderance of poverty, degradation and wretchedness in the mass of the population, that the whole is shaded in melancholy and dashed with a sombre hue.

While travelling in America along the routes of the canals and rail-roads, now being constructed in so

many sections of the Union, I have often looked, with sympathy for the poor emigrants of the Emerald Isle engaged in labour upon them, upon the temporary sheds and "*shanties*" put up by the contractors for their accommodation; but these are palaces of comfort compared with the cabins passed by us by hundreds in a day since arriving in the south and west of the island. The veriest wigwam of the forest surpasses them in an appearance of cleanliness, if not of civilization. In the miserable and low exterior which they present, they are ragged and patched with mud and peat; and within are dark and filthy, serving equally as a shelter for man and beast. Immediately in front of the door, there is almost invariably a mud hole and pool of dirty water, in which all who enter or come out must necessarily plunge at the first step, and, in a majority of cases, a principal object seen within, in the darkness which you attempt to penetrate in driving by, is a large hog or two, surrounded indiscriminately by some half dozen ragged or not unfrequently entirely naked children, and an equal number of pigs, alike domiciliated together, and forming component parts of the family group! With what order of civilized beings can the inmates of such dwellings be classed! And yet I have seen an Irish lady shrink with horror at the suggestion of a residence in America, because "she never could live in an uncivilized country!"

And then the beggary at every turn, and every hour of the day. It is not only distressing, but stupifying to the heart of the slightest sensibility. Not the beggary of the healthful, the stout, and the young,

but that of the feeble, the afflicted, the infirm—of the child pining for nourishment even at its mother's side, and of the head white with years, oppressed with hunger—the beggary of those whose appeals to your charity are supported by a look whose undisguised language is that furnished by the poet, as addressed to the grave.

“Ah! misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild,—
I perish!—O my mother Earth,
Take home thy child!”

We remained three days at Killarney. Two of them were passed almost exclusively on the lakes—of which you will recollect there are three, the Upper, Middle, and Lower, flowing the one into the other—in making the circuit of each, with a boat's crew and bugleman, and in visiting the long noted points of special beauty and interest on their bosoms and along their borders; Innisfallen and other of the islets, O'Sullivan and Turk Cascade, the Eagle's Nest, Elena Bay and Cottage, Mucruss Abbey, and the Church of Aghadoe, and last, though not least, the Gap of Dunloe:

“Where the dark mountains frown in their pride,
And rocks in disorder are thrown,
Or lie shivered along the hill-side,
Like the relics of worlds that are gone.”

But in place of a minute account of objects so often described, I will refer you to Crofton Croker's “Legends of Killarney,” by which you may revive your recollections, descriptive and geographical, of the

entire vicinage, and at the same time secure, in an amusing and lively form, the many stories of nonsense and folly connected in the traditinary legends of the country, with the scenery. For,

“ Every glen, of calm seclusion,
Has its tale of dim delusion;
Every rock, and every mountain,
Every bower, and every fountain,
Has its own romantic story,
Or its legend old and hoary.”

Our bugleman was Spillane, the same introduced by this writer, as may also have been the fact in the crew by whom we were rowed, and the guides conducting us from place to place.

The weather happily was such, on the two days, as to afford the most striking contrast in the drapery thrown over the scene around. The first was wild and tempestuous, such as caused the boatmen when we had reached the margin of the lake, to hesitate whether or not to launch forth upon its troubled waters, and to call to mind the “angry flood,” as described by the poet, the ferriage of which proved fatal to “Lord Ullin’s daughter.” But I happened to be in a mood of mind congenial with the wintry blast and driving storm, and enjoyed the more luxuriously in it, that which partook most of wildness and sublimity in the surrounding imagery. The succeeding day was all brightness and serenity. Had we waited a twelvemonth, we could not have been favoured with light and shades better adapted to the full exhibition of the loveliness of the lakes and mountains, now dressed in the richest tints here

known of an autumnal drapery; while the whole surface of the water was so placid that—

“ Reflected in the crystal pool,
Headland and bank lay fair and cool;
The weather-tinted rock and tower,
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,
So true, so soft, the mirror gave,
As if there lay beneath the wave,
Secure from trouble, toil, and care,
A world than earthly world more fair.”

On the morning of the 18th inst. we bade farewell to Killarney, in a brightness of sun-beam and transparency of atmosphere that fastened, by our “lingering looks” at its lakes and mountains, every previous impression of their unchallenged loveliness and sublimity. A few miles brought us to Glen Flesk, noted for the wild nakedness of its features, and for a population peculiarly daring and intractable. It has long afforded its “Whiteboys” for the vigilance of the police and the penalty of the laws; and we had ocular proof, in passing through it, that some still dwelling there are subjected to the suspicion of being of the number. The Tralee assizes terminated the day previous to our leaving Killarney. A party of young men from Glen Flesk had been tried under the “Whiteboy Act” during it, and through the eloquence of Mr. O’Connell, as was said, had been acquitted. This, however, had not yet become known among their kindred and friends; and for miles, groups of females and children were met along the road, waiting the passing of the coach, to gain some intelligence of their fate; while others, at every place, ran

from their cabins by the way-side for the same purpose. The news brought by the coachman and guard, and loudly proclaimed by them as we were whirled by, produced the loudest and most extravagant shouts of joy. The blessings of "long life to ye," "the blessed God be with ye," &c. &c. followed the coach as long as we were within hearing, while in some instances, the mothers and wives and sisters of those who had been implicated, fell on their knees in the road, and with tears and arms outstretched to heaven, gave utterance to their feelings, in prayers of gratitude and thanksgiving to God.

After reaching Macroom, the travel to Cork is beautiful. The country around the city, covered with residences of taste and elegance, the entrance to it, and its whole aspect, equal in their claims of admiration those of most other places visited by us during the summer ; and we gave yesterday to the inspection of the town and its environs, with great satisfaction and pleasure. Notwithstanding the near approach of the winter months, the whole surface of the country is fresh and verdant as in spring in the United States, though the foliage of the parks and groves begins to show the "sear and yellow leaf."

But for the lateness of the season, in view of our after arrangements, we would complete the circuit of Ireland, by pursuing a route by Waterford and Wexford, through the county of Wicklow, to Dublin ; and would now, at least, proceed to Waterford before crossing the channel, were it not for engagements already made in England. To this I have a strong inducement, aside from every other considera-

tion, in a letter received since my arrival here from Viscount Ingestrie, a gentleman whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making, as an officer of H. M. ship *Blonde*, in 1825, under circumstances developing to me principles and affections of mind and heart which commanded my respect at the time, and have secured a lasting remembrance and regard.

While at Castle Neynoe, a letter addressed by him to me in America, and which had recrossed the Atlantic, came to hand. That now received is in answer to the acknowledgment sent of the arrival of the former. It incidentally shows that twice during the summer, once in Scotland, and again in the north of Ireland, we must have passed each other in our travels; and adds doubly to the disappointment I feel in thus having missed meeting him, by apprizing me that within the passing week himself and Lady Ingestrie will be at Curraghmore Park, a seat of the Marquess of Waterford, a brother of Lady Ingestrie, near that city, with an invitation to meet him there. But this, under existing circumstances, is impracticable; and within the coming hour we shall bid adieu to the Emerald Isle.

LETTER LVI.

LAST WEEK IN ENGLAND.

Cross the Irish Channel from Cork to Bristol—Travel through sections of Somersetshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire, and Surrey—Separation in London from Captain Bolton—Mood of mind in unison with the season of the year—Route of travel from Birmingham to Chester—Shrewsbury, Oswestry, Llangollen, Llanrwst, and Bangor—Suspension bridge over the Straits of Menai—Journey to Chester by Aberconway, St. Asaph, and Holywell—Visit at the Palace of Chester—Character of the Bishop, and habits of his family—Rev. Mr. Raikes, Chancellor of the Cathedral—Last impressions in England.

*Palace of Chester,
November 6th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

IN this you have my last date in England.

After crossing the Irish Channel from Cork to Bristol, Captain Bolton and myself took a rapid journey of two or three days on our way to London, through Somersetshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire and Surrey—without having it in our power, however, to extend the travel into Sussex and Kent, in which counties, respectively, we had promised ourselves the pleasure of a visit, before leaving England, to Sir Robert Otway, and to Sir Henry Montessor.

After a week in the metropolis, my companion and myself were under the unwelcome necessity of bidding farewell to each other, at least for the year

to come, he to join General Wool, of the U. S. Army, —whom we had the gratification to meet in London in crossing to the continent,—and I to hasten to Liverpool, to embark for New York in the packet ship of the passing week.

The associations existing between us—now for a second long period—as intimate friends and fellow-travellers warmly attached to each other, made the separation one of painful regret; and the journey of three days by which I reached Chester, was as widely different, in its sympathies and excitement, from that by which, six months ago, over much of the same road, I arrived in London, as the seared leaf and blasted flower, the eddying wind and gathering gloom of approaching winter, are in contrast with the freshness, bloom, and beauty, the balmy breeze, and joyous smile of June. And during it, as, on every hand, I saw the emblems of the dying year scattered around,

“ My spirit took a similar tone
And sigh'd that it was all alone !”

After reaching Birmingham by the route before travelled, I directed my course to Shrewsbury; and from thence by Oswestry, Llangollen, and Llanrwst, to Bangor, that I might have a peep at Wales, and the gaze of a moment at least, at a masterpiece of art of the kind, in the celebrated suspension bridge over the straits of Menai—an object of beauty not far removed, in its height of one hundred, and length of sixteen hundred feet, from the sublime. The journey to this place was completed along the northern

coast of Wales, amid magnificent views of sea and mountain, by Aberconway, St. Asaph, and Holywell, in the vale of Clwyd.

While at Cork I received a letter from the kind and excellent Bishop of Chester, repeating the invitation which had been given to me at Durham, some months since, to visit him in this city on my way to Liverpool. It is now my third day at the Episcopal Palace, and I can scarce express to you, dear V—, the enjoyment I have taken beneath the roof of this learned and pious prelate. His whole character in mind and spirit, and the entire habit of life, in himself and in his family, are just such as those of a “bishop of souls” should be, and such as have, since I first crossed the threshold of his doors, hourly won more and more of the high respect and warm affection of my heart. He is so dignified, yet so condescending; so wise yet so simple—so kind, so courteous, so meek, and so spiritual, that I delight to sit at his feet, and in himself study the genuine spirit and blessedness of the office he fills.

His residence is styled “the Palace,” from usage and the custom of the times in which it was appropriated to its present purpose; but it is a plain though extensive edifice, immediately adjoining the cathedral, and communicating by a private staircase with it—spacious and lofty in its principal apartments, but as simple in its furniture and ornaments within, as it is unpretending in its architecture without.

In the order and regularity, the gentleness, the quiet, and kind spirit of the household, there is a propriety and a charm, which I have never seen sur-

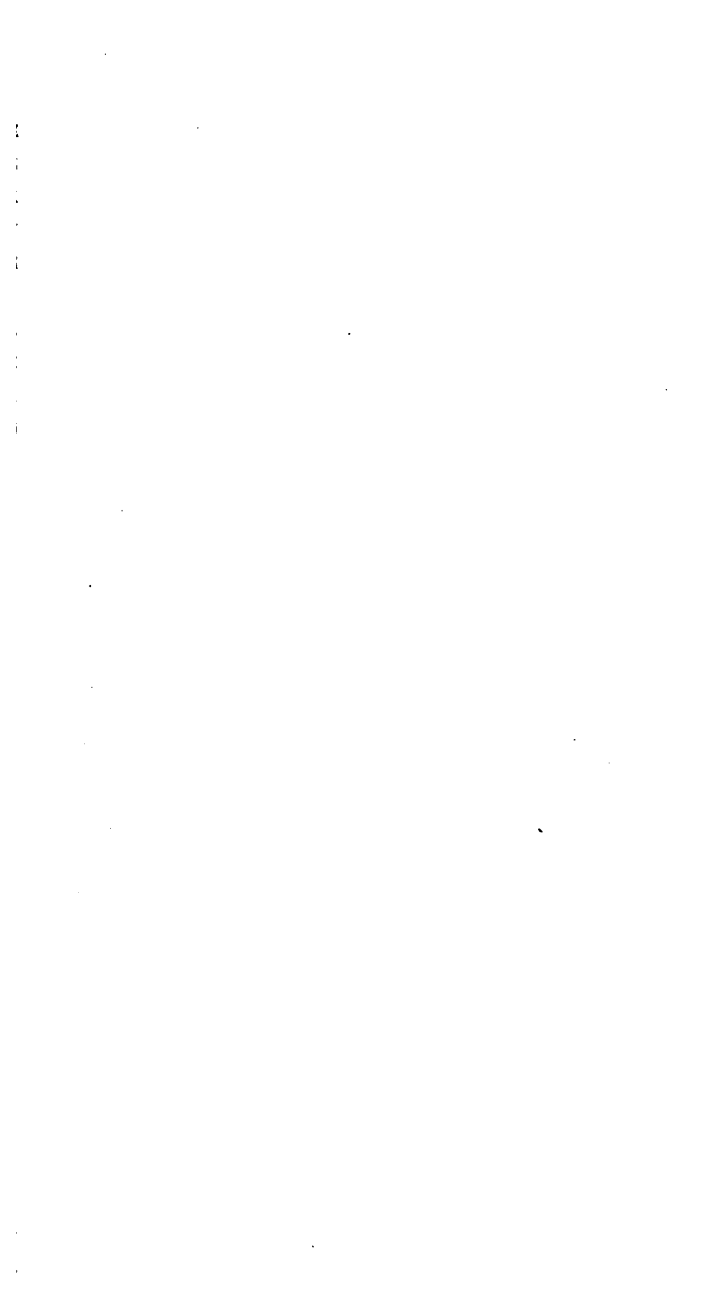
passed; and could I have had a choice of mansions in the kingdom, in which to have made a last visit. there is no one within my knowledge, in which my thoughts and affections could so happily have been brought "home," or my spirit have been chastened into a frame so subdued and so desirable.

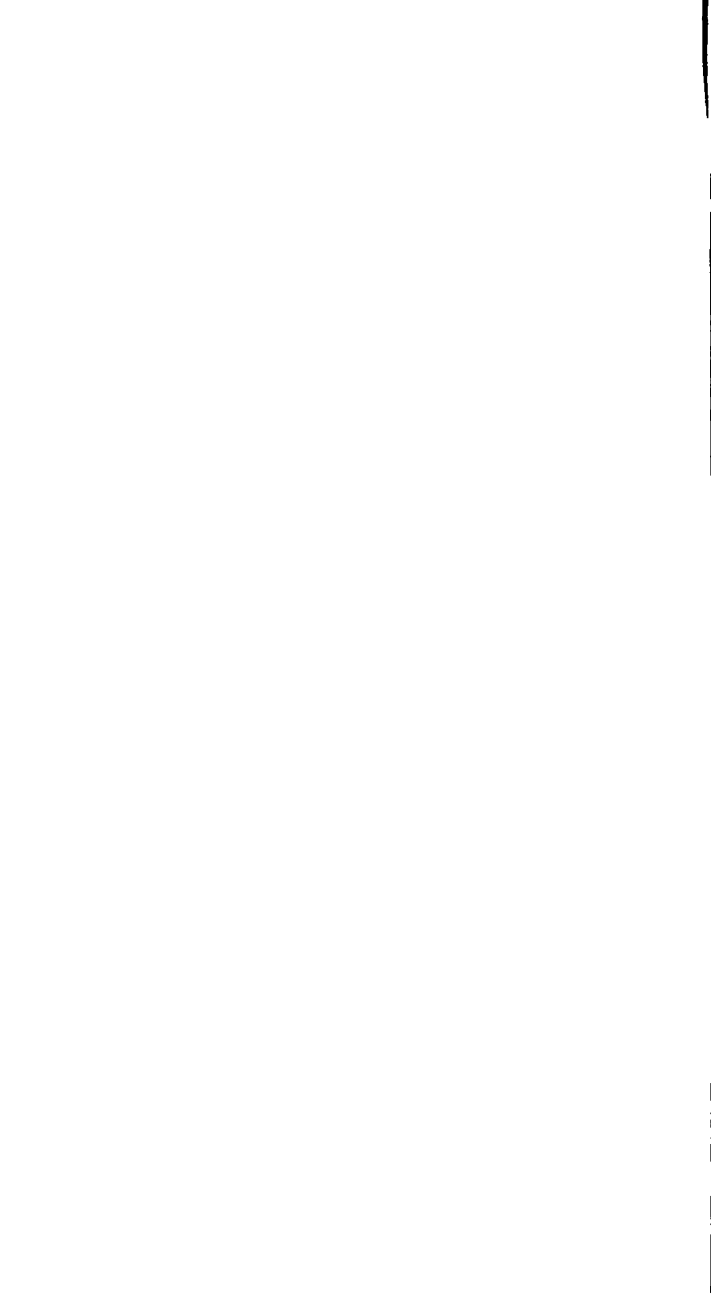
The Rev. Mr. Raikes, chancellor of the cathedral—of like character with the bishop—a nephew of Robert Raikes, Esquire, of Gloucester—the benevolent and distinguished founder of Sabbath Schools—was of the party at dinner the day of my arrival; and I have since had an opportunity, in the hospitality of his own house, of further cultivating his acquaintance.

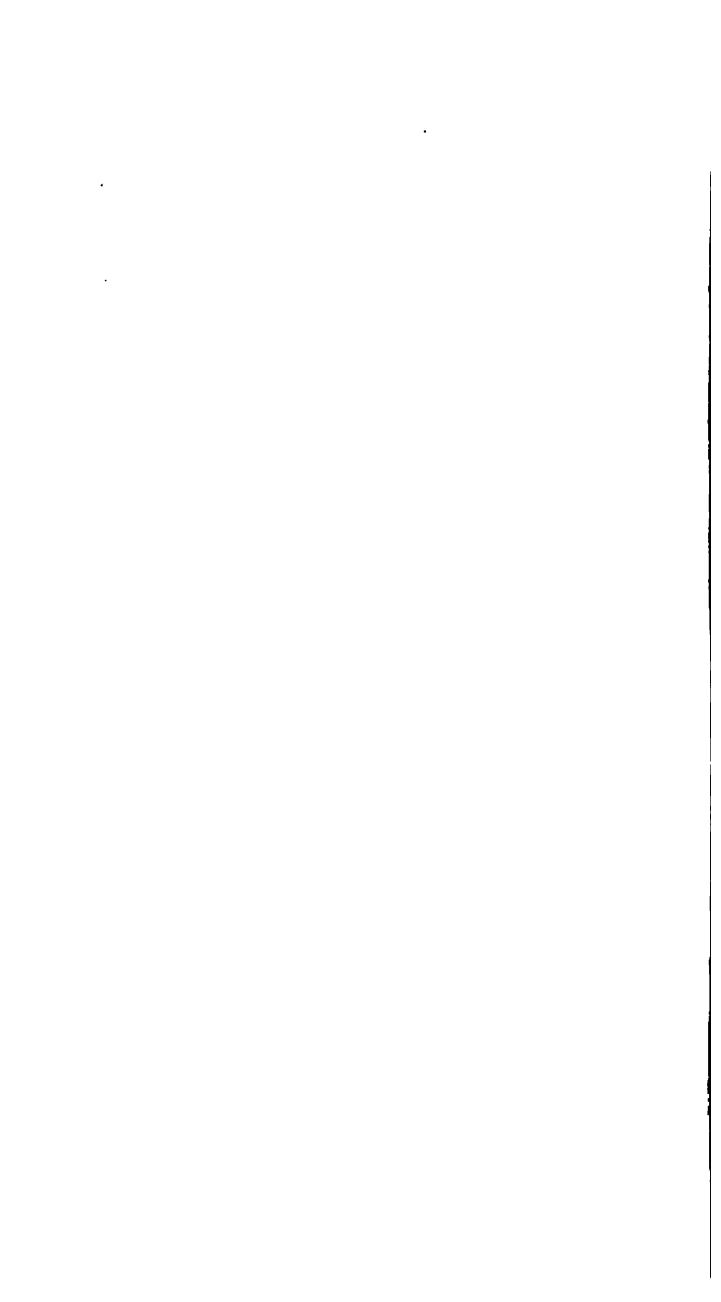
The evening in his drawing-room, with a circle of Christian friends—the hymn, the exposition of the Scriptures, and prayer with which it was closed—the daily sacrifices of praise and prayer at the palace; and the services of the cathedral on the sabbath, when the bishop preached from the words of St. Paul in the Acts, "What mean ye to break my heart," &c. and when I received at his dispensation, the symbols of the "broken body" and "the blood" of a crucified Redeemer, will long gild with brightness, in the visions of memory, the closing scenes in the tour which I have now accomplished.

THE END.









MAY 6 - 1955